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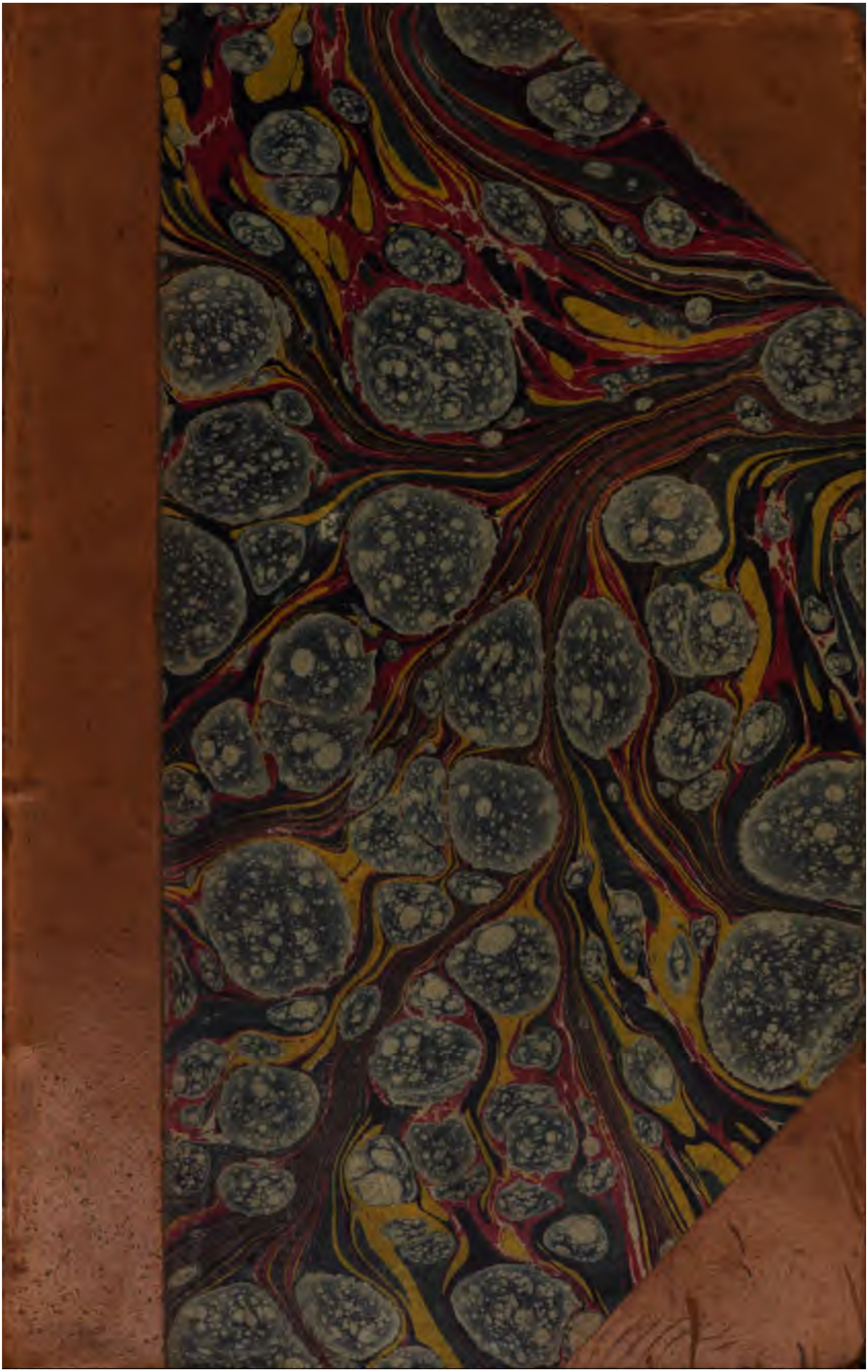

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THE

METROPOLITAN.

SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken is taught a secret.

We are anxious to proceed with our narrative, but we must first explain the unexpected appearance of Smallbones. When Corporal Van Spitter was requested by Vanslyperken to bring a pistol and cartridge, the corporal, who had not forgotten the hints thrown out by Vanslyperken during their last consultation, immediately imagined that it was for Smallbones' benefit. And he was strengthened in his opinion, when he learnt that Smallbones was to go on shore with his master after it was dusk. Now Corporal Van Spitter had no notion of the poor lad's brains being blown out, and when Mr. Vanslyperken went on deck and left the pistol, he went into the cabin, searched for it, and drew the bullet, which Vanslyperken, of course, was not aware of. It then occurred to the corporal, that if the pistol were aimed at Smallbones, and he was uninjured, it would greatly add to the idea, already half entertained by the superstitious lieutenant, of there being something supernatural about Smallbones, if he were left to suppose that he had been killed, and had reappeared. He, therefore, communicated his suspicions to the lad, told him what he had done, and advised him, if the pistol were fired, to pretend to be killed, and when left by his master, to come on board quietly in the night. Smallbones, who perceived the drift of all this, promised to act accordingly, and in the last chapter it will be observed how he contrived to deceive his master. As soon as the lieutenant was out of hearing, Smallbones rose, and leaving the bag where it lay, hastened back to Portsmouth, and came on board about two hours before Vanslyperken rang his bell. He narrated what had passed, but, of course, could not exactly swear that it was Vanslyperken who fired the pistol, as it was fired from behind, but even if he could have so sworn, at that time he would have obtained but little redress.

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[1] Continued from vol. xvii. page 424.

It was considered much more advisable that Smallbones should pretend to believe that he had been attacked by robbers, and that the ball had missed him, after he had frightened his master by his unexpected appearance, for Vanslyperken would still be of the opinion that the lad possessed a charmed life. .

The state of Mr. Vanslyperken during the remainder of that night was pitiable, but we must leave the reader to suppose, rather than attempt to describe it.

In the morning the corporal came in, and after asking after his superior's health, informed him that Smallbones had come on board, that the lad said that the robbers had fired a pistol at him, and then knocked him down with the butt end of it, and that he had escaped but with the loss of the bag.

This was a great relief to the mind of Mr. Vanslyperken, who had imagined that he had been visited by the ghost of Smallbones during the night: he expressed himself glad at his return, and a wish to be left alone, upon which the corporal retired. As soon as Vanslyperken found out that Smallbones was still alive, his desire to kill him returned, although, when he supposed him dead, he would, to escape from his own feelings, have resuscitated him. One chief idea now whirled in his brain, which was, that the lad must have a charmed life; he had floated out to the Owers light and back again, and now he had had a pistol-bullet passed through his scull without injury. He felt too much fear to attempt anything against him for the future, but his desire to do so was stronger than ever.

Excitement and vexation brought on a slow fever, and Mr. Vanslyperken lay for three or four days in bed; at the end of which period he received a message from the admiral, directing him to come or send on shore (for his state had been made known) for his despatches, and to sail as soon as possible.

Upon receiving the message, Mr. Vanslyperken recollected his engagement at the house of the Jew Lazarus, and weak as he was, felt too much afraid of the results should he fail, not to get out of bed and go on shore. It was with difficulty he could walk so far. When he arrived he found Ramsay ready to receive him.

"To sail as soon as possible:—'tis well, sir. Have you your despatches?"

"I sent to the admiral's for them," replied Vanslyperken.

"Well then, be all ready to start at midnight. I shall come on board about a quarter of an hour before; you may go, sir."

Vanslyperken quailed under the keen eye and stern look of Ramsay, and obeyed the uncourteous order in silence; still he thought of revenge as he walked back to the boat and re-embarked in the cutter.

"What's this, Short?" observed Coble: "here is a new freak; we start at midnight, I hear."

"Yes," replied Short.

"Something quite new, any how:—don't understand it:—do you?"

"No," replied Dick.

"Well, now Jemmy's gone, I don't care how soon I follow, Dick."

"Nor I," replied Short.

"I've a notion there's some mystery in all this. For," continued Coble, "the admiral would never have ordered us out till to-morrow morning, if he did not make us sail this evening. It's not a man-of-war fashion, is it, Dick?"

"No," replied Short.

"Well, we shall see," replied Coble. "I shall turn in now. You've heard all about Smallbones, heh! Dick?"

Short nodded his head.

"Well, we shall see; but I'll back the boy 'gainst master and dog too, in the long run. D—n his Dutch carcass, he seems to make but small count of English subjects, heh!"

Short leant over the gunwale and whistled. Coble, finding it impossible to extract one monosyllable more from him, walked forward, and went down below.

A little before twelve o'clock a boat came alongside, and Ramsay stepped out of it into the cutter. Vanslyperken had been walking the deck to receive him, and immediately showed him down into the cabin, where he left him to go on deck, and get the cutter under weigh. There was a small stove in the cabin, for the weather was still cold; they were advanced into the month of March. Ramsay threw off his coat, laid two pair of loaded pistols on the table, locked the door of the cabin, and then proceeded to warm himself, while Vanslyperken was employed on deck.

In an hour the cutter was outside and clear of all danger, and Vanslyperken had to knock to gain admittance into his own cabin. Ramsay opened the door, and Vanslyperken, who thought he must say something, observed gloomily,

"We are all clear, sir."

"Very good," replied Ramsay; "and now, sir, I believe that you have despatches on board?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken.

"You will oblige me by letting me look at them."

"My despatches!" said Vanslyperken, with surprise.

"Yes, sir, your despatches; immediately, if you please—no trifling."

"You forget, sir," replied Vanslyperken, angrily, "that I am not any longer in your power, but on board of my own vessel."

"You appear not to know, sir, that you are in my power even on board of your own vessel," replied Ramsay, starting up, and laying his hand over the pistols, which he drew towards him, and replaced in his belt. "If you trust to your ship's company you are mistaken, as you will soon discover. I demand the despatches."

"But, sir, you will ruin me and ruin yourself," replied Vanslyperken, alarmed.

"Fear not," replied Ramsay; "for my own sake, and that of the good cause, I shall not hurt you. No one will know that the despatches have been ever examined, and——"

"And what?" replied Vanslyperken, gloomily.

"For the passage, and this service, you will receive one hundred guineas."

Vanslyperken no longer hesitated; he opened the drawer in which he had deposited the letters, and produced them.

"Now lock the door," said Ramsay, taking his seat.

He then examined the seals, pulled some out of his pocket, and compared them; sorted the letters according to the seals, and laid one corresponding at the heading of each file, for there were three different government seals upon the despatches. He then took a long Dutch earthen pipe which was hanging above, broke off the bowl, and put one end of the stem into the fire. When it was of a red heat he took it out, and applying his lips to the cool end, and the hot one close to the sealing wax, he blew through it, and the heated blast soon dissolved the wax, and the despatches were opened one after another without the slightest difficulty or injury to the paper. He then commenced reading, taking memorandums on his tablets as he proceeded.

When he had finished, he again heated the pipe, melted the wax, which had become cold and hard again, and resealed all the letters with his counterfeit seals.

During this occupation, which lasted upwards of an hour, Vanslyperken looked on with surprise, leaning against the bulkhead of the cabin.

"There, sir, are your despatches," said Ramsay, rising from his chair: "you may now put them away; and, as you may observe, you are not compromised."

"No, indeed," replied Vanslyperken, who was struck with the ingenuity of the method; "but you have given me an idea."

"I will tell you what that is," replied Ramsay. "You are thinking, if I left you these false seals, you could give me the contents of the despatches, provided you were well paid. Is it not so?"

"It was," replied Vanslyperken, who had immediately been struck with such a new source of wealth; for he cared little what he did—all he cared for was discovery.

"Had you not proposed it yourself, I intended that you should have done it, sir," replied Ramsay; "and that you should also be paid for it. I will arrange all that before I leave the vessel. But now I shall retire to my bed. Have you one ready?"

"I have none but what you see," observed Vanslyperken. "It is my own, but at your service."

"I shall accept it," replied Ramsay, putting his pistols under his pillow, after having thrown himself on the outside of the bed-clothes, pulling his roquelaure over him. "And now you will oblige me by turning that cur out of the cabin, for his smell is anything but pleasant."

Vanslyperken had no idea of his passenger so coolly taking possession of his bed, but to turn out Snarleyyow as well as himself, appeared an unwarrantable liberty. But he felt that he had but to submit, for Ramsay was despotic, and he was afraid of him.

After much resistance, Snarleyyow was kicked out by his master, who then went on deck not in the very best of humours, at finding he had so completely sold himself to those who might betray and hang him the very next day. "At all events," thought Vanslyperken, "I'm well paid for it."

It was now daylight, and the cutter was running with a favourable breeze; the hands were turned up, and Corporal Van Spitter came on deck. Vanslyperken, who had been running over in his mind all the events which had latterly taken place, had considered that, as he had lost the Portsmouth widow, he might as well pursue his suit with the widow Vandersloosh, especially as she had sent such a conciliating message by the corporal, and perceiving the corporal on deck, he beckoned to him to approach. Vanslyperken then observed, that he was angry the other day, and that the corporal need not give that message to the Frau Vandersloosh, as he intended to call upon her himself upon his arrival. Van Spitter, who did not know anything about the Portsmouth widow, and could not imagine why the angry message had been given, of course assented, although he was fully determined that the widow should be informed of the insult. The question was now, how to be able to go on shore himself; and to compass that without suspicion, he remarked that the maid Babette was a very fine maid, and he should like to see her again.

This little piece of confidence was not thrown away. Vanslyperken was too anxious to secure the corporal, and he replied, that the corporal should go on shore and see her, if he pleased; upon which Corporal Van Spitter made his best military salute, turned round on his heel, and walked away, laughing in his sleeve at having so easily gulled his superior.

On the third morning the cutter had arrived at her destined port. During the passage Ramsay had taken possession of the cabin, ordering everything as he pleased, much to the surprise of the crew. Mr. Vanslyperken spoke of him as a king's messenger, but still Smallbones, who took care to hear what was going on, reported the abject submission shown to Ramsay by the lieutenant, and this was the occasion of great marvel; moreover, they doubted his being a king's messenger, for, as Smallbones very shrewdly observed, "Why, if he was a king's messenger, did he not come with the despatches?" However, they could only surmise, and no more. But the dog being turned out of the cabin in compliance with Ramsay's wish, was the most important point of all. They could have got over all the rest, but that was quite incomprehensible, and they all agreed with Coble, when he observed, hitching up his trowsers, "Depend upon it, there's a screw loose somewhere."

As soon as the cutter was at anchor, Ramsay ordered his portmanteau into the boat, and Vanslyperken having accompanied him on shore, they separated, Ramsay informing Vanslyperken that he would wish to see him the next day, and giving him his address.

Vanslyperken delivered his despatches, and then hastened to the widow Vandersloosh, who received him with a well-assumed appearance of mingled pleasure and reserve.

Vanslyperken led her to the sofa, poured forth a multitudinous compound, composed of regret, devotion, and apologies, which at last appeared to have melted the heart of the widow, who once more gave him her hand to salute.

Vanslyperken was all rapture at so unexpected a reconciliation; the name of the cur was not mentioned, and Vanslyperken thought to himself, "This will do—let me only once get you, my Frau, and I'll teach you to wish my dog dead at your porch."

On the other hand the widow thought, "And so this atomy really believes that I would look upon him. Well, well, Mr. Vanslyperken, we shall see how it ends. Your cur under my bed, indeed, so sure do you never———. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken."

There is a great deal of humbug in this world, that is certain.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

In which we have at last introduced a decent sort of heroine, who, however, only plays a second in our history, Snarleyyow being first fiddle.

But we must leave Mr. Vanslyperken, and the widow, and the Yungfrau, and all connected with her, for the present, and follow the steps of Ramsay, in doing which we shall have to introduce new personages in our little drama.

As soon as Ramsay had taken leave of Vanslyperken, being a stranger at Amsterdam, he inquired his way to the Golden Street, in which resided Mynheer Van Krause, syndic of the town, and to whom he had obtained his principal letters of introduction. The syndic's house was too well known not to be immediately pointed out to him, and in ten minutes he found himself, with the sailors at his heels who had been ordered to carry up his baggage, at a handsomely carved door painted in bright green, and with knockers of massive brass which glittered in the sun.

Ramsay, as he waited a few seconds, looked up at the house, which was large and with a noble front to the wide street in face of it, not, as usual with most of the others, divided in the centre by a canal running the whole length of it. The door was opened, and led into a large paved yard, the sides of which were lined with evergreens in large tubs, painted of the same bright green colour; adjoining to the yard was a small garden enclosed with high walls, which was laid out with great precision, and in small beds full of tulips, ranunculas, and other bulbs now just appearing above the ground. The sailors waited outside while the old grey-headed servitor who had opened the gate, ushered Ramsay through the court to a second door which led into the house. The hall into which he entered was paved with marble, and the staircase bold and handsome which led to the first floor, but on each side of the hall there were wooden partitions and half-glass doors, through which Ramsay could see that the rest of the basement was appropriated to warehouses, and that in the warehouse at the back of the building there were people busily employed hoisting out merchandize from the vessels in the canal, the water of which adjoined the very walls. Ramsay followed the man up stairs, who showed him into a very splendidly-furnished apartment, and then went to summon his master, who, he said, was below in the warehouse. Ramsay had but a minute or two to examine the various objects which decorated the room, particularly some very fine pictures, when Mynheer

Van Krause made his appearance, with some open tablets in his hand and his pen across his mouth. He was a very short man, with a respectable paunch, a very small head, quite bald, a keen blue eye, reddish but straight nose, and a very florid complexion. There was nothing vulgar about his appearance, although his figure was against him. His countenance was one of extreme frankness, mixed with considerable intelligence, and his whole manner gave you the idea of precision and calculation.

"You would—tyfel—I forgot my pen," said the syndic, catching it as it fell out of his mouth. "You would speak with me, mynheer? To whom have I the pleasure of addressing myself?"

"These letters, sir," replied Ramsay, "will inform you."

Mynheer Van Krause laid his tablets on the table, putting his pen across to mark the leaf where he had them open, and taking the letters, begged Ramsay to be seated. He then took a chair, pulled a pair of hand-glasses out of his pocket, laid them on his knees, broke the seals, and falling back so as to recline, commenced reading. As soon as he had finished the first letter, he put his glasses down from his eyes, and made a bow to Ramsay, folded the open letter the length of the sheet, took out his pencil, and on the outside wrote the date of the letter, the day of the month, name; and the name of the writer. Having done this, he laid the first letter down on the table, took up the second, raised up his glasses, and performed the same duty towards it, and thus he continued until he had read the whole six, always, as he concluded each letter, making the same low bow to Ramsay which he had after the perusal of the first. Ramsay, who was not a little tired of all this precision, at last fixed his eyes upon a Wouvermann which hung near him, and only took them off when he guessed the time of bowing to be at hand.

The last having been duly marked and numbered, Mynheer Van Krause turned to Ramsay, and said, "I am most happy, mynheer, to find under my roof a young gentleman so much recommended by many valuable friends; moreover, as these letters give me to understand, so warm a friend to our joint sovereign, and so inimical to the Jacobite party. I am informed by these letters that you intend to remain at Amsterdam. If so, I trust that you will take up your quarters in this house.

To this proposal Ramsay, who fully expected it, gave a willing consent, saying, at the same time, that he had proposed going to an hotel; but Mynheer Van Krause insisted on sending for Ramsay's luggage. He had not far to send, as it was at the door.

"How did you come over?" inquired the host.

"In a king's cutter," replied Ramsay, "which waited for me at Portsmouth."

This intimation produced another very low bow from Mynheer Van Krause, as it warranted the importance of his guest; but he then rose, and apologising for his presence being necessary below, as they were unloading a cargo of considerable value, he ordered his old porter to show Mr. Ramsay into his rooms, and to take up his luggage, informing his guest that, it being now twelve o'clock, dinner would be on the table at half-past one, during which interval he begged Ramsay to amuse himself, by examining the pictures, books, &c., with which the room was well furnished. Then, resuming his tablets and pen, and taking the letters with him, Mynheer Van Krause made a very low bow, and left Ramsay to himself, little imagining that he had admitted an attainted traitor under his roof.

Ramsay could speak Dutch fluently, for he had been quartered two years at Middleburg, when he was serving in the army. As soon as the sailors had taken up his portmanteau, and he had dismissed them with a gratuity, the extent of which made the old porter open his eyes with astonishment, and gave him a favourable opinion of his master's new guest, he entered into conversation with the old man, who, like Eve upon another occasion, was tempted, nothing loth, for the old man loved to talk; and in a house so busy as the syndic's, there were few who had time to chatter, and those who had, preferred other conversation to what, it must be confessed, was rather prosy.

"Mein Gott, mynheer, you must not expect to have company here all day. My master has the town business and his own business to attend to: he can't well get through it all: besides, now is a busy time, the schuyts are bringing up the cargo of a vessel from a far voyage, and Mynheer Krause always goes to the warehouse from breakfast till dinner, and then again from three or four o'clock till six. After that he will stay above, and then he sees company, and hears our young lady sing."

"Young lady! has he a daughter then?"

"He has a daughter, mynheer—only one—only one child—no son, it is a pity; and so much money too, they say. I don't know how many stivers and guilders she will have by-and-bye."

"Is not Madame Krause still alive?"

"No, mynheer, she died when this maiden was born. She was a good lady, cured me once of the yellow jaundice."

Ramsay, like all young men, wondered what sort of a person this lady might be; but he was too discreet to put the question. He was, however, pleased to hear that there was a young female in the house, as it would make the time pass away more agreeably; not that he expected much. Judging from the father, he made up his mind, as he took his clothes out of his valise, that she was very short, very prim, and had a hooked nose.

The old man now left the room to allow Ramsay to dress, and telling him that if he wanted anything, he had only to call for Koops, which was his name, but going out, he returned to say, that Ramsay must call rather loud, as he was a little hard of hearing.

"Well," thought Ramsay, as he was busy with his toilet, "here I am safe lodged at last, and everything appears as if it would prosper. There is something in my position which my mind revolts at, but stratagem is necessary in war. I am in the enemy's camp to save my own life, and to serve the just cause. It is no more than what they attempt to do with us. It is my duty to my lawful sovereign, but still——I do not like it. Then the more merit in performing a duty so foreign to my inclinations."

Such were the thoughts of Ramsay, who, like other manly and daring dispositions, was dissatisfied with playing the part of a deceiver, although he had been selected for the service, and his selection had been approved of at the court of St. Germains.

Open warfare would have suited him better; but he would not repine at what he considered he was bound in fealty to perform, if required, although he instinctively shrunk from it. His toilet was complete, and Ramsay descended into the reception-room: he had been longer than usual, but probably that was because he wished to commune with himself, or it might be, because he had been informed that there was a young lady in the house.

The room was empty when Ramsay entered it, and he took the advice of his host, and amused himself by examining the pictures, and other articles of *vertû*, with which the room was filled.

At last, having looked at everything, Ramsay examined a splendid clock on the mantelpiece, before the fine glass, which mounted to the very top of the lofty room, when, accidentally casting his eyes to the looking-glass, he perceived in it that the door of the room, to which his back was turned, was open, and that a female was standing there, apparently surprised to find a stranger, and not exactly knowing whether to advance or retreat. Ramsay remained in the same position, as if he did not perceive her, that he might look at her without her being aware of it. It was, as he presumed, the syndic's daughter; but how different from the person he had conjured up in his mind's eye, when at his toilet! Apparently about seventeen or eighteen years of age, she was rather above the height of woman, delicately formed, although not by any means thin in her person: her figure possessing all that feminine luxuriance, which can only be obtained when the bones are small, but well covered. Her face was oval, and brilliantly fair. Her hair of a dark chestnut, and her eyes of a deep blue. Her dress was simple to the extreme. She wore nothing but the white woollen petticoats of the time, so short, as to show above her ankles, and a sort of little jacket of fine green cloth, with lappets, which descended from the waist, and opened in front. Altogether, Ramsay thought that he had never in his life seen a young female so peculiarly attractive at first sight: there was a freshness in her air and appearance so uncommon, so unlike the general crowd. As she stood in a state of uncertainty, her mouth opened, and displayed small and beautifully white teeth.

Gradually she receded, supposing that she had not been discovered, and closed the door quietly after her, leaving Ramsay for a few seconds at the glass, with his eyes fixed upon the point at which she had disappeared.

Ramsay of course fell into a reverie, as most men do in a case of this kind; but he had not proceeded very far into it before he was interrupted by the appearance of the syndic, who entered by another door.

"I am sorry to have been obliged to leave you to your own company, Mynheer Ramsay, so soon after your arrival; but my arrangement of time is regular, and I cannot make any alteration. Before you have been with us long, I trust that you will find means of amusement. I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to many friends whose time is not so occupied as mine. Once again let me say how happy I am to receive so distinguished a young gentleman under my roof. Did the cutter bring despatches for the States General, may I inquire?"

"Yes," replied Ramsay, "she did; and they are of some importance."

"Indeed?" rejoined mynheer inquisitively.

"My dear sir," said Ramsay, blushing at his own falsehood, "we are, I believe, both earnest in one point, which is to strengthen the good cause. Under such an impression, and having accepted your hospitality, I have no right to withhold what I know, but with which others are not acquainted."

"My dear sir," interrupted Krause, who was now fully convinced of the importance of his guest, "you do me justice; I am firm and stedfast in the good cause. I am known to be so, and I am also, I trust, discreet; confiding to my tried friends, indeed, but it will be generally acknowledged that Mynheer Krause has possessed, and safely guarded, the secrets of the state."

Now, in the latter part of this speech, Mynheer Krause committed a small mistake. He was known to be a babbler, one to whom a secret could not be imparted, without every risk of its being known; and it was from the knowledge of this failing in Mynheer Krause that Ramsay had received such very particular recommendations to him. As syndic of the town, it was impossible to prevent his knowledge of government secrets, and when these occasionally escaped, they were always traced to his not being able to hold his tongue.

Nothing pleased Mynheer Krause so much as a secret, because nothing gave him so much pleasure as whispering it confidentially into the ear of a dozen confidential friends. The consequence was, the government was particularly careful that he should not know what was going on, and did all they could to prevent it; but there were many others who, although they could keep a secret, had no objection to part with it for a consideration, and in the enormous commercial transactions of Mynheer Krause, it was not unfrequent for a good bargain to be struck with him by one or more of the public functionaries, the difference between the sum proposed and accepted being settled against the interests of Mynheer Krause, by the party putting him in possession of some government movement which had hitherto been kept *in petto*. Every man has his hobby, and usually pays dear for it, so did Mynheer Krause.

Now when it is remembered that Ramsay had opened and read the whole of the despatches, it may at once be supposed what a valuable acquaintance he would appear to Mynheer Krause; but we must not anticipate. Ramsay's reply was, "I feel it my bounden duty to impart all I am possessed of to my very worthy host, but allow me to observe, mynheer, that prudence is necessary—we may be overheard."

"I am pleased to find one of your age so circumspect," replied Krause; "perhaps it would be better to defer our conversation till after supper, but in the meantime, could you not just give me a little inkling of what is going on?"

Ramsay had difficulty in stifling a smile at this specimen of Mynheer Krause's eagerness for intelligence. He very gravely walked up to him, looked all round the room as if he was afraid that the walls would hear him, and then whispered for a few seconds into the ear of his host.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Krause, looking up into Ramsay's face.

Ramsay nodded his head authoritatively.

"Gott in himmel!" exclaimed the syndic; but here the bell for dinner rang a loud peal. "Dinner is on the table, mynheer," continued the syndic, "allow me to show you the way. We will talk this over to-night. Gott in himmel! Is it possible?"

Mynheer Krause led the way to another saloon, where Ramsay found not only the table prepared, but, as he had anticipated, the daughter of his host, to whom he was introduced. "Wilhelmina," said Mynheer Krause, "our young friend will stay with us, I trust, some time, and you must do all you can to make him comfortable. You know, my dear, that business must be attended to. With me, time is money, so much so, that I can scarcely do justice to the affairs of the state devolving upon me in virtue of my office. You must therefore join with me, and do your best to amuse our guest."

To this speech Wilhelmina made no reply, but by a gracious inclination of her head towards Ramsay, which was returned with all humility. The dinner was excellent, and Ramsay amused himself very well indeed until it was over. Mynheer Krause then led the way to the saloon, called for coffee, and, as soon as he had finished it, made an apology to his guest, and left him alone with his beautiful daughter.

Wilhelmina Krause was a young person of a strong mind irregularly cultivated; she had never known the advantage of a mother's care, and was indeed self-educated. She had a strong tinge of romance in her character, and, left so much alone, she loved to indulge in it.

In other points she was clever, well read, and accomplished, graceful in her manners, open in her disposition to a fault, for, like her father, she could not keep a secret, not even the secrets of her own heart; for whatever she thought she gave utterance to, which is not exactly the custom in this world, and often attended with unpleasant consequences.

The seclusion in which she had been kept added to the natural timidity of her disposition—but when once intimate, it also added to her confiding character. It was impossible to see without admiring her, to know her without loving her; for she was Nature herself, and at the same time in her person one of Nature's masterpieces.

As we observed, when they retired to the saloon, Mynheer Krause very shortly quitted them, to attend to his affairs below, desiring his daughter to exert herself for the amusement of his guest; the contrary, however, was the case, for Ramsay exerted himself to amuse her, and very soon was successful, for he could talk of courts and kings, of courtiers and of people, and of a thousand things, all interesting to a young girl who had lived secluded; and as his full-toned voice, in measured and low pitch, fell upon Wilhelmina's ear, she never perhaps was so much interested. She seldom ventured a remark, except it was to request him to proceed, and the eloquent language with which Ramsay clothed his ideas, added a charm to the novelty of his conversation. In the course of two hours Ramsay had already acquired a moral influence over Wilhelmina, who looked up to him with respect, and another feeling, which we can only define by saying that it was certainly anything but ill-will.

The time passed so rapidly, that the two young people could hardly believe it possible that it was past six o'clock, when they were interrupted by the appearance of Mynheer Krause, who came from his counting-house, the labours of the day being over. In the summer time it was his custom to take his daughter out in the carriage at this hour, but the weather was too cold, and, moreover, it was nearly dark. A conversation ensued on general topics, which lasted till supper time; after this repast was over Wilhelmina retired, leaving Ramsay and the syndic alone.

It was then that Ramsay made known to his host the contents of the despatches, much to Mynheer Krause's surprise and delight, who felt assured that his guest must be strong in the confidence of the English government, to be able to communicate such intelligence. Ramsay, who was aware that the syndic would sooner or later know what had been written, of course was faithful in his detail; not so, however, when they canvassed the attempts of the Jacobite party; then Mr. Krause was completely mystified. It was not till a late hour that they retired to bed. The next morning, the syndic, big with his intelligence, called upon his friends in person, and much to their surprise told them the contents of the despatches which had been received—and, much to his delight, discovered that he had been correctly informed. He also communicated what Ramsay had told him relative to the movements of the Court of St. Germains, and this unintentionally false intelligence was forwarded to England as from good authority. It hardly need be observed, that in a very short time Ramsay had gained the entire confidence of his host, and we may add also, of his host's daughter; but we must leave him for the present to follow up his plans, whatever they may be, and return to the personages more immediately connected with this narrative.

(To be continued.)

TO A LADY,

WITH A COPY OF THE "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."

BY E. L. BULWER, ESQ., M.P.

Sweet lady, when this wild nor worthy page,
Binds thy bright heart to dreams and dooms of yore,
What links the fleeting with the former age,
And half forbids the very words, "*No more?*"
Not mine, not mine the charm; it is the power
Wrung from the God whose priest my youth has been,
He,—if the fable while, in truth, the hour—
Lives in each shape and colours every scene;—
Making a world from Silence; as his wings
Move the hush'd face of Time's deep wave above;
His breath the life, his smile the light, of things,
Hark! thy heart whispers—"Is his name, not Love?"
Yes, with his lore of legends, *his* the spell
That makes us kindred with the Past; that fills
With holier life Egeria's grassy cell,
And haunts with Helen, Phrygia's golden rills.
'Tis Juliet hallows grey Verona's walls—
And Laura's name green Arqua's odorous vale,
And the deep gloom o'er dark Ferrara's halls,
Breathes the bright Madman's immemorial tale.
So now, if waked the City of the Dead—
Not mine—but Love's the honour and the art;
Her annals calcined in her dreary bed,
Love makes a second History of the Heart.

FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

A TALE FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

WHAT is the prevailing cause of the frequent, too frequent disagreements, existing among the greater number of married couples? Some will say, want of affection, some, want of temper, some, want of congeniality, and some, want of money. I cannot agree in any of these reasons. I do not approve of marriages without affection, but I do not see why they should necessarily be productive of disputes; on the contrary, where no enthusiastic ideas of happiness have been raised in the first instance, disappointments are assuredly much less likely to ensue than if the reverse had been the case; indifference and apathy dull and deaden the feelings, but do not render them tenacious and irritable.

In respect to the other alleged causes of unhappiness, I do not regard them in a very formidable light: one objectionable quality is often neutralised by the existence of another of a counteracting nature; for instance, married people may be far from congenial in their tastes, yet good temper (if possessed by both of them) will prevent them from reproaching and taunting each other with their want of sympathetic feelings; or they may be ill-tempered, and if perfectly alike in all their habits and pursuits, their temper will find vent on other objects, and will not exhaust itself where there is no opposition of conduct or manner to provoke it. Want of money is indeed a misfortune, but ought never to be considered as a fault, unless it has been occasioned by imprudence or mismanagement; if the husband and father labour earnestly in his business or profession for the good of his family, and if the wife and mother carefully economise his gains, although they may, and most probably will, rail at the world in general, they can have no possible pretext for railing at each other in particular. What, then, is the great cause of matrimonial bickering? I answer, there is no great cause, but an abundance of little ones, atoms which float in the conjugal atmosphere, but which would never assume any definite shape, were they not gathered together, and made to wear a formidable appearance by the officious hand of a third person; the cause of the disputes of nine married couples out of ten, I believe to arise from the ill-judged interference of relations. As soon as a married pair have begun to feel tolerably settled, the relations of both parties surround them with counsels, not only how to manage their income and household, but how to manage each other; and as, of course, one person can never pretend to manage another without a knowledge of his or her weak side, and vulnerable points, all such particulars are eagerly and accurately shown forth to the individuals by their indefatigable friends. My own sex, who, I am sorry to say, are often foremost in works of mischief as well as in works of good, usually play a prominent part on such occasions; the female relatives of the bride urge on her the expediency of "getting her own way at first," and of stipulating for a certain quantity of amusements and indulgences which are absolutely necessary to prevent her from sinking into a mope and domestic drudge; the bridegroom might be vanquished under this artillery, but he, on his side, has most likely female connexions who will not see him imposed upon, and who sketch to him, in glowing colours, all the probable evils that will be brought on him by a tame acquiescence in his wife's expenses and frivolities; and thus the young people, who were united from motives of mutual preference, and who ought to have every pursuit and feeling in common, are taught to consider each other as enemies, having their separate interests to consult and arrange, and their separate friends to advise their proceedings, and to see fair play between them. How, the reader will ask, is this to be avoided? Are the relations of young people to desert them when they marry? I answer, by no means; but let them avoid all interference with their conduct towards each other; and if they persist in offering such mischievous counsel, let the young people have sense and spirit enough to turn a deaf ear to it, in which case they will soon grow tired of urging it.

In fact, in the other relations of life, interference is seldom ventured, and if attempted, is usually resented. Take, for instance, the case of parents and children; let any one of us go to the mother of a family, and insinuate to her in the gentlest terms possible, that she administers too large an allowance of plum-cake, and too small a proportion of spelling lessons to her little son Charley, and that she does wrong in suffering her daughter Fanny to make saucy replies to her elders, attend juvenile fancy balls, caricàture her governess, and neglect her French grammar and geography for the last new novel, and what will be the success of our remarks? The lady will either in a very grave tone reply, "I am sorry you think so," immediately turn the conversation to other subjects, and look at us for a month afterwards as if she detested the sight of us; or she will unceremoniously contradict us, and say that we are quite mistaken, for that she has always been considered a rather over-strict mother, and that her children are patterns of industry and steadiness. Now I would humbly breathe a word for the rights of men and women, as well as for the rights of children, and express a wish that the father and mother of Charley and Fanny would extend to each other something of the kind, or even blind allowance, which they so readily afford to the faults of their offspring; and would repel, with a degree of the same jealous tenacity, all notice of such faults on the part of another. If it were permitted me to assume the character of a guardian spirit, I should especially like to take young married couples under my charge, to cause the mischievous whisper and insinuation to fall harmless on the ear of each of them, to paint to them in the brightest tints the good qualities of their partners, and to inspire them with distrust of all who would wish to direct their eyes to the dark side of the picture. I cannot be a guardian spirit, but perhaps

I can write a story, and I hope to be able to combine amusement and instruction in the following little tale, since

> " Truth, sometimes, like eastern dames,
> Can tell her thoughts by flowers."

The wedding-day of Caroline Dornton and Edmund Clifford was fixed, and the match was one calculated to give universal satisfaction. It was a marriage of romance; the parties were both remarkably handsome, accomplished, and good-tempered, and appeared congenial in habits and tastes. It was also a marriage of prudence; the young couple would begin life with a house in Torrington Square, five servants, and a carriage; and as the sphere in which they moved was that of the middling classes, their establishment was considered very creditable by their acquaintance. One or two close calculators certainly expressed their opinion that each of the parties might have done better, and hinted at a deformed, ill-tempered heiress, who had cast tender glances at the gentleman, and an old, yellow nabob, just arrived from India with lacs of rupees and a liver complaint, who had expressed warm admiration for the lady; but even these persons only hinted a faint disapproval, and owned that, considering the income of the young people was independent of any profession, and entirely derived from money in the funds, Harriet Martineau herself might be easy respecting their capability of providing the necessaries of life for younger children, and might acknowledge them to be sufficiently rich to please themselves. Probably my readers will wonder why I should designate a union contracted under such common-place circumstances as a "marriage of romance," and will be inclined to say with Hood, in his Comic Annual, " there's no romance in that!" There was, however, the deepest and truest romance attendant on the attachment of Caroline and Clifford—the romance of the heart; each possessed a disposition so thoroughly warm and enthusiastic, that its luxuriance would have flourished in any soil, and under any associations, however homely and matter-of-fact. They were fervently attached to each other. Had their prospects been those of utter poverty, such circumstances would not, for a moment, have repressed their wish for a union; had their friends, instead of being full of satisfaction, been loud in opposition, they would equally have carried that union into effect. They lived in a world of their own—they had each formed the most exaggerated ideas of the talents, virtues, and attractions of the other—they imagined that their married life would be one of long, uninterrupted happiness, darkened by no cloud, and invaded by no storm; it remained for the future to disclose to them the folly of such anticipations; at present, they enjoyed unrestricted pleasure in the indulgence of them. If a girl be at all disposed to vanity and romance, and to the formation of unreasonably sanguine hopes of future happiness, these qualities will be all called into action during the time of her betrothment, her marriage, and the few months succeeding it; at such periods, by common consent and universal custom, young ladies are made of great consequence, not only by their lovers, but by all their connexions. The gentleman is placed on no such perilous pinnacle of distinction; there is nothing picturesque in the attachment and marriage of a young man, nothing to elevate him in the opinion of his family and friends. When he makes known his choice of a bride, his mother always thinks he might have had patience, and waited a little longer; his sisters wish he had chosen somebody else; and mention half a dozen of their intimate friends who would have suited him much better; and his bachelor companions by turns rally and pity him for his contemplated sacrifice of liberty, predict that he will lose all his spirit and vivacity, and degenerate into a mere married man, and guess that the first action of his wife will be to compel him to cut all the associates of his boyish days. During the time of his engagement, he generally feels it very awkward to be compelled to make love in the midst of a domestic circle, and has a nervous horror of being quizzed by the younger branches of the family, who sit fixing their eyes upon him in undisguised watchfulness of his proceedings. The morning visits received after marriage are also particularly disagreeable to him; he has not, as Miss Austen expresses it, "the privileges of finery and bashfulness" like his bride; and all men have a natural aversion to formal morning visits under any circumstances. There, however, he must sit, assisting his beloved one in doing the honours of the cake and wine, pressing ladies to lay aside their boas, chronicling the number of rainy days, which his bride and himself experienced in their honeymoon excursion, and bearing honourable testimony to the beauties of the Isle of Wight, the Lakes, or any other spot which may have been selected as the scene of the said excursion. These smooth nothings he has to repeat to party after party in succession, till he becomes feelingly alive to the sufferings of the Chinese jugglers, Indian chiefs, and Double-sighted boys, who are obliged "from morn till dewy eve," to perform the same trickeries over and over to fresh crowds of gaping visitors. When the dinner-parties come into play, the case is not much amended; he feels that he is no longer so important a member of society as he was when he had a heart and wedding-ring to offer. Young ladies, his former flirts, are hoarse when he asks them to sing; their once civil, courteous mammas, scold him unmercifully when he revokes at whist; and the papas, who used to accost him with a hearty shake of the hand, a joke, and an invitation for the sporting season, now address him with cold ceremonious politeness, and transfer all the warmth of their salutation to one of his unmarried friends.

Very different is the situation of the bride. Marriage is the great end of the female world, and when a young lady has attained that end, provided she marry in a style of respectability and affluence which may confer some credit on her family, she is overwhelmed with praises and congratulations; all her relations suddenly become as much alive to her good qualities and great merits, as if the record of them had been written in sympathetic ink to remain illegible until brought into notice by the contact of Hymen's torch: she is the "dear Charlotte," the "beloved Harriet," or the "sweet Eliza" of a bevy of aunts, uncles, and cousins, who she imagined had hitherto considered her a mere *figurante* in the *corps de ballet* of exhibiting young ladies. Her eligible offer, however, places her on a different footing with them all: some may have feared that she might hereafter become dependent on them for support, others may have merely had indefinite ideas of an old maid being a sad bore in a family; aunts are glad to get rid of a rival to their daughters and a flirt who takes up the attention of their sons, and cousins luxuriate in the details of wedding fineries, festivities, and excursions, and exult in the old saying, that "one marriage in a family is always sure to bring on another." Presents, too, make their appearance to reward the fair *fiancée* for her good behaviour: urns, and silver tea-pots flow in from the old, work-tables and writing-desks from the middle-aged, and brooches and bracelets from the young; nay, the very school-girls are delighted to paint screens and embroider card-cases, as offerings to the young bride, who has set them an example which they are quite impatient to be of a fitting age to follow. On her wedding-day she is kissed, cried over, and complimented, and two-thirds of the company tell her husband that they only wish she may prove as good a wife as she has been a daughter, sister, niece, friend, &c. &c.

When she returns from her wedding excursion, she prepares herself to receive homage, dressed in the newest fashion, reclining in the most graceful attitude, and satisfied that every old friend and every new acquaintance go away alike full of admiration for her. Nor is she unreasonable in this supposition; it is an established rule of society to admire a bride during the first visit, and any person would be considered churlish and misanthropic in the highest degree, who ventured to deviate from it. Like Isaac in the Duenna, the visitor must say,

> "Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care,
> If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair."

Should she be pale, sickly, and stupid, she is admired for her exquisite delicacy and diffidence; if ruddy, unpolished, and hoydenish, her bloom, *naïveté*, and vivacity, are the subjects of praise; if she acknowledge herself to "play a little," she is described as "highly musical;" if a review or a book of travels lie on the table, she is characterised as "extremely well-informed:" nobody presumes to point out a shade in the fair picture, and it is a current phrase, that "Mr. ——— could not have chosen better!" When she goes to a dinner-party, she is handed down by the master of the house, and placed by his side; all her remarks are applauded by her neighbours, and she is treated with the utmost attention, devotedness, and deference by young men, who, previous to her marriage, were afraid of "committing themselves" by being commonly civil to her. This palmy state of affairs, however, does not continue above three months; at the end of that time her blonde becomes flaccidized, her orange flowers are crumpled, and her white satin loses its delicate and spotless purity; other marriages take place, other brides are handed down first to dinner, and, worst of all, the visitors who came a first time to admire, come a second time to criticise, and discover that she is not nearly so pretty, after all, as they supposed, and has something very common-place in her manners. Many suspect she has not moved in the best society, (inferring that they have done so themselves, or they could not have the capability of judging,) young ladies fear that she understands music very superficially, middle-aged ones intimate that she knows little about books, and old ones assert that she knows nothing about housekeeping. A woman of sound sense and good understanding will neither be elated by the glories of her bridal days, nor depressed by their speedy termination; she will make use of what phrenologists call the "organ of comparison," she will see that other brides besides herself are flattered and caressed, and other young wives scanned and criticised, and she will think neither the better nor the worse of herself for experiencing the lot of her sex: she will also make allowance for her husband if he show symptoms of being somewhat guided by the opinion of the world, and instead of exulting when he joins warmly in the chorus of general admiration raised at first in her favour, she will rather regret that these injudicious flatteries should so ill prepare him for the time when she may probably become an object of criticism to his family and friends, and a personage of very little importance to her own.

Caroline Dornton unfortunately was not a young woman of sound sense and good understanding, although she was generally considered as remarkably clever. She read much, thought much, was a proficient in all female accomplishments, and had mixed a great deal in society for the last three years; she was kind-hearted, obliging; and yet Caroline was not formed to go well through the world, to resist its trials, to bear its mortifications, or to rise superior to its allurements. The secret lies in one word. Caroline was enthusiastic, her favourite reading was of a fanciful and enervating description, her charities were the charities of sentiment, not of judgment, her friendships were violent for the time being, but soon dissolved, because she expected sympathy, congeniality, and devotion, which her friends were neither willing nor able to pay. Caroline's family connexions were not suited to an enthusiastic disposition; she was certainly more talented and intellectual than any of them, and she felt conscious (to use the favourite phrases of the romantic) that she was not "appreciated" and "understood" in her own circle; she had too much good feeling and propriety to give vent to her opinions, but she could not help thinking within herself that her mother was shallow, her two sisters frivolous, and her other relations very heartless, every-day people. Caroline had never felt any attachment till she reached the age of twenty: she had an innate delicacy which preserved her from the propensity of falling in love evinced by vulgarly sentimental young ladies, consequently she was on the best terms with her mother; and when she readily complied with the desires of the latter, that she would be very cool in her manner to some gay half-pay officer, or that she would avoid singing duets with some curled, perfumed, and penniless younger brother, Mrs. Dornton praised and valued her obedience rather more highly than it deserved. The merit of compliance only lies in self-denial, and the flatteries of trifling every-day-young men were so little acceptable to Caroline, that it was more congenial to her taste to avoid than to seek them.

Caroline had refused several offers with the entire concurrence of her mother, although more than one of the applicants were men of large fortune. Mrs. Dornton had for some years been a widow, with three daughters, and a genteel income; she was resolved that her daughters should marry what she called "well," but she had no wish to sacrifice them to age and infirmity, because she was really a good-natured woman, and wished to see everybody happy in their own way as well as in hers. Most gratifying, then, were her feelings, when, during the course of a fortnight's visit to the country-house of a friend, her daughter Caroline captivated and was captivated by Edmund Clifford; his fortune, connexions, manners, and appearance, were all unexceptionable. Caroline avowed herself perfectly happy, and Mrs. Dornton, after a short private interview with her future son-in-law, sat down and covered sheet after sheet of pink paper in expressing to the whole circle of her relatives her delight at the conquest made by her daughter. These letters all met with correspondent returns, and when Mrs. Dornton and Caroline repaired to London, so much attention and kindness were lavished on the latter by her connexions, that she began to think she had done them great injustice, and that they had really "understood" and "appreciated" her all along. Her mother and sisters, too; how fond, how affectionate was their behaviour to her!—how could she ever have fancied them wanting in regard and tenderness? Caroline was wrong in thinking that her relations were different from what she had supposed them to be, and yet not one of them was playing the part of a hypocrite, but they had all some motive of their own for rejoicing in her success. Mrs. Dornton was pleased with her own tact and carefulness as a mother, to which she chose to impute Caroline's escape from all silly love-affairs and beggarly offers; she was pleased with the fine person and polished manners of her son-in-law, and she was gratified with the style of his establishment; she remembered that she had been considered very comfortably married, although she had only begun life with a house in Marchmont Street, a maid, and a footboy, and a husband who had red hair, and was twenty years older than herself. We all desire the lot of our children to be more brilliant than our own, and she was glad of her daughter's superior prospects, thinking to herself, however, that Caroline was far more fortunate than she had been in the cleverness and good management of her mother. Gertrude Dornton, a pretty-looking girl, about eighteen, had several reasons for feeling highly satisfied with the marriage in question; she was glad to get rid of Caroline as a rival, and glad that in consequence of her near neighbourhood, she might depend on her as a chaperon; she thought over two or three of her sister's admirers, who would probably, under the present circumstances, transfer their admiration to herself, and she thought of the dances and parties which she should persuade Caroline to give, and of the new introductions, partners, and beaux, attendant thereon. Emily, the youngest sister, was only fifteen, and did not enter into such abstruse calculations, but she exulted in the probability of coming out a year or two earlier in consequence of Caroline's marriage, for as she very justly observed, "Mamma would never be able to bear the thought of taking out three grown-up daughters at once!" Caroline's aunts had also something of selfishness mingled with their satisfaction: the eligible match formed by their sister's child seemed to promise well for the success of their own; they would have no need to hold up the fallen fortunes of their niece *in terrorem*, to frighten their daughters from a love-match. Caroline had not "lost caste;" they might talk of her among their acquaintance, not only with impunity, but with credit, and with these feelings were mingled (for I wish to do justice even to a worldly family) a certain kindly satisfaction that the delicate pretty little girl to whom they had given fairy-tales and sugar-plums in the days of her coral necklace and white muslin frocks, would be raised above those homely troubles which she was ill qualified to encounter, and that she would be able to read poetry, play the guitar, and tend greenhouse plants, without the necessity of personally inspecting those mysterious horrors of the kitchen, which often render that place a perfect and perpetual "Blue Chamber" to the unfortunate heroine of a love-match.

As for the young ladies of the family, they regarded Caroline with that mixture of awe, admiration, and envy, with which the successful candidate who has taken the highest honours at the University, is beheld by such of his fellow collegians as entertain but confused hopes of taking any honours at all. Caroline had so chosen, as to please herself and her mother. Her cousin, Anna Morris, thought of the handsome Lieutenant Gayville's hazel eyes and Grecian nose, and wished that he had a house in Torrington Square, and a carriage; and her cousin, Kate Sedgewick, thought of the rich Sir James Bradbury's bald head and rubicund visage, and wished that he had chestnut curls, and was eight-and-twenty years old. Caroline, they agreed, had done wonders, and must, consequently, receive that respect to which all workers of wonders, time out of mind, have been entitled. Caroline's uncle was less moved and excited than the rest of her connexions by her marriage; he was the rich man of the family—his speculations were not matrimonial but mercantile—his worship was at the shrine not of Cupid but of Plutus; and as his two children were little boys in petticoats, he had small sympathy for the manœuvres of match-making mammas, or the triumphs of their captivating daughters. Mr. Fletcher, however, to quote his own phrase, (and surely none could understand his character so well as himself,) was "a strictly conscientious man, who always, on every occasion, did what was just and proper to be done." Accordingly, he paid his niece a visit of congratulation, patted her on the cheek, told her that she was a good girl, and had done very well for herself, and presented her with a beautiful emerald necklace; he was accompanied by his two little boys, who having succeeded, during a hasty private interview in the corner, in winning from cousin Caroline a promise that she would have a juvenile party and a magic lantern soon after she was established in a house of her own, became immediately warm partizans of her marriage, and were quite as much alive to its advantages as the seniors of the family, and from motives about as wise and pure.

The great triumph of Caroline, however, was in the victory that she achieved over the iron heart and close purse of her godmother, Mrs. Priscilla Penry. Mrs. Priscilla was what people are fond of calling "quite a character," although her only claims to that denomination lay in being a stiff, narrow-minded, sordid old woman, whose mind and body were alike clothed in the habiliments of fifty years ago. She was very rich, had no relations, had never been married, and did not seem to care for anybody, not even for herself; she was as scrupulously economical in her own dress, and as sparing in her own diet, as she expected her unfortunate solitary servant to be. She carefully exacted the farthings in change from her tradespeople, because, as she charitably observed, they were "such nice things to give to the poor street sweepers;" and when twice a year she invited a few friends to pass the evening with her, she invariably inquired of them before the tea equipage made its appearance, whether they would take one slice of bread and butter or two, that orders to the necessary effect might be issued to the rigid, spare handmaiden, who was a thorough personification of Famine, but whom her mistress always characterised as being "sadly thoughtless and wasteful." Caroline had never received anything from Mrs. Priscilla but lectures on the duties of early rising and carpet work, till she attained the age of seventeen. Her godmother, however, like that of Cinderella, felt disposed to do the thing in style on occasion of the coming out of her *protegée*, and accordingly wound herself up to the unprecedented liberality of sending her a box and a note, the latter requesting her acceptance of the contents of the former, namely, "a dress muff, and a gold watch with appendages." Caroline eagerly opened the box to gaze on her treasures, picturing in her mind's eye the snowy swansdown of the one, and the delicately woven chain and beautiful French seals of the other. The "dress muff" proved to be a small article about six inches long, composed of peacock's feathers, a number of which had started in various places from their fastenings, disclosing to all who were curious respecting the mysteries of construction, a view of the black satin foundation beneath. Ten years ago Caroline would have welcomed the present as an inestimable acquisition to her large wax doll; but, like many other of the good things of this world, it came too late to be of much use. The "gold watch and appendages" proved a still greater source of disappointment; the watch was a thick, old fashioned repeater, very much out of order, and the "appendages" consisted of a black ribbon, to the end of which a common watch-key was attached!

Rendered moderate in her wishes by this specimen of Mrs. Priscilla's liberality, Caroline, on the occasion of her marriage, expected nothing beyond a handsomely-bound copy of the "Spectator," or an old waist-buckle of Dovey's diamonds; but misers' gifts, like misers' feasts, are sometimes unexpectedly lavish, and not only did Mrs. Priscilla bestow a hundred pound bank-note on her god-daughter to lay out as she pleased, but, for the first time in her life, she made some plain allusions to her will, and to the prominent station that Caroline would occupy therein. She also favoured her with much good advice as to her conduct in married life; but as her ideas and notions were all of the olden time, her advice was not particularly applicable; and when she warned Caroline not to make a private purse for herself, not to open her husband's letters without leave, and, above all, never to employ anybody to track and follow him in his walks, the astonished girl felt half ashamed and half indignant at being suspected of the possibility of practices as revolting to her good taste as to her good principle. Caroline, however, heard all these wise dogmas in silence, which much advanced her in Mrs. Priscilla's good opinion. Caroline was remarkably silent whenever she feared, disliked, or thought ill of the intellectual qualities of a person; but as silence is by many imputed to respect, her habit of taciturnity, perfectly free as it was from gloom or sullenness, often procured the suffrages of the old and formal. Mrs. Priscilla, in particular, who was perfectly scandalised at the quick repartees, chattering, and giggling of the girls of the present day, did due justice to Caroline's government of the tongue, and she did not say more than the truth, when she signified to her god-daughter that she intended her for the heiress of her long accumulated hoards. Caroline, however, never thought of mentioning the promise to any one, and, in this case, her artlessness had all the effect of art; nothing is so likely to procure the revocation of a legacy, as any unwary boasting on the part of the legatee.

Among the delights of Caroline in her new character of a betrothed bride, her introduction to her future husband's relations could not be reckoned; they were very few, but she could have wished them still fewer: he had a middle-aged cousin, a boisterous fox-hunting country squire, who talked as if all his auditors were deaf, stood with his back to the fire, was fluent in witticisms about modern dresses and French fashions, asked Caroline to sing Vauxhall songs, and always spoke of her as "pretty Miss Carry," a contraction of her name which she had been accustomed to resent from her earliest school-days, as an insult of the first magnitude. He had also a maiden aunt, an old young lady, who was deep blue, and because she had heard that Caroline was literary, bored her most unmercifully with accounts of geological lectures and chemical experiments, and wondered that she had never studied Latin, and hinted that it was impossible for any one to speak or read English with tolerable accuracy, who had not enjoyed that advantage. Caroline's great object of distaste, however, was her future mother-in-law; and most unfortunate was she in this feeling, for Mrs. Clifford was so unexceptionably correct in her behaviour, so very wordy in her professions, so scrupulously careful to round off her long periods as neatly as even her Latinised sister could do, so liberal in giving away soup and blankets at Christmas, so devoted a mother, so punctual a correspondent, so regular in her ready-money payments, and so attentive in replying to invitations, returning morning visits, inquiring after her sick friends, and remembering the number, ages, and names of everybody's children, that she was universally spoken of; she was a small star twinkling forth in all the glimmer of the minor virtues: she was "respectable" and "well-bred," qualities which many people think imply everything desirable in a woman, but which a woman may nevertheless possess, and be thoroughly narrow-minded, cold-hearted, and disagreeable.

Mrs. Clifford's disposition was intensely selfish, and she was a person of vulgar mind, although not of vulgar manners. When she married, she much disliked her husband's female relatives; and it was her constant endeavour to alienate him from them: she was successful in this trial, from her perfect acquaintance with all the petty low arts of dissimulation, and with all the minutiæ of cunning management; she could "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," and say and do things which were thoroughly provoking to her new connexions, yet which had nothing tangible in them when made the subject of complaint to others; they were frank, warm-hearted, and somewhat irritable people, quite unfit to cope with her cold policy; and as she had obtained unlimited influence over her weak-minded husband, she soon surrounded him with her own herd of sycophants, and his mother, an amiable, intellectual, and affectionate woman, had ample cause to agree with the old adage, which sets forth that "she who marries a son loses one!"

Mrs. Clifford's husband died, leaving his wife and only son amply provided for, and Mrs. Clifford was *proneured* by her flatterers as an exemplary and pattern mother; it is no very difficult thing, however, to be an exemplary mother to a beautiful boy of fine talents, and excellent disposition, and little more credit was due to Mrs. Clifford for the fact which her flatterers set forth in the second count of her excellencies, that she had refused several offers, and resolved never to marry again; she was apathetic and selfish, fond of power, and impatient of contradiction; she had married for an establishment, and having secured it, she had nothing to gain, and much, probably, to lose by admitting a second lord and master to share it; a very advantageous offer might have tried her resolution, but such she never had to boast of. Mrs. Clifford had always had a nervous horror of her son's marriage; she really loved him after her own way, and better than she had ever loved any one else in the world; and remembering how successfully she had detached her own husband from his mother, she imagined that similar manœuvres would be played off on herself, and gave a pre-occupied hatred to the fair shadow of a future daughter-in-law, which had not yet assumed a palpable shape. Whenever her son appeared to admire a young lady, she made it her study to discover and point out her defects; and, as she generally was very guarded in her expletives, and not at all addicted to indiscriminate abuse, her "few and far between" strictures carried with them a due effect. Her son had always intended to consult her in his choice of a wife, and had he adhered to his resolution, he would, probably, never have had a wife at all; but he was so suddenly and violently smitten with Caroline, and so afraid of the rivalry of two or three young gentlemen, who seemed to participate in his sentiments, that he had made his offer, been accepted, and Mrs. Dornton's pink notes were on the wing to her brother and sister before his mother received intelligence of the fate in store for her. Mrs. Clifford felt that remonstrance and opposition would now be in vain, and would only tend to lower in the eyes of the world that character for strict propriety and integrity which she had always prided herself on preserving; accordingly she visited and caressed Caroline, gave her a fine-toned pianoforte of Stodhart's, admired her drawings and fancy-work, and promised to be a second mother to her. Caroline's mother and sisters were perfectly satisfied with her behaviour; but Caroline herself felt that there was something wanting, and that the something in question was sincerity. Her intuitive quickness pointed out to her that Mrs. Clifford did not, in reality, like her, and was only acting a part in pretending to do so. She was quite right in her conjecture. Mrs. Clifford, satisfied and happy, as she appeared to be, felt that she had three heavy grounds of complaint against her son; first, that he should marry at all; secondly, that he should not have chosen a lady of fortune; and, thirdly, that if he were disposed to wave fortune, he should marry anybody but "dear Sophy Bennet." The person always mentioned by Mrs. Clifford under that endearing appellation was her niece; a young woman whom the death of her parents had rendered, some years ago, a temporary inmate of the house of her aunt; an abode which she had contrived to render permanent by her skill in the arts of flattery and insinuation. Sophy Bennet was very plain, had a sallow thick complexion and dull grey eyes; she was not witty, she was not accomplished, and yet Sophy Bennet was a universal favourite; her soothing softness of voice, her caressing manner, her habit of pointing out to every one their own good qualities, with an air of as much innocence and simplicity as if she were pointing them out to a third person, all told wonderfully well in mixed society. She had tried every power of fascination on her cousin's heart, but in vain; beauty was the first and most indispensable quality in Edmund Clifford's *beau idéal* of a wife, but he gave his cousin a meed of praise which many a beauty might have envied, in allowing that she was of all plain women the most attractive. Caroline could not allow so much; the *sotto voce* tone of Sophy Bennet, the languishing softness of her gaze, nay, her very fondness for herself, the warmth with which she pressed her hand, and the admiration which she could not restrain from finding vent in words, of her "pretty figure," and "sweet hazel eyes," were all revolting to the delicate and high-minded girl. "Miss Bennet's company and conversation," she said to herself, (for she wisely admitted no confidante to share her unfavourable opinion of her husband's cousin,) "have the same effect on me as the atmosphere of a green-house. I am tired of faint, confined, and sickly fragrance, and long to breathe the cold, pure air again."

These unpleasant impressions, however, did not damp the happiness of Caroline; the fond attentions of her lover, the kindness of her family, nay, the very excitement and bustle of the preparations for her marriage, all tended to prevent her dwelling long on any but bright images. Among the various pieces of good advice bestowed on Caroline by her relatives at this interesting juncture, perhaps my readers will inquire,—Had she any of the best advice? Had she any one to point out to her the duties of the marriage state, as well as its pleasures, and to tell her, that her union should be considered by her rather as a religious rite than as a worldly contract? Yes, from one person Caroline received such advice. About two years before her own engagement, her cousin, Lucy Vaughan, had become a bride, although the matrons of the family always spoke of Caroline as taking the lead in matrimony of the rest of the junior branches, because, as they sagaciously remarked, "Poor Lucy Vaughan's marriage was really to be reckoned as none at all!"

Lucy's father and mother died when she was about five-and-twenty years old, leaving her only provided for by an excellent education and well-regulated mind; she availed herself for a year of an offered asylum with several relatives in town; and during her stay with Mrs. Dornton, became warmly and sincerely attached to Caroline; but Lucy had a delicate mind, and could not brook the idea of living in a state of dependence on her connexions; accordingly, she sought and obtained a situation as companion to a wealthy old lady at the west end of the town, and by so doing, gave grievous offence to her family, who indignantly said, that she was " the first female among them who had ever done anything useful!" Soon, however, their displeasure softened. Lucy's patroness, although ill-tempered and whimsical, was not insensible to the amiability of disposition and powers of intellect of her young companion; she treated her as a friend and equal, and Lucy was still enabled to wear fashionable shawls and bonnets, to make occasional calls on her friends in a handsome carriage, and to receive their visits in return, seated in an elegantly-furnished drawing-room. Soon, however, a new aspect of affairs presented itself. Lucy, before the death of her parents, was attached to a worthy young clergyman of the name of Bernard. He was then merely possessed of a curacy, the amount of which was not sufficient to sanction even persons of their moderate tastes and wishes in marrying; but they were resolved to wait patiently, looking forward to better things; and a few months after the commencement of Lucy's companionship better things actually came to pass. A curacy in a country village was obtained by Bernard, doubling the amount of his former one in value, and possessing the advantage of a house to reside in, and he hastened to claim Lucy as his bride. Her patroness was unaffectedly surprised and angry at the event; her first exclamation was a very common one with irritable old ladies under similar circumstances, " What is to become of *me*, I wonder? How am *I* to do without you when you are married? Her second was an indignant inquiry,—" What *can* you wish for beyond what you have with me? Have you not a large house, a carriage, plenty of servants, and as much money as you can spend?" Lucy did not pretend to argue with her, but she did not yield up the point; she was gentle, kind, and respectful to the peevish old lady, who had, certainly, in her own peculiar manner, been kind to her, but she was firm in her resolution to marry, consequently, her patroness intimated to her, that " as it was not pleasant to have courting and love-making going on in quiet houses, the sooner she left her the better!" and Lucy retired to the abode of a friend till she could prepare her frugal *trousseau*, and make her other simple arrangements for the marriage. Lucy's family, when they had ascertained the very slender amount of Mr. Bernard's income, were unanimously enraged at her folly; they all declined countenancing her marriage by their presence, and none of the various presents which, at a subsequent period, were poured on Caroline like the shower of tarts and cheesecakes in the Royal Ram, rejoiced the eyes of poor Lucy; no silver tea-pots, rosewood work-tables, or painted flower-jars, shed a radiance on the small parlour of the homely parsonage. Two exceptions, however, I must record.

Mr. Fletcher, the rich uncle, in pursuance of his declaration concerning himself, that he always did everything that was just and proper, sent Lucy a bank-note of very small value, (cut in half, and forwarded in two letters, to the first of which he desired an answer before he transmitted the second,) and accompanied by an injunction to "lay it out in something useful for the house;" and Caroline, who really liked and esteemed her cousin, obtained, with great difficulty, permission from her mother to send her a letter of congratulation and a turquoise ring. "You must not, however," added Mrs. Dornton, "let Gertrude and Emily know what I have allowed you to do. I think I may depend, Caroline, on your prudence; but your sisters are young girls, and you must be aware, that your poor cousin has behaved very foolishly, and set them a very bad example."

Notwithstanding Lucy's folly and bad behaviour, however, in marrying an excellent and clever young man with a small competence, she presumed to be very happy; her husband and herself were thrown much on their mutual talents and resources for recreation and amusement; but they felt this to be no hardship: they had chosen each other from the rest of the world, and they never for a moment repented that they had, to use a well-known metaphor, "changed one-and-twenty shillings into a guinea." Certainly there were many things in their situation that they could have wished otherwise. Bernard, whose learning and acquirements had obtained him a high character at Oxford, would not voluntarily have chosen to seclude himself in a retired country village, and while paying all proper and kind attention to his rustic and illiterate parishioners, his thoughts would sometimes revert to the refined and classical society that he had enjoyed during his college days. Lucy, also, had never been accustomed to the management of a very small income, and did not find the novelty so agreeable as novelties are generally imagined to be; she would not have selected a house as a place of residence with the drawbacks of low and confined rooms, a narrow staircase, and a smoky chimney; and she would much have preferred the superintendence of pleasure-grounds to the care of a kitchen-garden; but Lucy and her husband never murmured, never complained, never envied those more favoured by fortune than themselves. What restrained them from this? Not good temper, not philosophy, not even love itself; any or all of these causes would have been insufficient; their satisfaction arose from this source, they possessed divine wisdom, they had "learned in whatsoever state they were, therewith to be content." I extract the concluding part of Lucy's letter of congratulation to her cousin.

"Having now given you, my dearest Caroline, my opinion of the duties of a wife, let me earnestly advise you to be on every occasion perfectly open and confidential with your husband, and never, for a moment, to permit any other person to usurp his right to the first place in your thoughts. Do not suppose that I mean to insult you by the suspicion that your heart is likely to wander to another possessor; the only persons who, I apprehend, may be likely to interfere with the regard due to your husband, are persons whom, to a certain degree, you are bound to love and to regard,—I mean the members of your own family. I know you will immediately say, that having the warmest affection for Edmund Clifford, and having always been sensible of a certain want of congeniality with your domestic circle, it is impossible that you can even feel a temptation to regard the feelings and opinions of your relations in preference to his. But, dear Caroline, you tell me in your letter that you are sure you can never like the connexions of your husband; you particularise his mother, who, nevertheless, you add, appears to be on the most affectionate terms with her son. May you not, with your natural quickness and openness, discover to her this dislike, may it not hereafter affect her conduct, and, through her, influence the conduct of your husband towards you? And may you not then eagerly and impetuously accept the offered services of your relations to reinstate you in what they will call your rights, and to protect you against any further innovation of them? I do not know that you will ever be exposed to these trials, but I know that many young married women are; you can only guard against them by constant self-possession and watchfulness, and by gently and firmly repelling all undue interference in your domestic differences of opinion, from any quarter whatever. I do not tell you to be blind to the faults of your husband; a woman of intellect and discernment cannot be so even if she would; but this I venture unhesitatingly to say,—never suffer yourself to be irritated by any error in him, which you would not have found out for yourself, had it not been forced on your notice by a third person; this is not only duty but policy; your readiness to make excuses for him to his censors, will induce him, under similar circumstances, to make excuses for you; and when you once mutually show that you are closely linked together in unity of mind and spirit, no one will attempt to lessen your esteem for each other, because they will feel that the attempt must be unavailing. Earnestly do I pray that you and your beloved husband may escape or surmount all the trials to which I have alluded; and that, to quote the beautiful words of the sacred ceremony in which you will shortly be engaged, 'ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting.'"

I shall pass over the details of Caroline's marriage and honeymoon excursion: all, to use Mrs. Dornton's expression, "went off just as it should do;" the young couple returned to their house in Torrington Square, and were much engaged in company for the next two months. At the end of that time a cessation of promiscuous visiting ensued, the inhabitants of Russell, Bedford, and Brunswick Squares had duly *fêted* and entertained them; and as parties in that rank of life do not follow each other with the same celerity as in the circles of fashion, the world (as everybody persists in calling their own *coterie*) was disposed to leave the young people "alone in their glory." A *tête-à-tête*, however, was not to be their lot; they were surrounded by relations who could not think of abandoning them to themselves. Mrs. Dornton only lived in Alfred Place, and while Gertrude and Emily were engaged with their singing-mistress or drawing-master, it "made a pleasant change for her" to call upon Caroline, and engage her in a shopping expedition, or a visit to the bazaars. At other times she was anxious to call on some old friend at Hampstead or Dulwich, and Caroline's carriage was put into requisition as a conveyance; then Gertrude would constantly bring her netting or her drawing materials to "pass a long morning;" and when Gertrude and her mother were invited out to dinner, the house in Torrington Square was fixed on as a safe place of refuge for Emily, who, "poor thing, was too young to go into company, and too old to be left with servants." Mrs. Sedgewick, Caroline's aunt, also bestowed on her a full share of the circular visits which she was in the habit of making to her family, wondering whether Sir James Bradbury would propose for Kate, and wondering whether Kate would accept him if he did; and Mrs. Morris and Anna were continually coming separately, (never together,) Mrs. Morris complaining of Anna's wilful encouragement of Lieutenant Gayville's attentions, and meditating schemes to send her into the country out of his way; and Anna, lamenting over mamma's austerity and coldness of heart, and making quotations from a little book, which she constantly carried in her reticule, called "How to keep House with Comfort and Elegance on Two Hundred Pounds a Year!"

Clifford, who was naturally of a grave, quiet disposition, and had been little used to the rattle and banter of flirting young ladies, or to the plots and scheming of their mammas, soon became weary of these incessant *causeries*. "Besides," he argued with himself, "it is not reasonable or delicate in Caroline to encourage so many of her relations to come continually to the house, when I have nobody but my mother and cousin whom I see on intimate terms." Mrs. Clifford, however, was a host in herself of disagreeables; she lived in Keppel Street, therefore no weather kept her away; in fact, as she said, "the loss of her dear son, the best son in the world, would break her heart if she could not have the privilege of daily seeing him; he was everything to her, his wife had plenty of her own relations to amuse her, but she had no other comfort except dear Sophy Bennet, who was as fond as herself of Edmund's society and conversation."

Caroline could not restrain her dislike to the parading and patronising Mrs. Clifford; there was something in her dogmatical manner of addressing her, the mode in which she cross-questioned her respecting her past and present tastes and employments, and the air of superiority assumed by her towards her family, which was constantly summoning the colour into the cheek, and the fire into the eye, of her sensitive daughter-in-law; and this feeling was not at all lessened by Sophy Bennet's frequent gentle whisper, "You must not mind my aunt's manner—you must not fancy you are not a favourite. I know you will say that she speaks and behaves differently to me; but you should consider I have lived with her for some years, and perhaps can accommodate myself to her little caprices better than people in general." At the close of these kind of speeches she would kindly press Caroline's hand, which was generally, however, hastily withdrawn from her grasp.

Those who live amid the quickly-recurring gaieties and engagements of fashionable life, will perhaps feel incredulous when I say, that Caroline and Clifford, in their quiet sphere of action, really wanted time to become acquainted with each other, but such was actually the case. A barrier was placed between them, which every day seemed to strengthen; they could never sing together, they could never read together, constant visits prevented them; they seldom even walked together, for Mrs. Clifford was never happy except when leaning on the arm of her son, and Caroline's mother and sisters, as I have before mentioned, were perpetually petitioning for her company in their morning excursions. And yet the world (the Russell Square world) dilated on the happiness of the young couple; "they were not driven to strangers for amusement on the one hand, or left to dulness on the other; they had domestic society, the best of all; they enjoyed truly English cheerfulness in the bosom of their family."

Happy would it have been for Clifford and his wife, if they had not had a relation in the world—happy would it have been for them if they had been placed in an obscure country village, like Bernard and Lucy, where they would have been compelled to seek conversation and recreation from each other alone; and happier still would it have been for them could they have been transported to Dublin, or Edinburgh, or any other large city, with the ability of forming new acquaintance among the refined and intellectual, and of forming them together, mutually agreeing (as two clever and good-tempered young people would be sure to do if left alone) respecting their selection of intimates, and mutually receiving from them that respect which strangers would never think of withholding from *one* of those persons with whom they had become acquainted as a happy and well-suited married couple. Now, however, Caroline and Clifford were placed in the light of opponents rather than friends and lovers; they had each their own party to support, and their own pursuits to follow—constant intercourse with their relations, and with nobody else, made it a matter of impossibility to refrain from alluding to them in their private conversations, and some collision of opinion then invariably took place; for Clifford had constantly some instance (brought before his eyes in strong relief by his mother) to cite of the frivolity of Caroline's relations, and Caroline, in return, had some unkind or uncivil speech of Mrs. Clifford's to complain of, which, translated into plain words, and deprived of the meaning look, the tone, and sneer that accompanied it, might have appeared, even to a less partial judge than Clifford, to amount to no provocation at all. Yes, they were rapidly becoming cold, alienated, and indifferent to each other, although they had married for love, and although the persons who were causing the division between them possessed no strong hold on their affections. Caroline and Clifford each loved their relations more from habit and duty than from real distinguishing preference; had they only been allowed fair play, had they been permitted to improve their attachment for each other by a moderate portion of leisure and retirement, habit and duty would have united with individual affection in making them fulfil, in the spirit as well as the letter, the vow they had taken at the altar, to forsake all other, and keep to one alone. Yet none of those who were working out such woe to them were wilfully malicious, or were for a moment reproached by their consciences for the course of action they were pursuing. Caroline's relations did as they would be done by in their frequent visits; they thought she would be dull without them; they began to surmise that her husband was rather grave and precise, and her mother-in-law a tiresome, pragmatical old woman, and concluded that a little lively, agreeable chat every day would be the only way to prevent her from getting thoroughly stupified. Mrs. Clifford, too, had no personal enmity to Caroline; as the wife of any one but Edmund Clifford, she would have liked her very well, but her mind was warped by the ruling idea that the wish of her son's wife must necessarily be to detach him from his mother, and, consequently, that it was incumbent on her to take things in time, and strenuously to prevent the young bride from obtaining an undue influence over the mind of her husband; this object she felt could only be effected by contriving to open his eyes to all the defects of his wife, and to throw all her virtues and attractions into the shade. Had Mrs. Clifford been in a lower sphere of society, she would, like the homely matrons of that class, have professed surprise and horror at the amount of her daughter-in-law's weekly bills, criticised her extravagance in postage, washing, and coach-hire, and lectured her on the enormity of permitting her housemaid to wear rose-coloured ribbons. As it was, she endeavoured to convince Clifford that he had married a pretty automaton, a frivolous, silly flirt, with limited talents, no affections, and a number of giddy, exceptionable relations; and could she have succeeded in persuading her son to regard his wife merely as a child and a toy, and to consider her (his mother) as his companion, his adviser, and the depository of his secrets, and could Caroline have quietly submitted to sink into insignificance, and to fawn upon the imperious woman who degraded her, Mrs. Clifford would probably in time have not only liked her, but would have regarded her with something of the indulgent fondness and protection which she showed to her pet spaniel.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BY WASHINGTON BROWN.

We are one race, though severed by the sea!
One spirit animates us greatly strong:
One pulse throbs in our veins, we breathe one song:
And both look forward into years to be
In the firm bonds of kindred amity.
Hampden and Washington both spake one tongue,
Fathers of Freedom, and to both belong
These more than kings of all the wisely free.
Anger there was most fierce—and mutual blame;
And most unnatural strife—but these are gone:
Unfilial bickerings, and paternal shame;
At which good angels wept, sad looking on.
In government we differ, and in name—
In freedom, hopes, and heart, we yet are one!

New York, Oct. 19, 1836.

LETTERS TO BROTHER JOHN.[1]—No. X.

Whitechapel Churchyard,
December 15th, 1836.

Γνῶθι σεαυτόν.

My dear John,

As I have numbered excessive eating amongst the causes of depreciated health, so must I now mention temperance in food as one of the prime remedies for it, and preventives against it. Learn, therefore, now "*Quæ virtus et quanta sit vivere parvo.*"

When we consider that the manner in which life is supported is by a perpetual wasting of the body, and a perpetual reproduction of it out of the blood—and when we remember that the simple and sole object in eating is to make up to the blood the deficiency thus occasioned in it—it must be manifest to us that the exact amount of food required daily is precisely just so much as shall be sufficient to restore to the blood just as much as the blood has lost in supplying the waste which the body has undergone during twenty-four hours of life.

To make this more simple and clear, let us suppose, for argument's sake, that the waste of the body, in twenty-four hours, is just twenty-four ounces. Now, when these *lost* twenty-four ounces of the body have been restored to it out of the blood, then the *blood* will have lost twenty-four ounces. And the object of eating being wholly and exclusively to supply this deficiency thus produced in the blood, it is perfectly evident that the quantity of food required in twenty-four hours is precisely so much as shall be capable of conversion into twenty-four ounces of blood—that being the exact supposed quantity which the blood had lost in supplying the waste of the body in twenty-four hours.

I do not mean to say that twenty-four ounces do indeed form the precise quantity of daily waste; but it seemed necessary to fix on some definite and specified quantity in order to illustrate the *principle* of eating, the more plainly. There is, in fact, no fixed quantity of waste, for the quantity must always be in proportion to the quantity of bodily exertion undergone. And, for the same reason, so neither can the quantity of food daily necessary be either fixed, definite, or specified.

Now, if a man eat more food than is necessary to supply the loss which the blood has suffered, one of these two things must happen. It must either be assimilated or not assimilated—or, to use the common erroneous language, digested or not digested.

If it be assimilated—that is, converted into blood, then it is clear that there will be more blood in the vessels than there ought to be. Let me illustrate again. Suppose the case of a healthy man—so healthy that he cannot be healthier. Let us suppose the whole quantity of blood in his body to be thirty pounds. Let us further suppose that, in twenty-four hours, one pound of his blood is lost in supplying the waste of the body. Now, if this man eat, in one day, so much food as will produce a pound *and a half* of blood, what follows? Why, that his blood has lost a pound of its volume, and gained a pound *and a half* in its stead. Or, in other words, that the whole quantity of blood has been augmented by just *half a pound*—so that his system now contains just half a pound *too much*. If this man were to go on adding half a pound to his stock of blood, and if it were possible for him to escape apoplexy, or some other deadly disease, and if nature, foreseeing that her children would turn out to be gormandizers, had not, *in some measure*, guarded against the evil, it is plain that his blood-vessels must soon actually burst under the distension. But nature has, though only in part, made a provision against this evil. For when, after having supplied the waste of the body, there is still remaining an undue quantity of blood in the vessels, the vessels *relieve* themselves and reduce the quantity of blood by the secretion of *fat*—thus restoring the blood's volume to a due standard. How beautiful is the economy of nature! The *fat* of the body may be most aptly likened to honey in the comb—a store laid by for a season of want. For, whenever the supply of food becomes insufficient for the supply of the body's waste, this *fat* is again taken up by the lymphatics, and carried into the blood, becomes itself blood, and thus supplies that deficiency in the blood's volume which would, in a season of want, be produced by scarcity of food.

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[1] Continued from vol xvii. p. 351.

But the fat, as fat, is of no use whatever to the body—it does not add to its strength—on the contrary, it is an incumbrance to its machinery, and, in more ways than one, an evil. The fat, *quasi* fat, does *not* form a necessary part of the body any more than the padding and wadding of a fashionable coat form a necessary part of the coat. The padding of the coat does not add an iota to the strength and quality of the original texture of the cloth—and the coat would be just as good without it. All that the padding does is to add to the beauty of its appearance. So of the fat—it contributes nothing to the health and strength of the body—nor does it form a *necessary* part of the body—it might be all cut away without detriment to the body—and even, if it were not for the skin which covers it, almost *without pain*—it has nothing whatever to do with the body, saving only as it adds to beauty of symmetrical proportion—to external appearance. It has no more concern with the health and strength of the body, than the coat padding has to do with the texture of the cloth whereof the coat is made.

I know that, in the leanest persons, there is still a certain portion of fat deposited in particular parts, as behind the eye, &c.; but this is merely for the purpose of giving to the *tout ensemble* of the body a certain appearance of symmetry and beauty of outline. What, for instance, has the fat behind the eye to do with the power of seeing? But, without it the eye would have the disagreeable and sinister appearance of being sunken too deeply in the head.

He, therefore, who eats too much, even though he assimilates what he eats, and should be fortunate enough to escape apoplexy and some other deadly diseases, does not add a single iota's worth to his strength. He only accumulates fat, and incurs the evils thereunto appertaining—one amongst the many of which I will mention—I mean the accumulation of fat about the heart—making him puff and blow like a grampus, and interfering, to a most dangerous degree, with the heart's action.

But neither does he add to the size and weight of his body, properly so called. He may indeed add to the size and weight of his body's fatty envelope, as the tailor may add to the padding of the coat, but both the one and the other, properly so called, still remain unaltered.

A man's strength resides in his muscles, and bones, and tendons, and ligaments—in his brawn and sinew—and his degree of strength depends upon the size and substance of these; and if he were to eat a hecatomb of oxen every morning for his breakfast, and, like Gargantua, swallow a windmill for his dinner, and a church for his supper, he could not add to their size and substance one atom—nor alter their original healthy dimensions—no, not in the estimation of a single hair.

Remember, then, my dear John, that it is a most miserable and mischievous fallacy to suppose that the more a man eats, the stronger he grows. If a man require daily one pound of food to supply his daily waste, recollect that, although he may eat double that quantity, yet he will be not one atom stronger, nor longer, nor broader, than if he had eaten no more than the one necessary pound. He will have enveloped himself in an extra layer of fat—he will have added another portion of padding to the coat—but he himself, like the coat, will remain in *statu quo*, with the additional chance of waking some fine morning, and finding himself *kilt dead* by a fit of apoplexy. He who *eats* more than he *wastes*, with the view of making himself stronger, is guilty of precisely the same folly as he would be who should continue to pour water into a vessel *already full*, with the view of filling it *fuller*.

But, in some constitutions, if a man eat greatly too much, the secretion of fat may not be sufficient to relieve the overburthened vessels. Now, if this man should escape the usual diseases resulting from plethora, then there is, in literal fact, an imminent danger that some one or other of his vessels may actually burst, and so destroy him, by bleeding from the lungs, or some other active and deadly hæmorrhage. What warranty have you that your constitution is not one of this kind?

We arrive, therefore, at this inevitable conclusion, viz. that he who eats more than is necessary to supply his waste, even although the whole be well and truly digested, not only does not increase his strength thereby, but really incurs the danger of destruction from several probable causes, and is constantly walking heedlessly in the "valley of the shadow of death."

But, if the other and more frequent circumstance happen—if what is eaten be not properly assimilated—then that which remains unassimilated becomes a source of great irritation and numerous morbid symptoms, as I have explained to you in a former letter. It ferments in the stomach and bowels, as it would do in any other close, warm place, and the gases given out during this fermentation, and the acids generated thereby, are neither more nor less than poisons, and, of course, highly injurious to health.

If, therefore, a man, under these circumstances, eat more than is necessary, nothing can be more manifest than that he only adds to the evil he wishes to remove. For since his assimilating powers can only assimilate just sufficient to supply the body's waste—and, in these circumstances, not even so much—it is surely most clearly evident, that, by adding to the quantity eaten, he only adds to the quantity which is destined to be left unassimilated, and therefore to give out a still greater portion of those poisonous gases and acids above mentioned. And an increased quantity of these poisons must produce an increased quantity of mischief to the health, and thus it becomes plain that, so far from growing stronger, he will only become weaker and worse nourished *the more he eats.*

Thus, from the very nature of the animal system, from the very *manner* in which life is supported—it is manifestly impossible to add to the natural standard of health and strength by *increasing our* quantity of food—*whether that food be well assimilated or not*—and it is equally clear, that when the health is weak, and the assimilating powers therefore feeble, that *eating more* is not the proper remedy; for, certainly, the assimilating powers which are not equal to the assimilation of one pound of food, must be still more unequal to the assimilation of two. And it is also plain that, under these circumstances, the proper way to improve the health is to *diminish* the amount of daily food, since those powers which are inadequate to the assimilation of a pound, may, nevertheless, be equal to the assimilation of eight ounces.

I have said that the quantity of food daily taken should be just sufficient to restore to the blood what the blood has lost in restoring the waste of the body, and that it should always be apportioned to the degree of bodily exertion undergone.

You might here very properly inquire how we are to know the exact amount of this daily waste, so as to apportion the quantity of food thereto. Are we to weigh ourselves every morning in order to ascertain this important fact? No, my dear John—nature has left no part of her master-miracle incomplete, which it would assuredly have been, had she not provided us with infallible means of knowing *not only when, but how much* we ought to eat and drink.

When you are excessively thirsty, and when you are in the act of quenching your thirst with a draught of cold water, (which I shrewdly suspect is but seldom,) tell me, how do you know when you have drunk enough? One token by which you know this is, the cessation of thirst, and this, of itself, should be sufficient—and, in truth, so it is, when you drink *water*, I dare say—but there is still another, and one which not only informs you when you have drunk enough, but which also prevents you from drinking more. While you are in the act of drinking, and before your thirst has been allayed, how rich, how sweet, how delicious is the draught, though it be but water! But no sooner has your thirst been quenched, than behold! in an instant, all its sweetness, all its deliciousness has vanished! In a moment, how insipid it has become! It is now distasteful to the palate—positively disagreeable—it has lost its relish. To him, then, who *requires* drink, water is delicious—for him who does *not require* drink, water has not only no relish, but impresses the palate disagreeably by its very insipidity. Carry this a step farther. To a man labouring under the very last degree of thirst, even foul ditch-water would be a delicious draught, but his thirst having been quenched, he would turn from it with disgust. In this instance of water-drinking, then, it is clear that the relish depends, *not* on any flavour residing *in the water*, but on a certain condition of the body. If therefore we only took drink when drink was *required*, pure water would be sufficiently delicious, but we seek to give to our drink certain exciting and racy flavours as a substitute for that relish which should, of right, reside in ourselves, and we do this in order to enable ourselves to drink when drink is *not required.* It is absurd, therefore, to say that you cannot drink water because you *do not like it*, for this only proves that you do not *want it*, since the relish with which you enjoy drink depends upon the fact of your requiring drink, and not at all upon the nature of the drink itself.

Now apply all this to eating, instead of drinking. Place before a hungry ploughman stale bread and fat pork flanked by a jug of cold water. While his hunger remains unappeased he will eat and drink with an eager relish. But when his hunger has been satisfied, the bread and meat and water will at once have lost what he before supposed to be their delicious flavour. I say "*supposed*," because in fact the relish only existed in his own appetite—in the condition of the nerves of the palate produced by hunger. And it is to produce *artificially*, and when it is not required, this condition of the palatine nerves that we use highly-flavoured food; for in eating we seem to have entirely lost sight of the true object of food, and only eat for the sake of the enjoyment which the act of eating affords us. But to return to the ploughman.

When his appetite has been fully appeased, his food seems to have lost, at once, all its flavour—the attempt to eat more would now produce a feeling of disgust, and, if he were to persist, would, in all probability, make him sick.

If, then, we ate only simple and natural food plainly cooked, there would be no danger of eating too much—the loss of relish and the feeling of disgust consequent upon satisfied hunger would make it impossible; and I affirm that there is just as much reason to believe that this sense of disgust is as much and as truly a natural token intended to warn us that we have eaten enough, as the sense of hunger is a token that we require food.

Hunger is an instinct—disgust is an instinct. Instinct signifies an inward pricking—an internal sensation prompting us to some external action. It is by virtue of this that the infant is enabled, untaught, to perform the complicated action of sucking. Nature has supplied us liberally with these instincts—instincts teaching us not only what to do, but also what to leave undone. These warning sensations may be called nature's code of instinctive laws for the regulation of man's conduct as it regards the preservation of his health. Thus hunger teaches us when to eat—thirst, when to drink—and disgust or dis-relish, when we have eaten and drunken enough. Weariness teaches us when to rest, and that feeling, (to which I can give no name,) but which induces the healthy child to run, and leap, and toss its arms, and shout—which causes the horse in his meadow to curvette and capriole, and exult in his strength—it is this feeling, call it what you please, which teaches us that we have rested enough, and that the time for action has come. Drowsiness teaches us that we require sleep—the internal sensation, whatever it is, which awakens us, teaches us that we have slept enough. But I need not multiply instances. The voice of nature is, in fact, never silent—for when we are doing what she requires in obedience to her laws, and when therefore it is not necessary to *warn us*, even then her encouraging voice is heard in the pleasure which we feel.

In the infancy of creation—

When the world was in its prime
  When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
  Told his first birthdays by the sun—

while man was yet content to listen, with respect, to the lessons of his parent nature—he regulated his conduct solely by these instinctive laws. But refinement, with her harlot-smile and syren-voice, stole upon his retirement, and he no longer heeded the plain lessons of his simple teacher. The Appetites and Passions usurped her throne, and incontinently set themselves to work to alter, amend, and modify her laws. But unfortunately they were all so drunk when they undertook the task, that they spilled the ink over the page, and rendered the greater part of the manuscript almost illegible for ever.

To illustrate this: I have said that as hunger instructs us when to eat, so disrelish teaches us when we should desist. But by what labour, and pains, and contrivances, has the beastly art of cookery endeavoured to annul this law! For what are the spices, and sauces, and gravies, and kickshaws of the cook, but so many provocatives to induce him to eat *more* who has already eaten *enough?* To provoke him to drink who is not athirst—and him to eat who is not hungry? The very *ne plus ultra* of the cook's art is to destroy this sensation of disrelish which is almost as necessary to our health as hunger itself. According to Dr. Fordyce, "it is a universal maxim" in the black art—that is, the art of cookery,—"never to employ one spice, if more can be procured." Now, pray open both your eyes, and mark the *object* of this;—"*the object, in this case,*" says he, "*being to make the stomach bear a large quantity of food without nausea!*" So that the object of modern cookery is, to cram into the stomach as much as it can possibly hold without being *sick.* Said I not well when I called modern cookery the "*black art?*" Yet this is one of the *elegances* of modern refinement! We stimulate our palates with wine that we may relish more food, and then swallow more food that we may relish more wine.

"We swallow firebrands in place of food,
And daggers of Crete are served us for confections."

And this is feeding, according to the *improved* method—according to the rules and regulations of *refined* society! Why, the very hog that revels in the red garbage of the shambles, all hog, and beast, obscene, and filthy as he is, is nevertheless *not* beast enough for this. What difference does it make, in the true spirit and very reality of the thing, what real difference, I say, does it make whether you force down your throat more food than you want *by means* of a glass of wine, or *by means* of a long stick, as they cram Norfolk turkeys? " The rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and cramming is cramming, call it by what name you please, and *effect* it how you will.

But, it may be said, that if it were not for these provocatives, persons with delicate stomachs would not be able to eat at all. Nonsense; he who says this, is either a fool or a Jesuit. If they cannot eat, is it because they have no appetite? What they want, then, is not food, but an *appetite* for food. They want one thing, but seek another. The stomach " asks for an egg, and they give it a stone." Let them use the necessary and natural means to procure an appetite and they will require no other provocative: but they are "corrupti judices," and they "Malè verum examinent."

" Leporem sectatus, equove,
Lassus ab indomito; vel si Romana fatigat,
Militia assuetum græcari; seu pila velox,
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem,
Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco;
Cùm labor extuderit fastidia, siccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem; * * * *
* * * * * cum sale panis
Latrantem stomachum bene leniet." * * *
* * * * * * * * * *
* * * * tu pulmentaria quære
SUDANDO."

Let me say a word or two on the subject of hunger. In the upper and middle ranks of life, I believe that true, genuine, honest, school-boy hunger is almost wholly unknown. Is this because hunger is a feeling not proper to men as well as boys? Ask the shipwrecked sailor. No: it is because here also, as in the instance of *disrelish* before-mentioned, modern habits have stepped in and *amended,*—should I not rather say, *mongrelized?*—the natural feeling. It is true, that when

"The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell"

calls to dinner, we feel a something which we *call* hunger: but it is not hunger; it is a *sense of want,* of the same nature with that which the dram-drinker feels when the hour for his dram comes round. It is the *customary excitement* which we miss and want; it is this, and not food, which the stomach is then craving. There is not one in a score of those of whom I speak who, when the tocsin sounds, although he may complain that he wants his dinner, could sit down with no other drink than water, and dine on bread and cold meat. Yet, surely, surely, bread and cold meat are all that genuine and natural hunger should require. What would you say to the beggar at your door who should tell you that his stomach was so delicate that he could not eat cold bread and meat?

But if they could get it down it would not allay the feeling which they *call* hunger. Why? Because that feeling is, in truth, *not hunger*, but a feeling which a pint of wine would allay more readily than food. Thus we eat for the sake of the stimulus which our highly-dressed dinners afford us, seeming to forget entirely that *nourishing the body* has anything to do with the matter. But to return.

The rule, therefore, which is to regulate your quantity of food is to be found in that sensation of disrelish which invariably succeeds to satisfied appetite; *provided always that your food be plain and your drink water.* If you be content to live thus you will never eat *too much*, but you will always eat *enough*. But if you would rather incur the penalty of disease than forego the pleasure of dining daintily, all I can say is, you are welcome to do so: but do not plead ignorance: blame only yourself.

One of the means, therefore, of preserving the health is a *spare* diet. I say, "*spare*," because the upper and middle classes, together with that numerous class of persons consisting of manufacturers, whose employment is sedentary, such as weavers, tailors, shoemakers, milliners, &c. &c., with counting-house clerks, bank clerks, and journeymen tradesmen of the better order, such as mercers, linen-drapers, and indeed, shopkeepers of all grades, whose chief work consists in chaffering behind a counter, I say, *spare diet*, because these persons undergo but little bodily labour; the bodily waste, therefore, is but small, they require, therefore, a correspondingly small quantity of food; and if they be not careful to distinguish between true hunger and that feeling of want and languor which arises solely from a distressed state of the nervous system, resulting from the nature of their employment, and from their "cabin'd, cribbed, confined," and sedentary habits, they will be constantly falling into the error of eating too often and too much; because, mistaking this feeling for hunger, they will eat with a view to relieve it; and for a short, a very short time, the stimulus afforded by the presence of food *will relieve* it. But if they do this, they will commit the grievous error of perpetually adding to the mischief which they seek to remedy. For this distressed state of the nervous system is peculiarly unfavourable to assimilation, and if they eat too often or too much, they will inevitably become miserable dyspeptics. What they want is excitement, not food. And how is this excitement to be procured? And of what nature should it consist? Be patient, my dear John; I will tell you presently.

STIMULANTS.

Are stimulants,—by which I mean ardent spirits, wines, and strong ales,—are stimulants necessary? Are they pernicious, or are they neither the one nor the other? I assert that they are, in every instance, as articles of diet, *pernicious;* and even, as medicines, wholly unnecessary, since we possess drugs which will answer the same intentions in, at least, an equal degree. But it is only as articles of diet that we are here to consider them.

Wine, spirit, and ale are all alike as it regards the fact of their being stimulants: they only differ somewhat in kind and degree.

I shall speak, for the present, only of wine, for the sake of convenience; but whatever I shall say of wine is to be considered as equally true of the others; and, if what I have taught you in my preceding letters be true, what I shall say now of stimulants *must* be true also.

If wine be productive of good, what is the nature and kind of good which it produces? Does it nourish the body? We know that it does not, for the life of no animal can be supported by it. Besides, if you have understood what I have said as to the nature, manner, and mechanism of nutrition, you will see at once, from the very mode in which the body is nourished, that whatever is capable of nourishing it must be susceptible of conversion into the solid matter of the body itself. But fluids taken into the stomach are not capable of being transmuted into solids, but pass off by the kidneys, as everybody knows.

If, indeed, the fluid drink contain solid matters *suspended in it*, then these solid matters can be assimilated to the solid body, and so are capable of nourishing it, as in the instance of broths, barley-water, &c. &c. But the *fluid* in which these solid particles were *suspended* must pass out of the body by the kidneys.

If then it be said, that, although wine is incapable of nourishing the body wholly and by itself alone—it may yet contain some nourishment—then it is clear that this nourishment must depend upon whatever *solid particles* are supended in it.

Now if you evaporate a glass of wine on a shallow plate, whatever solid matter it contains will be left dry upon the plate, and this will be found to amount to about as much as may be laid on the extreme point of a penknife blade—and a portion, (by no means all,) but a portion of this solid matter, I will readily concede, is capable of nourishing the body—a portion which is about equal to one-third of the flour contained in a single grain of wheat.

But still I am entitled to ask what good you propose to yourself by drinking wine? Because, if you really drink it for the sake of the nutriment it affords you, then, I say, why not eat a grain of wheat instead of drinking a glass of wine, from which grain of wheat you would derive just thrice as much nourishment as you would from the glass of wine? Why go this expensive, and, as it were, roundabout way, in order to obtain so minute a portion of nutritious matter, which you might so much more readily obtain by other means?

Wine, therefore, possesses no power to nourish the body—or, at least, in so minute a degree as to make it, as an article of nourishment, wholly unworthy notice.

Well, then, does it strengthen the body? Let us see.

I have proved to you in my former letters that health and strength depend upon a high degree of contractility; and I have proved also that a high degree of contractility can only exist when the body is rapidly and well nourished. Whatever, therefore, is capable of strengthening the body, must do so by increasing the contractility of its fibre, and whatever is capable of heightening contractility must do so by a vigorous and rapid nutrition of the body. But we have just seen that wine possesses scarcely any nutritious virtues at all! How then can it strengthen the body? It cannot:—it is manifestly, demonstratively, glaringly impossible. But to nourish and strengthen it are the only two good things which any kind of diet is capable of contributing to the body. I have just proved that wine possesses no power to effect either of them: it follows, therefore, as a direct necessity, that it is productive of *no good at all.*

Is wine certainly pernicious?

I have already proved that it is unnecessary; and it has ever been universally held by medical philosophers, that whatever is unnecessary is detrimental. The simple fact, then, that wine is unnecessary is a sufficient proof that it is injurious. Nor is the truth of this medical maxim at all wonderful:—the finest hair introduced amongst the machinery of a watch is sufficient to derange its movements. And when one considers the exquisite delicacy of those properties on which life and health so mainly depend,—I mean, contractility and sensibility, as well as that of the whole nervous system,—one cannot certainly feel surprised that anything brought in contact with them, which is not strictly proper *to them*, should disorder the nicety of their delicate functions. But I have other proofs.

You will admit, at once, that the practice of drinking is followed by a high degree of morbid sensibility. Witness the nervous and tremulous anxiety of the debauché on the morning following a debauch. But I have long since shown you, that increased sensibility and rigorous contractility are incompatible, and that whatever augments sensibility must have the effect of lowering contractility. But health and strength depend on vigorous contractility. If wine, therefore, heighten sensibility it must diminish contractility, and thus, by impairing that property, impair the health and strength which depend on that property.

Again; if you allow it to be true that it is the sensibility of our organs which establishes the due relation between ourselves and external objects, teaching us what is good for us, and what injurious, by the pleasure or pain which the several external objects confer or inflict, then it again follows, *par nécessité*, that wine is hurtful; because wine, when tasted for the first time by unsophisticated palates, always impresses them disagreeably. To him who swallows a glass of raw spirit for the first time, the effects are painful to a high degree—almost suffocating. And no child would like wine or beer, unless taught to do so by precept, example, or habit.

Again: what is poison? Is it not any substance which, when taken into the system, has the effect of disordering some one or more of the actions which make up the sum of life, and which, if taken in sufficient quantity, will destroy life itself? This is the true definition of poison. Is it not also the strictly true definition of ardent spirit? Spirit has the effect of disordering the nervous system to so great a degree as to produce intoxication, exciting the brain, sometimes to madness, always to folly, and quickening the pulse in an extraordinary manner. Is not this to disorder the functions of life? And if it be taken in sufficient quantity—if a man swallow a pint of over-proof rum at a draught, will it not *kill* him? It will. Wherein, therefore, does spirit differ from poison?—only in the dose.

Ay, but, you may say, it is only poisonous when taken in sufficient quantity! True:—neither is prussic acid, neither is arsenic, neither is mercury, neither is opium. All these poisons are daily given by medical men without destroying life. Why?—Because they are not given in sufficient quantity. But will you, *therefore*, contend that they are not poisons?

It is the effect of prussic acid to lower the nervous system below the natural standard. It is the effect of ardent spirit, *first* to excite the nervous system above, and then to depress it below, the natural standard also. Both these effects are poisonous,—both will destroy life if carried far enough,—*neither* will destroy life if *not* carried far enough. Prussic acid, therefore, and ardent spirit are equally poisons, though neither will destroy life unless taken in sufficient quantity. But would you willingly continue to swallow prussic acid daily, merely because you admired its delicious flavour, comforting yourself the while by saying, that it could do you no harm, because you did not take it in sufficient quantity to destroy life? And, above all, would you do so, knowing it to be unnecessary? Yet have I not proved that wine, spirit, and ale, are unnecessary?

But if you be impenetrable to rational argument, you dare not deny the result of direct experiment. Observe. "Mr. Brodie found that, by the administration of a large dose of alcohol (ardent spirit) to a rabbit, the pupils of its eyes became dilated, its extremities convulsed, and the respiration laborious, and that this latter function was gradually performed at longer and longer intervals, and that it, at length, entirely ceased. Two minutes after the apparent death of the animal, he opened the thorax, (chest,) and found the heart acting with moderate force and frequency," (now mark what follows,) "*circulating dark coloured blood.* The same phenomena resulted from the injection of two drops of the essential oil of bitter almonds," (the active principle of which is prussic acid,) "diffused in half an ounce of water, into the bowels of a cat."—*Paris' Pharmacologia*, vol. i. p. 244, 6th edition.

Here, then, we have direct and irrefragable proof that ardent spirit is not only a poison, but a poison of the very *same nature* as prussic acid—producing the *same effects*—killing by the *same means*—viz. by paralyzing the muscles of respiration, and so preventing the necessary change of the black blood into vermilion blood—about which black and vermillion blood I have said so much in my early letters.

The strength, that is, the intoxicating power of wine and ale depends upon the ardent spirit which they contain.

A great deal of mischief has arisen from the misapplication of the term "*strength*" to the intoxicating power of "*strong drinks*," as they are called. Potions are said to be "*strong*," and thence, I have no doubt, first arose the silly notion that they possess the power of *strengthening* the body—of communicating some portion of their own strength, I suppose, to the body of the Potator. People seem to suppose that by swallowing strong drinks they actually swallow *strength*—as though strength were some tangible substance which can be chewed, swallowed, and digested, like a potato. We say that onions have a "*strong smell*," and we might as well expect to derive strength from *smelling onions*, as to do so by drinking fluids which have a *strong* flavour. We call them *strong*, because they affect us *strongly*. And this of itself is another proof of their mischievous tendency—for whatever affects us *strongly*, cannot be chip-in-porridge; and if it be not good and necessary, it must, of necessity, be not only simply injurious, but very much so.

But, after all, my dear John, mankind in general know how to live as well as I can tell them. They do not err from ignorance. They are spell-bound by passion—seduced by pleasure, and hoodwinked—but they are hoodwinked willingly.

They know that spirit, wine, ale, &c. are unnecessary, and even hurtful. All writers, in every age, have written in favour and praise of temperance both in eating and drinking. Universal experience proves its necessity if we would possess the "*mens sana in corpore sano.*" Individual experience proves it equally—the horrible sensations felt on the morning after a debauch—the frequent necessity which most men have been under of desisting wholly from intoxicating drinks in order to recover their lost health—the utter loathing with which he, who is not habitually a toper, regards next day the beverage which intoxicated him—and fifty thousand other tokens, too clearly evident to be mistaken. The very word "*intoxicate*" is a Greek word, signifying "to shoot with *poisoned arrows*." If men really thought that daily doses of wine, and spirit, and ale, were necessary to improve their health and strength, those who could afford it, would give them to their favourite hunting horses, and their favourite dogs. Yet they do not this. The training jockey does not mix wine or brandy with the daily allowance of water to the horses he has under training for the course. All men know that luxurious feeding is injurious to health, and rigid temperance beneficial. All teachers have taught it, and all experience proves it. "*Επει τι*," said Euripides, hundreds of years ago,

> "*Επει τι δεῖ βροτοῖσι πλην δυοῖν μονοῖν,*
> *Δημητρος ακτῆς, πωματος θ'ὑδρηχοου;*"

that is: "What need has man of more than two things only—bread and water?" But the fact is, my dear John, the rogues *like it*, and *will* have it, right or wrong—or if they be blind, they are, at all events, determined *not to be cured*. They had rather *not see* the evils they incur than sacrifice the pleasure of incurring them. What they *really want* is some rule which shall enable them to continue to enjoy the table and the bottle, and yet escape the consequent evils. They want a sort of impenetrable armour—a kind of philosoper's stone—some magic elixir which shall confer on them a talismanic immunity from the evils of intemperance. They would fain discover some Styx wherein to baptize themselves, and become invulnerable to disease. If a thousand men were to read this letter, there probably would not be one but would see, and feel, and acknowledge, that its doctrines are true; but it is no less probable that every man of them would close it when he had done, and call for his brandy-and-water with as much composure as though he were doing the most sensible thing in the world. Or perhaps they would each remark: "Well—I have drunk brandy and water for these twenty years, and I do not see that it has done me any harm, so I shall e'en go on as heretofore." Yet if an impertinent countryman insult him in the street he must pocket the affront and slink off, or suffer all the trouble and inconvenience consequent on sending him to the station-house, instead of quietly knocking him down where he stands himself. Why is this? Why, because his brandy, and wine, and luxurious habits, and full-feeding, have rendered him no match for the hardy countryman. Yet he presumes to say that his brandy-and-water has done him no harm, forsooth. "I have drunk a gallon of beer every day," once boasted a certain hostler, "for the last thirty years, and I never was in better health than I am at this moment." The next day a fit of apoplexy laid him dead in a ditch.

But does there really exist any such philosopher's stone as I have mentioned above? Are there any means by which a man may enable himself to indulge freely in the pleasures of the table with impunity? I believe such means do exist—not of escaping with *absolute* impunity, but certainly with *comparative* impunity. And I believe, moreover, that I shall confer a more acceptable benefit by pointing out these means, than if I were to write a wagon-load of volumes, all crammed with dietetic rules from "title-page to colophon." But do not, my dear John, like the "profanum vulgus," despise the means which I shall point out to you because of their simplicity. The world seldom attach much value to things which are plain and easily understood, only bestowing faith and reverence on things which they can by no means understand—things complicate, mysterious, and incomprehensible. But be you wiser. The dervish, in the eastern allegory, well aware of this weakness, knew that it would be in vain to recommend the sultan, for the cure of his disease, simply to take exercise. He knew that mankind in general require to be cheated, gulled, cajoled, even into doing that which is to benefit themselves. He did not therefore tell the sultan, who consulted him, to take exercise; but he said to him: "Here is a ball which I have stuffed with certain rare, costly, and precious medicinal herbs." (If they had not been costly and precious, the sultan would have thought nothing of them.) "And here is a bat, the handle of which I have also stuffed with similar herbs. Your highness must take this bat, and with it, beat about this ball until you perspire very freely. You must do this every day." His highness did so, and, in a short time, the exercise of playing at bat and ball with the dervish cured his malady.

Now, my dear John, this same EXERCISE which cured the sultan is precisely the talisman which I am about to recommend to your adoption, as the only means of remedying bad health, and of preserving that which is already good.

Before I enter into particulars, I beseech you to recollect what I have said to you in one of my former letters, viz. that if you admitted the truth of what I then said, you would not afterwards be at liberty to dispute the truth of what I am about to say now, any more than he who admits the truth of the doctrines taught in the first book of Euclid can, without making a fool of himself, afterwards deny the truth of those taught in the second. Because if the *one* be true, the other, of necessity, *must* be true.

Before you proceed further, therefore, do me the favour to reperuse carefully and attentively, the letters which I wrote to you last April, May, and June. In doing this, pay particular attention to the definition of life—the manner in which it is supported, viz. by the perpetual wasting and regeneration of the body out of the blood—to the definition of health—to the description of the functions performed by the contractility and sensibility of our organs—to stimuli—to the uses of the circulation of the blood—to the different characters of the two sorts of blood contained in the body, &c. &c. By the way, all the subjects are not embraced in those three letters for April, May, and June; but as it is absolutely necessary that all these should be well understood before you can clearly comprehend the full force of what I am now going to say, you had better carefully reperuse the whole before you proceed further.

Supposing, then, that you have done this, and done it understandingly—and supposing that you assent to the several definitions which I have given of life, health, nutrition, contractility, sensibility, stimuli, &c.—and supposing that you see no reason to doubt the accuracy of my statements relative to the offices performed by the absorbents, secreting glands, circulation of the blood, &c., I now proceed to point out to you my reasons for recommending EXERCISE as a talismanic agent in the prevention and cure of disease—entreating you always to remember that by disease I here mean solely that depreciated state of the living actions—that sickly condition of the body—in which there is no structural lesion of the organs—in which no single organ is affected by any accidental disorganisation, or defined and denominated disease—but in which all the nutritive actions are feebly performed, and in which the general tone of the health and strength is universally lowered. In a word, I mean that anomalous state of the health usually termed indigestion or dyspepsia. But if I can teach you how to avoid this, I shall have taken a large stride towards teaching you how to escape almost all other disorders—especially chronic disorders. For it is *general* disorder which produces *local* disease, and not local disease which produces *general* disorder. But to proceed.

Life, in the wide and physiological acceptation, consists of all the actions of which living beings are capable—not only the internal actions, as of the heart, vessels, &c. &c., but also of the external actions, as of the limbs in running, leaping, &c. But in a medical point of view, when speaking of life, the internal actions only are indicated—those invisible and inappreciable molecular motions which are constantly going on in the ultimate tissue of our organs, and by which nutrition is effected.

All physiologists agree that life consists in the constant wasting and reproduction of the body, particle by particle—by a perpetual analysis of the old particles composing our organs, and a perpetual synthesis of new particles derived from the blood—by a perpetual pulling down of the old materials, and a perpetual replacement of them by new—by perpetual disorganisation and perpetual reorganisation.

The operation by which life is supported, may be illustrated by the operation by which motion is supported by two cog-wheels acting on each other. Keep your eye steadily fixed upon the point at which the cogs of the two are interlocked. What do you observe? Why that, at every instant, an empty space is presented by one wheel, which is instantly filled up by a cog of the other wheel, to be almost instantly emptied again, and again refilled. Thus it is that at every point of the body, and at every instant, the absorbents are making little empty spaces, which are immediately filled by the nutritive arteries, to be again emptied by the absorbents, and again filled by the arteries.

Another postulate necessary to my forthcoming argument, and which is also indisputable, is this: that you cannot increase the size of your natural body, the substance of your natural fibre, by eating. This is certainly true. For if it were otherwise, the magnitude of the body would be equally enlarged at every point. If you increased its transverse diameter, you must also increase its longitudinal diameter. You could not make it broader without also making it longer. But this is contrary to the known fact. For no man can make himself taller by eating, nor add, in the slightest degree, to the length of his fingers and toes. Yet the bones are nourished by the same food as the rest of the body, taken into the same stomach, and by the same processes of assimilation.

By eating, therefore, you may superinduce fat *over* the body, but the magnitude of the solid body itself cannot be enhanced.

You will be pleased, too, to recollect that I have already shown you (I think in that letter for May or June, but am not sure) that energetic contractility can only reside in recently organised matter, and that, therefore, rapid reorganisation is absolutely essential to energetic contractility. And I have also, in one of the foregone letters, proved to you that all the living actions—external and internal—are performed by virtue of contractility; and that health and strength depend—absolutely depend—upon an energetic contractile power.

Now, then, observe the force and tendency of the following categorical syllogism.

Health and strength depend upon energetic contractility—
Energetic contractility depends upon rapid reorganisation—
Rapid reorganisation depends upon rapid disorganisation—
Therefore, health and strength depend upon rapid *disorganisation.*

The first process, therefore, in that chain of processes by which life is not only supported, *but in which life literally consists*, is—what? Eating? No—it is the wasting, the pulling down, the disorganisation of the body. You *must* waste it before you *can* nourish it. To the unreflective this will seem paradoxical. Yet a moment's thought, without the parade of logic, should be sufficient to convince us of its truth. For does not appetite, in the natural order of things, *precede* the act of eating? And what is appetite but a sensation warning us that the body *has suffered waste*, and calling on us to repair it?

I say, that reorganisation depends upon disorganisation, because, having shown that the body's fibre cannot be enlarged, it is clear that no new materials can be added until a corresponding portion of the old materials has been removed. It must, therefore, be pulled down before it can be built up—*impaired* before it can be *repaired*—disorganised before it can be reorganised.

Now the natural means by which the body is disorganised, are the exhalation from the lungs—perspiration from the skin—the several other excrements—and the formation of the several secretions required for the assimilation of our food, as the gastric juice, bile, &c. &c.

You know how greatly bodily exertion augments perspiration, and increases the rapidity of breathing—and, therefore, necessarily the quantity of pulmonary halitus, or breath, as it is called. Very well—in like manner also it increases all the other secretions—those several fluids on which the assimilation of our food wholly, and solely, and absolutely depends.

Bodily exertion, therefore, promotes, and that most rapidly and powerfully, the disorganisation of the body, and is, in fact, as far as I know, the only means of *promoting* it, as idleness is the *infallible* means of *retarding* it—that is, of *retarding* those processes, the *activity* of which processes are an absolute *sine quâ non* to health and strength.

By a former syllogism it has been proved that health and strength depend upon the rapid disorganisation of the body; and I have just shown that *rapid* disorganisation can only be effected by *rapid exertion*, or bodily labour. Hence, legitimately, arises another important syllogistic truth, thus:—

Health and strength depend on rapid disorganisation—
Rapid disorganisation depends on rapid exertion—
Therefore, health and strength depend on *rapid exertion*.

From the whole, then, there results this general conclusion: that there can be no such things as perfect health and strength without bodily exertion—that it is contrary to the very scheme of man's existence—that it is not in the nature of things—and that the philosophy of life and health—the light of science—the testimony of all ages—and the irresistible force of irrefutable argument, prove it to be impossible.

But there is another powerful argument proving the necessity of bodily exertion. You must have observed, in reading my former letters, that everything, no matter what—that *everything* which *is* done in the body, is done by virtue of the circulation of the blood. You must have remarked that all the phenomena constituting life and health are effected, directly or indirectly, by the circulation—that almost *thought itself* is the result of it—*most certainly* the power of thinking is greatly modified by it.

Seeing, then, that the blood's fluxion is the all-efficient agent by which all the living phenomena are effected, it surely can require no great stretch of faith to feel convinced at once that, if this agent be allowed to dose at his post, infinite mischief must ensue. And that whatever is capable of keeping its energies in constant activity, is of the very highest value to the welfare of the system. And further, that whatever circumstances—such as sloth, and the other habits which I have enumerated as conducive to a languid circulation—whatever circumstances are calculated to lull its energies to repose, are, in the highest degree, detrimental. And the influence which bodily labour exercises over the circulation everybody knows—it is felt in every pulse of the body.

But there is yet another view of the subject which I shall now open to you.

You know that our relation to external things is established by virtue of the sensibility of our organs; and that the *degree* of sensibility depends upon the degree of mobility of the nerves. I have also shown you how this mobility, and consequently our sensibility, is *increased* by a languid circulation, and how it is *diminished* by a vigorous one—by which the blood is driven energetically into all the capillary vessels, causing their coats to be well distended, so as to exert a constant and steady lateral pressure upon the nerves which run between them.

The circulation, therefore, is a resisting power—a power directly opposed to sensibility. And this resisting power may be carried so far as to produce absolute *insensibility*, as in those cases of apoplexy in young, athletic, healthy men, which is the result of plethora—that is, of having too much blood and too powerful a circulation.

The circulating and sensitive, therefore, are two antagonising powers. And as sensibility is the power by which we *receive* the consciousness of impressions, so the sanguineous circulation is the power by which we *resist* the consciousness of impressions.

Now the same impressions will produce both pleasure and pain, the difference being only in the force of the impressing cause. The same impressing cause which, slightly exerted, would yield pleasure, will, if its force be sufficiently increased, be productive of pain. This requires no illustration. But to increase our impression-receiving power is the same thing as to increase the force of the impressing cause. By increasing, therefore, our sensibility we do, virtually, increase the force wherewith external objects impress us. And thus it is that persons whose sensibility is morbidly acute, derive only pain from the same causes from which the robust and healthy receive only pleasure. The natural relation between themselves and the external world is destroyed, and they are living in a sphere for which they have become no longer fitted—with which they no longer possess the necessary and natural affinity. They are now "three-cornered men thrust into round holes"—they do not fit their position. This morbid sensibility is a source of immeasurable calamity. To all it is the cause of continual irritation and painful sensation—to some it is a fountain of exhaustless misery. Witness the lives of J. J. Rousseau, Gilbert, Zimmermann, Cowper, and numerous others, amongst whom I think I might mention the late Lord Byron.

But sensibility being the impression-*receiving* power, and the sanguineous circulation being the impression-*resisting* power, we have only to *increase the latter* in order to *diminish the former;* and so restore the necessary and natural balance. And this brings me to the point at which I wished to arrive, viz. bodily exertion—this being the only means I know of invigorating the power of the circulation.

This manner of considering the circulating and sensitive powers furnishes a ready answer to that hacknied and silly question: "How is it that we see men arrive at a good old age who have, all their lives, been drunkards?"

Let me observe, by the way, that these instances are extremely rare, and that they only appear to be frequent because they are obtruded on our notice as remarkable occurrences. An instance of this kind is never allowed to escape our observation, because man is ever eager to catch at anything which may offer itself as an excuse for indulging in those habits to which his inclination urges him. Every such instance is, therefore, carefully registered, while the thousands who drop daily, like rotten sheep, into premature graves, the victims of intemperance, are neither minded nor marked. "He died," say they, "of this, or that, or the other disease,"—never stopping to inquire *how* that disease was *incurred.*

But the true reason why a few can commit habitual intemperance with comparative impunity, is, because, in these persons, the impression-receiving power (sensibility) is naturally exceedingly dull, while the impression-resisting power, viz. the circulation, is naturally extremely vigorous. Their blood, propelled by a large and powerful heart, and rapidly and thoroughly oxidised by capacious lungs, is driven, with energetic force, to every point of the body; thus not only enabling it to resist the impressions of the deleterious matters introduced into the stomach, but also rapidly to repair whatever slight injuries are really inflicted.

There is yet another reason why bodily exercise is indispensable to health.

The blood is wholly incapable of fulfilling any of its multifarious and all-important offices (except the secretion of bile) until it has been oxidised in the lungs. The more rapidly, then, that it is driven through the lungs, the larger will be the proportion of it which is oxidised, and so rendered fit to fulfil its function of nourishing the body—the greater will be the proportion contained in the arteries, (where alone it is *of use,*) and the smaller will be the quantity of black blood left in the veins, (where it is of *no use,* except as before excepted.)

I believe it is possible, by very rapid exertion, to fill almost every vein in the body with *arterial* blood. I have not room here to detail the observations which have led me to this conclusion, but I do not speak unadvisedly. Nor would the secretion of bile be stopped by this state of things; for it has been proved that although, under ordinary circumstances, it is secreted from venous blood, yet it *can* be secreted from *arterial.*

Now I do not mean to say that it would be advisable for you to arterialise the whole of your blood. And there is no fear of it, for it would require greater exertion than any man would, or *even could,* *voluntarily* undergo. But be assured of this, that the greater the quantity of arterial blood, and the less the quantity of black venous blood contained in your body, the stronger, ay, and the happier and more light-hearted you will be—and the only means of arterialising the venous blood is bodily exertion. The elasticity of mind and joyousness of heart which exercise proverbially affords, are the direct result of an increase in the quantity of arterial, and a decrease in the quantity of venous blood. The increase of animal spirits, as well as the increase of animal strength, must always correspond with the increase of arterial blood.

As we breathe for the purpose of oxidising the black blood, then the oftener we are compelled to breathe the better, because every time we breathe a portion of black blood becomes oxidised and fit for use. The increased rapidity of breathing consequent upon exertion is an increased rapidity in the function of oxidising the blood—one of the most important of all the living actions.

Besides all this, every time the blood has completed its circle of circulation, a part of the great office of nutrition has been accomplished—the more rapidly the blood therefore is, by natural means, circulated through the body, the more rapidly does the process of nutrition go on.

. You may compare the living actions to the actions of a hand-cornmill, the heart representing the first wheel, which puts into motion all the other wheels; and bodily exertion may represent the man who turns the crank attached to the first wheel. Now the more rapidly the man turns the crank the more rapid will be the motion of the first, second, third, and all the other wheels, and the more rapidly will the corn be ground. At the same time, if the crank be turned with inconsiderate fury, the machinery may be deranged and the mill broken. So bodily exertion is not to be furious. A horse may be ridden to death; and, therefore, bodily exertion may be carried too far. But there is no danger of a man undergoing too much exertion *voluntarily, and for his health's sake.* Pain and fatigue will always operate as sufficient, nay, even irresistible restraints.

I have said that persons of sedentary habits become frequently sensible of a feeling of want—a sinking at the stomach, as they express it—which they seek to relieve by eating or drinking. I have said, too, that although these persons require the excitement of a stimulus, yet food or wine does not furnish the stimulus required, but, on the contrary, only adds to the evii.

You know I have all along mentioned four things as necessary to life, one of which, you cannot have forgotten, is STIMULI. But I shall disuse the word "*stimuli*," because, being used in the plural, it is awkward to introduce it correctly without periphrasis, and I will use the word "excitement" instead.

. The exciting properties of arterial blood I have just been describing to you, and showing you how rapid exercise produces its exhilarating effects, viz. by increasing the quantity of arterial blood, and driving it, in rapid currents, through all the countless avenues of the brain and body. It is to the lively leaping of the living current that we owe all the bounding buoyancy, the elastic light-heartedness, which rapid motion and rapid exercise imparts. In one of the volumes of Byron's works is the following note:—"A young French renegado confessed to Chateaubriand that he never found himself alone galloping in the desert without a sensation almost approaching to rapture which was indescribable." The circumstance of this man being alone in a desert had little to do with his rapturous sensations. He owed them to the rapid circulation and oxydation of his blood, produced as the joint effects of rapid exercise and rapid motion. The fox-hunter owes his pleasure to the same causes, and also the impunity with which he breakfasts on ale and brandy, and sleeps on half-a-dozen bottles of wine and rises without a headache.

Excitement, therefore, my dear John, is necessary: we cannot be healthy without it, and you and I only quarrel about the *kind* of excitement. This natural necessity for, and craving after excitement, is evinced in the numberless habits to which we addict ourselves in order to obtain it. The habits of drinking, snuff-taking, smoking, all owe their favour to the temporary excitement they afford. The reason why we crave after these unnatural kinds of excitement is because we have lost a part of that excitement which is natural and necessary to us. It results from a languid and lazy circulation—a gorged state of the venous system with black, devitalising blood, and a deficiency of that stimulating and vivifying blood whose colour is vermilion, and which is proper to the arteries. Those distressing sensations of sinking, and want, and languor, and low-spiritedness, of which dyspeptics complain, accrue to them from the same causes. They are deficient in excitement—they want excitement; they want to have their brains, and heart, and whole system stimulated, spurred, by the exciting properties of vermilion blood, driven merrily and forcefully to every point of the universal tissue.

We require a stimulant, then, certainly; but the only stimulant which will serve our purpose is arterial blood in energetic circulation. And the only means to procure this is bodily exertion. "*Exercitium naturæ dormientis stimulatio, membrorum solatium, morborum médela, fuga vitiorum, medicina languorum, destructio omnium malorum.*"

One word more for bodily exertion as the means of increasing bodily strength, and without health there cannot be strength.

Observe the manner in which horses are trained for the course.

They are made to undergo more and more exertion, day by day, until the requisite strength has been achieved. Reflect on this:—they *strengthen* these horses by making them daily undergo *severe labour*. They do not *rest* them in order to *strengthen* them; they *work* them in order to strengthen them. "Ay, but," says some wiseacre, "a horse is a horse, and a man is a man." Blockhead!—what then? We have but to exchange the race-course for the prize-ring, and the argument still remains in full force. The prize-fighters will also furnish us with an example of the fact before stated, viz. that the high degree of contractility consequent upon an energetic circulation is hostile to, and incompatible with, much sensibility, these fellows becoming almost insensible to blows unless dealt with an energy capable of felling an ox. They furnish an example, too, of another fact which I have stated somewhere in a note, viz. that well-filled arteries and a vigorous circulation are highly conducive—I believe absolutely necessary—to equable and amiable temper; for these men are remarkably easy and well-tempered fellows. On the contrary, if you seek a perfect example of pettish, irritable, quarrelsome, unforgiving, querulous, snappish, cat-like, unsoothable, spiteful, and sulky temper, you will find it in the Spitalfields weaver—the poor, dyspeptic weaver, "cabined, cribbed, confined," and cramped at his loom for sixteen hours a day, in a room ten feet square, whose utmost exertion is to throw a shuttle, four ounces in weight, backwards and forwards about the length of his arm, and whose longest peregrination is from his own cabin to the counter of the gin-shop, and from the counter of the gin-shop to the door of his own cabin.

The fortitude of the Indian at the stake arises from the same circumstance of a highly energetic circulation. From his habits of life his circulation is always vigorous, and his sensibility obtuse; but at the moment of torture its energy is still further augmented, and his sensibility still further blunted by the enthusiasm and exultation which he feels in maintaining the honour of his tribe, and in disappointing his enemies who, he knows, are eagerly watching for any symptom of wincing. His circulation thus becomes a perfect estuary, and his body almost *insensible* to pain.

Again, when the circulation through the brain is highly excited by intense thought, the nerves arising from the brain become almost insensible to the impressions natural to them. The ear hears not, the eye sees not, the olfactory nerves take no cognizance of odours.

SLEEP.

During sleep the circulation is, naturally, more languid than when we are awake. The intervals between breathing and breathing are also longer. From these two facts it is clear that secretion can go on but very feebly, if at all, during sleep. We should not, therefore, sleep after eating, because this puts a stop to the formation of those juices which are essential to the assimilation of food in the stomach and bowels, and materially retards its assimilation in the lungs.

We should always, too, take exercise for an hour or two before breakfast, in order to rouse up the living actions from their temporary slumber, and in order that, when the stomach receives its first meal, it may be prepared for it with a copious supply of gastric juice.

To conclude; if you would preserve your health, therefore, exercise, severe exercise, proportioned, however, to your strength, and especially taken before breakfast, is the only means which can avail you. Recollect, the body must be disorganised, wasted, sweated, before it can be nourished; recollect the tale of the dervish and the sultan; recollect the mode of training horses for the course, and men for the prize-ring. With plentiful bodily exertion you can scarcely be ill; without bodily exertion, you cannot possibly be well. By "well," I mean, the enjoying as much *strength* as your system is capable of, and if you are in search of some charm, some talisman, which will enable you to indulge considerably in the pleasures of the table with comparative impunity, you will find it in bodily exertion, and in bodily exertion only.

But by exertion or exercise, I do not mean the petty affair of a three-miles walk. I mean what I say, bodily exertion to the extent of quickened breathing and sensible perspiration kept up for three or four hours out of the twenty-four: say, four or five miles before breakfast, four or five before dinner, four or five early in the evening; or, to save the evening for other purposes, a man may walk ten or a dozen miles before breakfast, with an advantage to himself which will, in a week or two, perfectly astonish him. Most men, even the operative manufacturers and shop-keepers may do this, if they will take the trouble to rise early enough; and, fortunately, the exercise taken before breakfast is worth all that can be taken afterwards.

It would be easy to show that the health and strength of the mind is as much under the control of the circulation as is the health and strength of the body. But I have already exceeded my limits.

Rules of diet, therefore, are of little use, and that little only to those who cannot take the necessary degree of bodily exercise. The stomach of a healthy man will dissolve polished steel of the finest temper. What difference can it make to such an organ whether it receive roast or boiled meat, eggs, oysters, cheese, butter, bread, or potato, and whether these articles have been thoroughly and minutely broken down by the teeth or only imperfectly so. A great deal of ridiculous stress has been laid on the necessity of minutely comminuting the food. To break down the food thoroughly with the teeth certainly relieves the labour of what is called digestion; and I will tell you exactly how much it relieves it. It relieves the labour of the stomach just in the same degree as it would relieve the labour of a horse drawing a load of gravel, to remove from the whole cart-load a *single pebble*, that is, just enough to swear by, and no more. Sir Richard Jedd, when his patients used to ask him what diet they should use, was in the habit of replying, "Why, my dear madam, don't eat the fender and fire-irons, because they are decidedly unwholesome, but of any other dish you may freely partake."

But to those who, from any cause, cannot take bodily exertion, some attention to diet may be necessary. But even here quantity rather than quality, is the grand consideration. They cannot well take too little food, and wine and other strong drinks are wholly inadmissible. And let them only reflect on the mechanism of nutrition; on the manner in which our food nourishes us, what becomes of it after we have eaten it, and they cannot but clearly see that this advice is sound and wholesome doctrine.

Authority without proof is of little value; otherwise, I could quote them in abundance from all sorts of authors, in all ages of the world. But if you will not believe the evidence of such arguments as I have already adduced, neither would authorities convince you, though their name were Legion. I shall, however, conclude this series of letters with two.

"Exercise," says Hawkesworth, "gives health, vigour, and cheerfulness, sound sleep, and a keen appetite. The effects of sedentary thoughtfulness are diseases that embitter and shorten life, interrupted rest, tasteless meals, perpetual languor, and ceaseless anxiety."

"Temperance," says Burton, "is a bridle of gold, and he who can use it aright is liker a god than a man."

But I beg your pardon, I must make another short quotation, which has this moment occurred to me; one which, though exceedingly short, embodies in itself the truth and wisdom of an hundred volumes. It is the following brief aphorism of the late Mr. Abernethy, with which I shall conclude.

"If you would be well, live upon sixpence a-day,—and *earn* it."

I am, my dear John,
Yours very truly,
E. JOHNSON.

THE DREAM.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

I SAW thee like a bride,
Wi' roses purely white,
And ane stood at thy side,
I thought could hae no right;
Sin' a' that faith could bind
Those lips had vow'd to me;
O Jennie, maun I live to find
A dream mair true than thee?

I couldna hae the heart
To gie thy bosom pain;
But, Jennie, we maun part,
And not to meet again;
Sae take this pledge o' faith,
I gie it back to thee;
For, oh! the gift and giver baith
Are nothing mair to me.

But when the star o' night
Looks on that mountain stream,
Where oft we've watched the light
O' day's departing beam,
Then, Jennie, think of a'
My changeless love for thee,
And dinna grudge a tear to fa'
For a' thy wrangs to me.

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.[1]

BY E. HOWARD.

I SLEPT that night—yes, I slept, if the unconsciousness of the body and the torture of the mind may be called sleep. My spirits had all night been struggling with those vast, though dreamy precursors of evil that come over it like "shapes of hell," and I appeared next morning, in spite of every effort to the contrary, jaded, subdued, and ill. I was little cognisant of the workings of the human mind in others, and, from my earliest infancy, my own had been so peculiarly constituted, that I could not use it as an index by which to judge how impending evils wrought upon the imagination of others. True it is, that I had read many books full of the most approved aphorisms, such as, the worst certainty was better than the agony of suspense—that action was the best preservative against despair, and a great deal of second-hand wisdom to the same effect. But much of this I surmised to be false. The reasoning that will not apply to a whole life, there are good grounds for suspecting cannot be over true concerning a portion of it—one happy hour fairly achieved, is a gain from the necessary mass of misery that hangs upon the happiest existence. Should I tell my father, and my mother, and my sister, that in a few days, in all human probability, they would be barbarously murdered?—should I tell Honoria and Isabella that probably they would be reserved for a worse fate? Should I cause them to suffer those horrors and those deaths a thousand times in a few short days before they happened, or whether they happened at all—or should I let the mysterious dread of an impending, mighty, yet indistinct catastrophe, hang brooding over them?

Strange intricacy of our common nature. In these awful cases how frequently, how ardently do we wish to cut the gordian knot that binds up these horrors, by some act of desperation! The precipice down which we look whilst we dread it, seems to tempt us to try the annihilating leap. That morning, as we sate at our melancholy breakfast, I had chilling thoughts of the powder magazine. "Let us all rush together," said the tempter, identifying himself with my own thought, "let us rush together into the presence of the Deity, and at the foot of his throne demand justice upon the heads of the evil doers. But a few steps, and one, only one spark of fire, and I can bring the accused and the accusers face to face, in regions of everlasting bliss, secure innocence from contamination, and punishment to the guilty." For a short time it seemed to me a glorious sacrifice; and one almost worth the perilling of my eternal soul.

But these wild thoughts were soon checked, by reflecting upon my first cruise, and the lamentable fate of the mistaken and heroic Gavel. I then began to fear that my heart was desperately wicked, beyond the wickedness of man, seeing how often my imaginings had been brought to the very threshold of murder—of gigantic homicide. I then looked upon Jugurtha, and shuddered; even whilst I was condemning the guilty course of my ideas, I bethought me of his recklessness of life, his devotion to myself and sister, his irreparable wrongs, and his ready hand. Overpowered at length with the struggle of these emotions, the expression of which on my countenance I ought to have concealed and could not; I suddenly found myself in the arms of my sister, her eyes streaming with tears, and her faltering lips imploring me to tell them all.

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[1] Continued from p. 433.

It was a selfish relief to me to speak. I yielded, and unfolded to them everything that I knew, and everything that I suspected. With a savage delight, I even exaggerated my apprehensions. As I spoke, the pallid group gathered more closely around me—I stood grimly and loftily among them—I harangued them on the worthlessness of lives ignobly preserved, and, at length, when I could proceed no farther, from the agitation that was suffocating me, in a sepulchral voice, I said, "Dare we not all die together?"

There was no answer, at first, in words to the impious appeal. But the death that I had thus madly invoked, seemed already to be levying his first tribute on my mother, my sister, and the Lady Isabella.

The first person that broke this awful, this unnatural silence, was my sister. Pressing me still more closely in her arms, she murmured out, "Brother, I am ready to die with you."

"No, no," said my father, interrupting us, and who, though greatly affected, appeared to have been the least moved amongst us, "no, no, we can always die when we like. I hope that no one who claims kindred with me, will ever entertain a thought approaching to suicide. It is quite dreadful enough to die in mortal struggle with our brother man. We are truly in a miserable predicament, but tragical speeches, and scenes like those that I have just witnessed, which, if they were not so real and so dreadful, would put me in mind of the playhouse, can do no good. When a man's affairs are embarrassed, what does he do? Why he calls his creditors together, and compromises as well as he can—he makes arrangements, and parts with all, in order that he may have another chance to begin the world again. We are in difficulties—we have made our speculations too rashly—we are in bad hands—we must compound. We must sacrifice a great part of our wealth—perhaps the whole of it," and here the good old gentleman found the words grow husky in his throat. "I shall not be altogether poor—I shall not be wholly a bankrupt, if the villains leave me but my dear wife, my gallant son, and my beautiful, my affectionate daughter."

He paused for a few moments, and then assuming a wonderful cheerfulness, he continued, "Ardent, my boy, we'll begin the world again. Were I turned ashore pennyless in any civilised place in the world, my credit is good, sir—I am known. We'll do yet, Ardent—we'll do—no more tragicals—industry and a clean ledger, and all will go well. No time is to be lost. Now to make the best bargain that we can. Retire all of you into the after cabin, and you'll see how I'll manage this Don Mantez."

Of course, we obeyed him. No sooner had the breakfasting apparatus been removed, than Mr. Troughton had placed a few papers on the table, with pens and ink, and much apparently to his satisfaction, gave the fore-cabin a little the appearance of a counting-house. He then sent a respectful invitation to the captain, desiring the pleasure of his company for one half hour.

I stood upon no ceremony—I felt no hesitation in playing the eaves-dropper. Fearful of some violent result, both Julien and myself armed ourselves with pistols and swords. I saw and heard distinctly all that passed.

Don Mantez soon made his appearance. His demeanour was formal, and his manner sullen and determined. He strode up to my poor father as if about to resent an insult, or to avenge an injury. Indeed, his scowling looks caused me involuntarily to examine my priming.

My father commenced the conversation by trusting that his guest was well—that the passengers gave him but little trouble—that they were making a rapid and a prosperous voyage, and lamented the late estrangement. He then touched lightly on the inconstancy of the natures, and the fickleness of taste of very young ladies; he was almost jocular—he diplomatized to admiration. To all these pacificatory overtures the captain returned only ghastly and unsatisfactory smiles—he looked the thorough villain—yet one whom shame had not entirely deserted. I felt a great temptation already to have a shot at him.

Mr. Troughton then came more decidedly to the line in which he wished to bring his very unpleasant companion. We, in the after-cabin, were all astonished at the magnanimity of the good old man—at the sublimity of his self-devotion. With much plausible argument he stated to Mantez, that he thought he had embarked too much wealth in our vessel. (There was no disguising the existence of his chests of doubloons and casks of dollars.) It was foolish; it was not like a man of business; so he intended, and he spoke with decision, as if it would not admit of question, that, in the very first vessel which was met with, he would embark the exact half of his property, and the other passengers; and that he would himself remain in the Santa Anna, with the other half, and proceed with Don Mantez, to New Orleans, the place of their destination. Mr. Troughton said, that it mattered little to where the ship that they should next meet might be bound, for if its port did not suit for me, his son, to make an establishment there, we could take shipping to one more advisable.

During this proposition, the captain's dark features seemed to have been spread over with a livid light—never before did I think the human countenance capable of such a demoniac expression. When my father ceased, he spoke in answer very slowly, and with a strong internal emphasis—if such an expression may be used. It was not the emphasis of the voice but of the soul.

" But let me understand, Señor Trottoni, if we should fall in with a West Indian to-morrow, you wish to embark your son with half your property in her, in order to proceed to the West Indies."

" Exactly so; you comprehend me to a miracle."

" Or if the ship be bound to London, to New York, or to Amsterdam, the same?"

"The same."

"Very plain—or if to the East Indies, to Canton, or to Port Jackson?"

My father nodded assent.

"Or, perhaps, even back again to Barcelona—hah?"

"Assuredly; for from thence he could take a passage to any part of the world."

"It is well arranged—very well arranged indeed."

"I am glad you approve of it, heartily. I knew that you would fall into my views; I hope that they keep a good look-out at the mast-head."

"The look-out is good, señor. But you are going a little too fast—a little. Let me see," counting on his fingers, "half your property; that very magnificent son of yours. The señora—the good and the godly father, the two cousins, Donna Isabella and Julien, with all their attendants—that hideous black, of course. Few ships will give fitting accommodation for so many; these are all that you wish to relieve me from."

"And my daughter."

"No!" nearly shivering the table with his clenched hand.

"Yes, my dear, good sir; she and Ardent must go, whoever stay."

"But she is my betrothed, sir,—she is my betrothed."

"Was—we cannot force the inclinations, my noble sir—such pecuniary compensation as two umpires may agree upon, one to be chosen by each of us; and they not agreeing, to choose a referee, whose decision shall be final, I will very cheerfully pay. But the girl, my good sir—the fickleness of woman you know—has taken an insensible dislike to matrimony. We cannot—she *shall not* be forced."

"Come, come," said Mantez, looking still more ferocious, and significantly pulling half out, and sheathing again repeatedly, a superb poniard that he always wore in his bosom, "we understand one an-another—we understand one another—do not look so surprised; we do, we do." And then he placed his hideous mouth to my father's ear and whispered. I afterwards learned that the words were, "You and yours are in my power, and you know it."

"So is any man in the power of any other man, when one of them dares to be a villain. I could never suppose anything base of you, a Spaniard—a hidalgo—one whom I have so liberally paid to protect me. No, no, you can mean nothing towards me but what is strictly honourable, upright, and friendly."

"Of course, *therefore* I advise you a little to alter your arrangements. The principal features of them are not bad, and if carried into execution, may save us all a great deal of trouble, and, perhaps, something worse. As you suppose, we certainly have too many passengers on board. I will fulfil your wish, when the first ship comes within hail, with this little difference, as my company has lately seemed somewhat distasteful, suppose that all of you went on board the stranger?"

"Gladly, O most gladly!" said my father, starting upon his legs with undisguised pleasure.

"With the exception," said the rascal, with cool and sarcastic deliberation, "with the exception of Honoria and the gold."

My poor father collapsed into his chair, as if he had been suddenly deprived of all the functions of his life. The mask had then been contemptuously thrown aside by the unprincipled wearer. He had now openly brandished the assassin's dagger—he stood confessed before us the robber and the pirate. My friend Julien incautiously, at this dreadful crisis, cocked his pistol. The ominous click fell distinctly on the coward ear of the villain, and, as my father sat down in despair, he started up in fear, exclaiming in great agitation, "Am I betrayed?"

It was hideously pleasant to hear the scoundrel who had entrapped us all to poverty, death, and to some of us, perhaps, to something worse, talk of being betrayed.

"No, Don Mantez," said my father, firmly, "there is no treason in this ship but what has been hatched in your own bosom; and from this may Heaven in its mercy, deliver me and mine, miserable, deceived old man that I am!"

But my father was not so easily conquered—a disgusting traffic commenced. Mr. Troughton gradually offered more and more of his wealth, until the whole of it was tendered, stipulating for the immense sacrifice only the safety of himself and family. The felon hesitated—they commenced drawing up agreements; several forms had already been written; the pen was in the hands of the captain, eventually to make his signature, when he suddenly jumped up, and overturning the ink upon a part of the documents, and tearing the others savagely to pieces, he exclaimed, "Signor Trottoni, it will not do; no deeds or bonds, made as we are situated, are binding."

"My honour, my word, my oath!"

These solemn words of my father's conveyed no other meaning to him than fraud, dissimulation, and treachery. He seemed to disdain even to continue the conversation, but strode forth from the cabin, merely saying, "The girl and the gold."

We (Julien and I) were forced to call to our aid all our discretion and forbearance to prevent us sending each a pistol-bullet after him. We all came round my father with increased veneration. I kissed his white and somewhat withered hand with something nearly akin to worship. After a most distressing pause, his feelings kindled up with animation; there came a fire into his eyes that was proud and military. "Now, Ardent," said he, "now, my boy, I am with you. He is fool as well as villain. He may murder us all—he may run the ship into some distant port and sell her; even this, with every dollar that we have on board, will not give him so much as I have offered him for our safety, for he must share with his associates this dastardly plundering. The man is certainly a fool, and from that I derive some hopes of our ultimate salvation. Now go, Ardent, and try if you can, unnoticed, slip into conversation with our worthy and newly-created knight, Sir David Drinkwater."

I was passing out of the cabin when I found that the first blow had been struck by our arch-enemy. There was a sentinel at the cabin-door with a drawn sword and loaded pistols. We were prisoners. This first shock was dreadful to us. The man at the cabin-door, for all answer to our questious, gave us the point of his sword to our breasts.

Even the beauty and the persuasive gentleness of Honoria failed to draw him into conversation. We then sent out our servants: these were permitted to go out, but one at a time, and another sentry attended them wherever they went, to prevent them speaking to any of the crew. Even in the galley, when they were cooking our meals, they were allowed to converse with no one. The captain had turned the hands up, and openly accused us of mutiny. He did not condescend to particulars, and as many among them thought they had an interest in believing the accusation, not a murmur was heard at the announcement.

Our situation was now watched. We felt ourselves to be like the beasts of the field stalled in the shambles for the convenience of slaughter. Every resource seemed cut off:—we had not the miserable alternative left of nobly dying with arms in our hands.

For twenty-four hours were we thus confined, without having had any communication from without. I will not dwell upon the miserable anxiousness that we could not help betraying, and the pitiful and pitiable attempts that we made to rally each other's courage by abortive and distressing attempts at cheerfulness. I had a dread presentiment of the horrors that were to ensue, from that, to me, the worst of all omens, the supervention of a dead calm. We had now the listlessness of the elements added to our own. Like so many wretches destined to execution, everything seemed silenced around us, in order that we might the more completely enter into our own souls, and contemplate approaching agonies, and the near and mysterious plunge into the dark abyss of eternity.

A ray of something like hope broke upon us on the following day. The sentinel at our cabin-door wore, but by no means ostentatiously, a small piece of blue ribbon pinned to the breast of his canvas shirt. I hailed the sign with a glow of gratitude to the rough mate, Drinkwater. I feared not to accost the man, though I saw that he was a Spaniard. As I advanced to the threshold of the door he, however, placed his hand roughly upon my chest, and bore me back into the fore-cabin, and banged the door rudely in my face. My indignation at this sudden insult was soon to be changed to pleasure:—at my feet lay an unclerkly folded letter—it was from our friend David.

All of us immediately retired into the after-cabin, and we there, to use a common but forcible expression, actually devoured its contents. They were sensible, and showed at once the acuteness and firmness of the man's mind. The best hope that it held out to us, was a desperate and a bloody struggle for the ship. He had already engaged more than forty into our interest. He dared not attempt carrying his proselytism farther, and told us, that every moment in which we delayed the struggle was pregnant with his own fate. He asked leave to commence it that night; and we were to give, as secretly as possible, an answer containing our resolve, to the sentry.

This was sudden:—it struck us with dismay. How should we be able to tell the world that, in the silence of night, and in all the fancied security of sleep, we, having corrupted a portion of the crew, rose and cut the throats of the captain of the ship and of the principal officers; then, when justice should ask us, in a voice of thunder, "Why did ye this?" how should we reply? We revolted—we trembled at this idea. Crime has always the first advantage. After a short and affecting debate, with the consent of us all, I returned him this short answer.

"MY DEAR DAVID,

"We cannot draw the first blood. Aid us in preparations for the encounter; and, if it must be so, provoke it on the part of our enemies. Come to us, if possible, this evening. Already you have our esteem and gratitude. Rescue us from this strait, and your fortune is secured. Honoria bids you remember that you are her knight."

This mission was received by the affectedly morose sentry, and reached its destination.

Were I to give a history of the feelings and of the acts of our little party during these tribulations, I should expand this part of my history into volumes. They seemed to add energy to and improve the character of Honoria. Brave as was my friend Julien, he hardly seemed equal to the crisis. He wished to solve the harassing difficulty by some act of rashness, which, of course, he would have called bravery. He was fickle, restless, and spirit-worn. His intrepidity seemed only fitted for the battle-field;—his enthusiasm required the clang of trumpets and the gorgeous array of the well-fought battle;—to die, struggling ingloriously, like an emmet in the sand, was a thought bitter to him exceedingly. It seems, at this time, almost a mockery to speak of the heart. This was no period for gallant speeches, and for the innocent dalliance of a virtuous affection. The state of his affections was a latent misery to him—a pang in reserve, yet even that had an effect upon his conduct. The greater that his difficulties became, the more apparent was his devotion to my sister, but it was too often shown in an unamiable tetchiness. Between him and his cousin, Donna Isabella, not even the appearance of an attachment, otherwise than fraternal, was observed. Her mind seemed subdued, and her demeanor was calm, and she appeared quite resigned to meet any blow that fate might inflict upon her. She seemed, in those moments when our fears pressed the least upon us, to be sufficiently happy if she could but sit between me and Honoria, holding a hand of each. My parents were wretched; but they felt this wretchedness less for themselves than for their children. The old priest and our attendants were just as selfish in their afflictions as most persons, and not understanding fully the position of the parties, could not well be depended upon.

Towards evening, a breeze again sprang up, and I now observed by the compass in the cabin, that the ship was not only out of her course, but sailing due south. It was past midnight, and not one of us had yet thought of retiring to rest. I was, however, much pleased to see, in the middle watch, the cockney sailor, the Silver Spoon, placed as sentry at our cabin-door. About two bells, one o'clock, David Drinkwater stalked stealthily into the cabin. He was loaded with ammunition. We understood this too well: but little was said. Then one, then two, then more men stole in, bringing muskets, pistols, pikes, and cutlasses. All this was carried on in almost total silence. After we had arms and ammunition safely stowed away fully sufficient for fifty men, he examined the great guns in our cabin, drew the wadding from each, and over the round shot loaded with a charge of grape.

But what somewhat surprised us was, the bread, and the water, and the spirits that he had conveyed to us, which seemed to imply that it was not unlikely we should have to stand a siege. When he had thus properly given us the *munitions de bouche* as well as of war, he introduced to my father a swarthy-looking officer, whom I recognised to be the gunner. A whispering took place, and my father soon filled with doubloons a canvas bag that the disinterested gentleman had brought. But few words passed, and in the space of an hour no stranger remained with us excepting the mate.

To be secure from interruption, we then all retired into the after-cabin. I need not detail the sighed-out thanks, and the fervent promises, and the pressing of hands that were lavished upon the new knight. He was not so cheerful as I could have wished. When he had got us all around him, and had drunk off three tumblers of port-wine in succession, he spoke thus in a deep undertone:

"David Drinkwater is a man of few words. Here lies your safety. Let that respectable old gentleman, the owner of this ship, do what he has a right to do; supersede the captain, and give the command to me by a regular document. I know that he will resist it; but only give me Jugurtha, and let the dark lad have his long knife about him, and we will do the thing quietly enough:—leave me and mine to satisfy the rest of the crew. Now, what do you say?"

"We cannot suborn you to assassinate. No, Drinkwater, our enemies must make the first overt act of violence. Provoke them to it, if you will:—we cannot go further," was my resolute reply.

"But how, Master Troughton, but how? Through what I have undertaken to do to serve you, I am here, bound hand and foot, upon a bed of gunpowder with portfires blazing all round me. There are too many in the secret;—I see my life is sacrificed—never mind—though I do wish that I had been of some service to that dear young lady. Gracious Heavens! a rush now, and the ship would be ours in five minutes:—Jug, my boy," turning to the black, "you would be in the skipper's cabin in a moment."

Jugurtha passed the ball of his thumb, with a diabolical relish, over his well-sharpened knife.

I looked at my father most anxiously. He shook his head, however; but Don Julien said hastily, "Really, Ardent, it seems unjust for us to peril this worthy fellow's life and those of so many of his companions, who so fearlessly risk their all to save us. Give Drinkwater the written commission that he asks for, and let Mantez disobey it at his peril."

"Not so," replied my father. "In the first place, though seven-eighths of this vessel and all her cargo is mine, and as I have chartered, the other eighth is also my property for the voyage; yet, on the seas, I fear that the captain's authority is not to be shaken. Violence can only be resorted to in self-defence."

"Then am I sold," said the mate sorrowfully, crossing his huge hands over his breast.

I felt that we were not acting fairly by him. At that moment, I thought that occasions ought to create their own laws. So I said decidedly, "We will to-morrow provoke violence. Be ready, Drinkwater, to assist us."

"Spoke like a man, and a thorough Briton. Yet, after all, this squeamishness for a justice that I cannot see, will occasion more blood than my quiet plan. The thing must now be fought for openly. Now, sir, show us the commence."

"To-morrow at noon exactly, I will myself force my way through the sentinel. If he resist, he must take the consequences. Your party will be armed—let ten of the most trustworthy guard the ladies and the ecclesiastic in the cabin. We will then proceed to the quarter-deck, if unopposed, turn the hands up, explain the nature of the case to the crew, supported of course by yourself and friends—place the captain and the other conspirators under arrest, alter the course to New Orleans, and then, with the assistance of God, all may yet be well."

"Agreed. You will find me a die-hard. In the meantime, barricade the after-cabin as well as you are able, and train the great guns forward, but that had better be left till to-morrow. Did you know that there is a merchant vessel not far off us? I take her to be, from her rig, a Yankee South Sea whaler. She hardly knows what to make of us as it is, especially in these latitudes, or rather longitudes. We might have been taken for a large old Indiaman, if we had been more to the eastward. She will have plenty of room for 'guessing' and 'calculating,' if she is in sight to-morrow, when she hears our great guns turned upon ourselves roaring, our pistols cracking, and cutlasses flashing. She'll give us a wide berth. However, to your cots. Get all the rest you can—I will fail you in no point; and may the right win."

He soon after left us, followed by our good wishes and our blessings. We shortly afterwards all retired, with such feelings as those must endure who know themselves to be on the eve of a mortal encounter. This decision, however, appeared to have done Don Julien much service. He could meet fearlessly the catastrophe, though he could not endure the suspense. Jugurtha, however, by the brilliancy of his countenance, seemed to have found all the happiness that the rest of the party had lost. The next day broke as beautifully as ever the poet could have wished. We were still running due south; and as, at eight o'clock, I looked out of one of the starboard portholes, I saw a fine spanking ship about three miles off abreast of us, running exactly the same course as ourselves. I could well understand that this must be, in some measure, an annoyance to Don Mantez. It might be evidence against him hereafter. It was, perhaps, this knowledge that induced our treacherous captain to crowd every stitch of sail upon the ship wherever canvas could be shown. The American must have understood this as a challenge for a trial of speed, for she likewise crowded sail; but her superior swiftness was soon apparent, and she, vauntingly, when she found that she forged a-head, hauled in one studding-sail after another.

We spent all of the forenoon in examining and preparing our arms, of course completely out of sight of the sentry. Now, soon after that I had embarked, I discovered, among the crew, a fair and rather delicate English lad, whom I had engaged as my personal servant, turning over Jugurtha to be of general use to the family. He was exactly of the height, and not very unlike, at a reasonable distance, Honoria. It was already eleven o'clock, and our hearts were throbbing fearfully. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, the thought came upon me, that if our opponents became victorious in the struggle, Honoria would be the first prize sought for. It was arranged among ourselves, if we had occasion to fight, that the females, under the escort of one of our party, should be conveyed into a place of safety in the hold. To this they would not consent. This obstinacy, that at first provoked me a good deal, proved afterwards of much service to my sister. I made Honoria sacrifice her luxuriant locks, and the lad changed dresses with her. In such a perilous position as that in which we were placed, we must not act upon notions of ultra-delicacy. I merely told Honoria that it was necessary, and she obeyed me.

My hand trembles at the office I have imposed upon it—my heart sickens with fearful recollections; but it was destiny—I trust it was destiny. I, who was delicately nurtured, brought up to a profession that regards violence as its greatest foe, who had a natural, nay, a superstitious, horror of blood-shedding—I who had seen a deed of death followed by a retribution that seemed almost humanly visible, and yet it was fated to be my act that was again to cause the stream of human life to be wasted. Great, very great, is the responsibility on my head. If my deeds were those of blood-guiltiness, Dispenser of Mercies! consider my fallibility, and let not the fearful expiations I have made be wholly worthless in thy sight!

It wanted but a few minutes to noon—I smiled with bitterness when I saw my good old father thrusting in a belt that he had girded round him, a pair of enormous pistols, and placing by his side a heavy sword. Jugurtha armed himself to the teeth, Don Julien also took care that victory should not be endangered, on our side, for want of weapons. We then cast loose the cabin guns, and trained their muzzles forward, intending of course, if necessary, to fire through the bulkheads. The ladies, with their female attendants, huddled themselves into one group, and throwing themselves down on the deck in the after-cabin, they hid their faces in the carpet. My worthy mother even stopped her ears with cotton. Honoria, thus dressed as a cabin boy, did not in that character seem out of place, prostrate among the women. Even Bounder, my fine and faithful Newfoundland, seemed to have a knowledge of what was going forward, and to rouse him for the fray.

I looked in the faces of my companions, who, with the exception of Jugurtha, were pale as death. No doubt but that I was equally pallid.

"Jugurtha," said I solemnly, "my friend, as you value my love, as you hold dear our mutual lives, and by the sufferings that we have undergone together, use no more violence than will be necessary to pass the sentry. Push him aside, but draw no blood. If our foes begin to slay or wound, then let forth all your strength and all your ferocity." Then turning to my father, Don Julien, and those of our attendants, I continued:—"My friends, follow me closely—we must make a rush for the quarter-deck; there we shall find Drinkwater and our party. Let us not offer the first violence."

The bell tolled out eight, the sign of high noon—it was the death-bell of many brave, but also of many wicked—of many wholly unprepared to face the awful tribunal. In the usual dress that Honoria wore, the thick, black, and graceful mantilla drawn closely over his features, I placed the cabin boy between Jugurtha and myself—Jugurtha being on the left, I on his right hand. We flung the cabin door open forcibly, but the sentry stepped forward, and his sword was at my throat in an instant. He was a wild, guerilla-looking being, determination in his aspect, and cruelty in his eye. I verily believe that Drinkwater had contrived to have him placed there on purpose that his blood might be shed.

"Back, señor—back, on your life," said the sentry, menacing as if he would thrust the weapon through me to the back of the neck. Bounder had begun to growl, and I to expostulate. But there was a spirit by, quicker than either of us. It was Jugurtha—in a moment, the man was ripped upwards from the lower part of the abdomen to his very chest: he was, in an instant, a falling mass of blood and bowels: he had barely time to shout an alarm, vomit forth with his life's blood a dreadful curse, and his pangs were over in this world.

Thrusting aside the corpse, in a moment we gained the quarter-deck ladder, and, so far unopposed, gained the quarter-deck. I rushed forward, and shouted out to the boatswain's mates to turn the hands up; but, as I turned on one side, I saw the lad, disguised as Honoria, standing by my side. This was not what I wanted.

We were now fully committed. Drinkwater was true as the Damascus steel. "Ablewhackits, to your arms!" was shouted through the deck. I was soon surrounded with a good guard of partisans. They, and the fast-mustering ship's company, all up from the hatchways. Paralysed with fear, every limb quivering with consternation, the disguised lad could not better have personified the horror-stricken female. The first words that I uttered, when I found myself supported by my friends, were—"Drinkwater, send some trustworthy person with my sister, to convey her to a place of safety." The simulated lady was immediately surrounded by a zealous cohort; and it was composed of seamen not wholly of our party, for there were but few in the ship who had not a romantic sort of veneration for my sister.

The confusion now became horrible. As the mantilla was just disappearing down the quarter-deck ladder, Don Mantez rushed from his cabin, completely armed, and accompanied by seven or eight persons. He immediately attempted to arrest the disguised boy; Jugurtha bounded over the deck like the tiger through the jungle, and, with a tomahawk that he had wrenched from the capstan, made a deadly blow at his arch-enemy. One of his adherents interposed, and had his head divided completely to the chin for his fidelity. The cry of mutiny now resounded in all parts, arms clashed, and musket and pistol shots resounded on the decks.

At first, we gained a considerable advantage, for we bore back the captain, already wounded, and his principal officers, first under the break of the poop, and ultimately into the cabin—the starboard and larboard doors of which they immediately barricaded. The men at the wheel retired from their post, and thus left us the command of the helm. The quarter-deck also was ours. We already began to congratulate ourselves upon an easily won victory.

I looked round, and saw myself surrounded by nearly fifty partisans, all of whom were decorated with the bit of blue ribbon, whilst Sir David Drinkwater wore the insignia of his order, with a courtly profusion of bows. The cry of "Murder! mutiny! and death to the English!" began to grow terrible from the main-deck and the forecastle. The men swarmed up from below like angry wasps, variously armed. The dead body of the Spanish sentry was borne through the crowd, and added to the exasperation that was fast driving them into madness. I stood forward to address the ship's company, but my words were drowned by curses and maniacal shoutings. Several muskets and pistols were snapped at me, but they all missed fire. I saw at once that we had two to one, at least, to contend with.

Already had our foes begun to occupy the forecastle in great strength. They began by casting loose the two long twelve-pounders, the bow chasers, and pointed them aft. Seamen, armed with muskets, began to creep up the forerigging, and place themselves in the tops. At all these preparations, that seemed so awful to me, Drinkwater seemed exceedingly, and very unseasonably, amused. Neither my father nor myself saw anything so very ridiculous in all these deadly preparations. While we were in this state of suspense, waiting and watching each other, to advantageously commence the second onslaught, as I found that none but my own partisans would listen to me, I, in the name of my father, and for myself, as owners of the vessel and cargo, proclaimed David Drinkwater commander of the ship, and I solemnly deposed the man calling himself Don Mantez, denouncing him as "a robber, a pirate, and a murderer."

This declaration was received with three most respectable cheers, which Sir David acknowledged by taking off his hat, and making us all a very condescending bow. Though the unanimity on the quarter-deck was heart-cheering, the reception of the news, for I had proclaimed it at the extent of my lungs through the speaking-trumpet in Spanish, English, and French, was anything but flattering on the forecastle and the main-deck. Indeed, our cheers were received with shouts of—"Down with the English! Death to the mutineers! Blood upon the murderer's hands!" They very foolishly persisted in thinking that it was a national quarrel.

"Captain Drinkwater," said my father, with as much calmness as if he were checking an entry in his ledger, "we put ourselves entirely under your direction. Command, and we obey."

"Well, sir, take Don Julien, Jugurtha and a dozen men with you, and defend the cabin. There are the ladies and the ammunition. Draw up in a line across the bulwark on the main-deck. If you find yourselves too hardly pressed, we will send you reinforcements down the quarter-deck-ladder. Remember, sir, that the cabin is our citadel; if those outlandish beggars won't listen to reason, I'm thinking we shall have the spree out on the main-deck. My bright Silver Spoon," addressing the cockney, "you're a trump to the back bone. Take the wheel—she steers easily enough—keep her head exactly south a quarter east; and if you can get a crack with your pops at Don Whiskerando, you need not mind the ship flying up in the wind, but let nothing else hinder you keeping her in her course. Now, Master Troughton, I am very sorry for it, but we must begin business in earnest."

"Let me speak to the deluded men once more."

"Aye, try them if you like; but tell them forrards there, if they don't yield in five minutes, we'll fire upon them."

"They will mock us. It is much more likely, Captain Drinkwater, that they will fire upon us; they seem quite as well off as to small arms, and their two long guns, if discharged, must give them a decided advantage. Let us rush forward, close in with them at once, and carry the forecastle. The upper deck will then be all our own."

"You have a good notion, sir, of these things; but we have no hands to spare, and it would cost us some lives. Besides, it is always better to obey your captain than to reason with him. Make your proclamation, and then, we will just stay where we are, and give them a volley."

Whilst I was bellowing through the trumpet to those assembled on the forecastle, my attention was suddenly attracted by a great bustle aft. I turned suddenly round, and saw the poop, that two minutes before had been quite deserted, apparently filled with men. Mantez and his officers, with several of his party, had mounted over the quarter galleries. I had no idea that so many men could have been aft. Most of them were well armed with muskets; and, when I saw them, they had trained the two carronades so as to command our position completely. We were between two fires. Our destruction seemed inevitable. A sickening thought came over me. I turned round upon Drinkwater, and collaring him, exclaimed, "And are you a traitor?"

"Search for the truth in my heart—you have a sword in your hand."

His reply was given in a quiet tone—almost a mournful one—he was evidently deeply hurt. He turned from me, and arranged our little band in two lines—one of which faced the poop, and the other the forecastle. The men were ordered to bring their muskets to the recover, and to cock their locks. The gunner, a Spaniard, and one of our partisans—indeed, he was the only officer that we had been able to gain over—myself, and Drinkwater, stood near the capstan, between the two ranks. There came, as if miraculously, a singular silence throughout the ship. Face to face, the opposed parties glared at each other. The conflict seemed to threaten to be unnaturally close—at least, at a greater distance from each other, either party would have been more eager to begin. We knew that, perhaps, whilst the balls should penetrate our bodies, the flash that gave it its errand of death would blind our eyes. Yet the ship careened on with her bosoming sails, in quiet and placid majesty. I looked up to her pride and majesty of bearing, and bethought me of some noble beauty, walking the halls of her father with the cancer of consumption in her bosom.

During this dread interval of suspense, so involuntary and so great was the awe that came over us, that, as Drinkwater and I stood separated from the rest, when he addressed me, it was in that sort of whisper that we use round the couch of death.

"I forgive you, Troughton, your suspicions. It was not for yourself that you felt them. You have everything at stake. I am no coward, yet I tell you, that I tremble for myself—I was never lucky. The expansive and arched eyebrows that terminate your forehead, are wanting in mine. It is the symbol of length of days. How much I honour you, standing thus, as we do, in the jaws of death, I have no time to say. I honour even your horror of blood-shedding, so much so, that I shall permit them to begin, but when once we are at it, let us be as the wounded hyena,—showing no mercy and expecting none. Mark, the villain speaks, how distinctly his rascal-voice sounds through this stillness."

Securing himself as well as he could, and showing only a small part of his pale and hair-encumbered face from behind the mizen mast, he hailed those on the forecastle. His words were few and pithy. He called upon them to annihilate us, because we were English heretics, and revilers of the saints. He told us that we were sacrificed; he ordered them, when he waved his handkerchief, to fire the great guns and small arms upon us simultaneously, and three times he repeated his caution that they should aim low lest any of the shot should injure those on the poop. His orders were answered with a faint cheer. To all these preparations Drinkwater returned only a scornful smile. My feelings were dreadful; I conceived that instant annihilation awaited myself and my few devoted friends. I saw distinctly into the bores of the cannonades on the poop, and the long guns on the forecastle, from which the inevitable-death shower was to be poured upon us. With these vast and destructive engines ready yawning before us to sweep us from the living, I little regarded the glittering tubes of the several lines of musketry. I saw the burning matches hanging over the touch-holes. So great was my torture that I prayed to Heaven that I might not faint, that I might not fall down the fear-stricken wretch between my own ranks. I saw not Don Mantez, he was behind the mizen; but one moment I caught a glimpse of his waving handkerchief, and then the cavernous iron vomited forth its flames—the guns thundered, and the musketry rattled, but not a man of our party fell.

"A miracle—a miracle!" shouted out several of our party in Spanish.

"A steady aim fore and aft," shouted Drinkwater, "Fire!" and ranks fell on the forecastle and poop, like the yellow grass before the scythe of the mower.

"Keep your ranks—load and fire as fast as you can."

We did so; and neither the gunner, Drinkwater, nor I, remained idle. We took deliberate aim with our pistols, but we could neither of us get a shot at the careful Mantez.

The miracle was soon explained to our enemies. The gunner had abstracted all the shot from the small arms and great guns; and when they were about to reload, they found that they had nothing but blank and damp cartridges to fire with. Being well armed ourselves, in a short time we should have destroyed every man in detail who should dare to show himself. But, alas! we were not fated to gain a victory so easily. We were vanquished by one of the silliest accidents possible.

Already had we prepared ourselves to take possession of the poop, for those who were there still alive, had given back so far as to be out of the line of the musketry, and laid themselves down upon the deck—already had the Spaniards forward, taking a dislike to the appearance of affairs, begun to steal down from the combat one by one—already had the *braves* that remained marshalled themselves to make a rush aft, and decide the contest with their cutlasses and their knives—already had I anticipated safety for my family and self—already had Drinkwater anticipated the peaceful command of the vessel, and doubted not but that he should live long to enjoy the respect and the lucrative friendship of the great merchants, command the best of their ships, and be always the welcome guest at their table. All these brilliant hopes were quenched in a sudden and miserable defeat. There was one long head on the poop, which is better than a long arm, that prerogative of kings, or a long sword, that effective weapon when a man has the strength and skill to wield it.

This ferocious and domestic combat began a little after noon. In the tropical latitudes, to save the pitch from boiling out of the seams, and the heads of the mariners from being carbonaded, so soon as the sun has risen a few degrees above the horizon, it is the custom to spread an awning over the quarter-deck. This awning is composed of stout canvas, and is suspended in its situation by a ridge-rope passing down its middle, and fastened to cleets on the main and mizen-mast; it is hauled out by a few ties on each side, attached to portions of the standing rigging. In a merchant vessel, and especially in a Spaniard, these are not very numerous, nor well secured. Now, as our faction stood in a compact body, blazing away, fore and aft, under this awning, very much incommoded by the smoke that we made, and that the very awning tended to confine about us, the particular long-headed fellow alluded to, the honour of whose name or acquaintance I never possessed, sent a few hands, whom for the smoke and the awning we could not see, being also much too busy to look for anything of the kind, to cut the suspending fastenings at a signal.

Whilst we were just going to reap the fruits of our conduct and our courage, we heard some one shout the word, "Now;" and down came this immense sheet upon our heads, entangling us in its folds; but we had not only to bear the weight and the incumbrance of the awning: our evil-wishers jumped upon it from the poop, from the forecastle, and from the rigging, we all the time struggling under it. It was impossible to keep our legs; every man of our party was overthrown, and then commenced a very novel kind of combat, at which the party of Don Mantez found they had every advantage, having the free use of their arms, and nothing but the sky above them, while we were nearly smothered beneath by the heat, and every motion hampered by the canvass. In this fight, as no person could see his foe, every one pricked for his man with daggers or knives, thrusting the blades upwards and downwards, according to the situation of the belligerents.

It was a sort of lottery of murder,—a pricking for prizes. Too soon the awning became saturated, the deck slippery with blood. It was a contest much in the Spanish line. Man after man, on our side, transfixed with the deadly stilettoes, ceased to struggle and to breathe.

In this singular and sanguinary *melée*, Will Watkins, the Silver Spoon, never moved from his post. He kept the ship's head exactly as he was ordered, steering extremely fine. He had seen man after man jump down from the poop trampling his friends under the accursed canvass, but he moved not from his station;—his man had not yet arrived. At length, Don Mantez seeing his party so much in the ascendant, now prepared to aid in subjugating us in a manner more effective, and with weapons a little more destructive than his voice. He came cautiously down the poop ladder, but immediately he was in the full view of Will Watkins; he allowed the helm to take care of itself, and rapidly disengaging his pistols from his belt, he let them fly one after another. "That there von," says he, "I owes ye for the shot in the desert island, and this ere von comes from your murdered brother, ye varmint."

Both shots took effect, but neither of them apparently in a mortal part. The Spoon having thus abandoned the helm, he had no inclination to resume his post, but flinging himself down on the deck, he crept to us under the awning. We immediately heard the creaking of the studding-sail booms, and felt the ship heel over considerably to port. She had flown up into the wind.

By this time not one of my miserable adherents had escaped without a wound. Alas! the major part of them, entangled in the canvass, had been slain. I will not speak much of myself:—I had not escaped. Drinkwater, though dreadfully stabbed in various parts of his body, was still vigorous: but he had lost all the better qualities of courage,—he was wolfish,—he panted wildly for blood. He now sought for revenge and slaughter, caring nothing about victory. He thirsted to see the faces of his enemies. His fury permitted him no control of his actions; he was no longer fit to direct others. Our opponents, knowing that our only escape could be down the after-hatchway, had thrown gratings, and other weighty articles on the canvass immediately above it. We now called for aid to those on the main-deck; they commenced firing up the hatchway, being, from their standing on the main-deck, able to do so; this soon caused the living Spaniards to move off the gratings, but they threw the dead bodies upon them instead, and our musketry had previously supplied them with more than a sufficiency of this dead weight. The stauncheons to which the accommodation-ropes had been fixed, were beaten down early in the *melée*, and thus the battens and the gratings lay directly upon the combings of the hatchway. We all felt that, if this impediment were not removed, every man under these toils must be slain in the detail.

Some of us had endeavoured with cutlasses and knives to cut away the canvass, but this only attracted attention, and pointed out to those above us, a wretch in whom life was not yet extinct. These openings also showed us how still more securely and fatally we were caught, for they had let down the splinter netting upon the awning, and we were exactly like the beasts of the forest caught in a real net.

We had ceased to show resistance. We found that wherever any motion was discovered, a stiletto or a bayonet was immediately thrust into the moving body. Already had those upon us begun to shout their barbarous pæans of victory, and we could hear them consult about the necessity of the gradual removing of the net and canvass, in which we were entangled, in order to draw us out and throw us overboard one by one. I can hardly remember what were my individual feelings at this juncture. I think that a blind rage was predominant. I had forgotten father, mother, sister, and friend:—all life, all energy seemed concentrated in my agony for revenge—yet I dared not move, dared not show that I was living. I was obliged, with my burning heart, to lie degraded under my enemies in a base simulation of death. Even the desperate Drinkwater, warned by repeated stabs, had ceased to curse, and to howl, and to uselessly flounder about in the toils.

From this dilemma, the end of which seemed to be certain death, those of us that were still alive escaped by a real miracle. This we owed to the dumb and the much-despised Jugurtha:—ever honoured shall he be in my heart,—for ever shall he sit on my right hand. How wonderful, yet how barbarous seems his intellect!—how animal, yet how sublime his devoted love!—how merely instinctive, but how noble his unswerving gratitude! As he sits by me striving to borrow light and life from my dull eyes, I ask myself what is happiness,—what is ecstasy, if they be not those triumphant feelings that spread over his face when he thinks that he has pleased me by some little attention, or roused me from myself by some mute and loving antic? Words! O how needless, my poor companion, for a friendship like ours!

As thus we lay, without a metaphor, in the shadow of death, stifled with our own dying breaths, and dabbling in the mingled blood of each other, a terrific explosion shook the huge old ship to the centre, an overwhelming light burst upon us; the canvass and the net was shivered into a thousand pieces, the after-hatchway was cleared of every impediment, and the riven limbs of our opponents were scattered round us in all directions; at first, I believed that my father, in his despair, had fired the magazine and blown up the ship.

This event, so terrible in the act, and so disastrous in its consequences to our enemies, was produced by the bravery, the power of mind, and the fidelity of Jugurtha. He, alone, seemed fully to comprehend the cause of our sudden discomfiture on the quarter-deck—a reverse that came upon us in the very moment of victory—he, aided by the party that we had delegated to defend the ladies, the cabins, and the treasure, had trained one of the cabin carronades up the hatchway, and thus, with a charge of grape and round shot, blown away every impediment.

Long before our enemies could recover from their astonishment, the wounded and the dying of our party, assisted by our friends on the main-deck, repaired to our last stronghold—the cabin. Those who were hurt unto the death, and those who were disabled, were removed withinside: the rest formed upon the main-deck, ready to repel any attack.

Our consort, the South Sea whaler, of her own accord, at this pause, came ranging on our weather quarter, for the ship was still coming up, and falling off from the wind, owing to the abandonment of the helm, and hailed us repeatedly, demanding what was going on, as we seemed like a party of madmen destroying each other. She was answered by two or three voices, ordering her, under the threat of receiving a broadside, to sheer off, and mind her own business. Our Yankee friend stamped and swore that we Englishers were strange catamonkeys, that, instead of piping to dinner, amused ourselves with cutting each other's throats. But seeing that there were several females in the after-cabin, whom nothing could induce to lie down on the deck, as we had directed, the skipper very considerately lowered his quarter-boat, and placing hands in it, towed her alongside, ready to shove off in case of an emergency, still standing on within half-pistol shot. The calm that succeeded the explosion that freed us from the meshes of the splinter-netting and the awning, was not of long duration. The Spanish party seemed now infuriate—even those who, in their cowardice, had shrunk down into the hold, rallied. Notwithstanding the great havoc that we had made amongst them, their numbers still trebled ours, reduced as we were by the carnage under the netting. The party that we had despatched to the defence of the main-deck were, as yet, all unwounded; but they did not consist of more than fifteen altogether, my father and Don Julien included. They were, however, well armed, while our opponents had nothing but cold steel to trust to.

My own wounds were, though painful, not dangerous. The corrupted Spanish gunner had died. Poor Drinkwater was fast hastening to his end—he was outrageous for revenge. However, he was borne into the after cabin, in spite of his resistance, and the women did their best to bandage his wounds. Unluckily for us, the surgeon was not of our faction.

In this miserable plight there was again a dreadful pause. The Spaniards, perceiving our fire-arms, and viewing with dismay the resolute line that we had formed across the deck, assailed us with the bitterest imprecations, that were howled forth, rather than spoken. Captain Mantez had been painfully, though not seriously wounded, by the pistol-shots of Watkins, and with his consummate prudence, he kept himself secure on the deck above us. His wounds had been already staunched by the medical man, so, with his sword drawn, he hailed those on the main-deck, and endeavoured, by his command, his curses, and his gesticulations, to urge his men on to the attack, for a long time without apparent effect. Whilst our enemies were covered by crouching behind the gun-carriages, and other shelter, we did not like to waste our first fire, reserving it to meet the rush. In the meantime, the priest, in his full canonicals, with his ivory crucifix in his hands, and chaunting expressively a part of his religious offices, came and stood between the threatening parties, and thus caused a cessation of the murderous conflict.

(To be continued.)

THE SAILOR'S REVERIE.

BY H. N. MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "AN ESSAY ON WOMAN," THE "SAXON'S DAUGHTER," &C.

Night o'er the rolling sea hath spread her wing,
And in those glassy depths, as in a mirror,
The moon beholds her silver-shining face.
I deem this midnight watch, as slow I pace
The silent deck, no hardship, but delight.—
How calm and beautiful the bark glides on!
Not cleaving with swift prow the roaring waves,
But kissing them in love. She seems a spirit
Walking her own blue shining element,
The breezes whispering 'round her, the deep stars
Showing her azure way, and, as in homage,
The dolphins sporting near.

Thou glorious Ocean!
My path has been o'er thee from childhood's hour:
The woody mountain and the flowery vale,
I've only trod to think them dim and tame,
And turn with added awe and love to thee.
What though, while gazing on thy beauty now,
Thought flies to distant shores, and fancy sees
The forms of friend and parent; and this sigh
I may not check, this tear unbidden starts:
Thou dost supply e'en all my heart has lost.
In calms thy whispers seem the voice of love;
Thy roar in storms surpasses mortal music;
Not fondlier clings the infant to its mother,
Than my heart yearns to thee; thy bounding wave
Has been, and e'er will be, my home! my home!

The breeze springs up, the flag uncurls its length,
The vessel stoops and cleaves the whitened deep;
How gallantly we go! 'Tis sweet to glide
In some fair chariot o'er the level plain;
To scour the desert on the barb whose hoof
Outstrips the wind; but how far sweeter this,
Lifted and rolling o'er the living surge!
There's freshness, health, exhilarating joy,
In the sea's motion, landsmen never know.

My pleasures may be few, my wealth is small,
And Death, in storm and fight, is ever near;
Yet viewing thus the element I love,
Drinking the glories of the circling sky,
And wafted, like an eagle, through the night,
I sigh not for the lands I leave behind,
For palaces, or pleasure-lighted halls,
But yield to feelings full of pride and joy.

OUR ACTORS![1]

THEIR ORIGINALLY INTENDED TRADES, CRAFTS, AND CALLINGS.

BY ASMODEUS PRY.

> " After your death you were better to have
> A bad epitaph, than their ill report
> While you live."
>
> HAMLET.

COOPER—WARD—W. FARREN.

COOPER—

> Huic versatile ingenium sic pariter ad omnia fuit,
> Ut natum ad id unum diceres, quodcunque ageret.

What Livy said of Cato may in some degree be applied to Mr. Cooper, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, for his professional versatility is unbounded.

Mr. John Cooper, or, as he is generally designated, " the fortunate youth," (youth still, though now on the shady side of five-and-forty!) obtained this pleasant sobriquet from the undeviating success which has attended every step of his theatrical life, from the tyro of a little Welsh strolling company of comedians, up to his present occupation, as actor and stage-manager of the principal theatre of the English metropolis.

Mr. Cooper is a native of the once fashionable city of Bath, and was ushered into this bustling world about the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety, to the great delight of his father, who was a struggling,- but honest little chapel-going grocer, doing business in a small way, next door to the celebrated Lamb Inn, in the aforesaid city of cards and scandal.

Little Master Johnny, after undergoing the usual discipline necessary to obtain even the imperfect and ungrammatical accomplishments of a cheap day-school, was at the stipulated age of fourteen, apprenticed to a mop and brush-maker, in his native city. Here, from seven in the morning till eight at night, it was little John's duty to

> " Make the knotted and combined locks to part,
> And each particular hair to stand on end,
> Like quills upon"—*a sweeping brush!*

Unfortunately for young Cooper's intended evangelical outpourings, his master's premises were near the theatre royal in Beaufort Square, and there did he weekly expend his hard saved little sixpence, for a half-price gallery peep at the worthy histriones who graced the Bath stage at that distant period.

Our hero was soon bitten with the dramatic mania. " O that I were an actor!" exclaimed the poor apprentice-boy, as he glued the bristles, and gave the finishing touch to each hair-broom, destined for the rosy fist of some Somersetshire Molly Duster.

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[1] Continued from vol. xvii. page 370.

Bath has been, for more than half a century, celebrated for private theatricals, got up amongst the sons and daughters of respectable tradesmen and artisans. It was during young Cooper's apprenticeship that "*une troupe des amateurs*" were marshalled under the command of a jolly, laughter-loving printer of the name of Williams; and amongst them were several (then) young ladies, who have since obtained some histrionic celebrity at the national theatres. Miss Sarah Cooke, now known as the interesting Mrs. West, the tragic actress; Miss Cooke, (her cousin,) long since known and admired as the popular ballad-singer and comic actress; Mrs. Waylett, &c. &c.

To this little company of Thalia's private votaries did young John Cooper obtain an introduction, and commenced acting; but this was done without the consent, or even knowledge, of the chapel-going old grocer, therefore our hero was obliged to be very circumspect;—but unfortunately, as Sheridan's Sir Fretful Plagiary says, "some good-natured friend" informed the industrious but sedate old father, that on a certain evening his son John was to strut as Romeo!

The indignant methodist was horror-stricken at the awful intelligence. "What! my son! prudent John! mix with profane stage-players!—it cannot be!—no, he would not dare!—no, my boy has too much virtue!" "Pooh! pooh!" cried the busy, meddling informant, "what's his virtue opposed to the seductions of Shakspeare?" "Shakspeare!" cried the enraged grocer. "Shakspeare, the profane writer—the unheeder of commandments!—who coveted his neighbour's goods!—broke into his park!—stole his venison!—and kissed the keeper's daughter! And can it be possible that my steady and seemingly virtuous John, has an inclination to tread in the steps of that degraded Shakspeare? I'll not believe it till I see it." "Then you may see it, if you wish it, on Friday evening next," cried the informer, and it was so arranged. On that identical evening—an evening "big with the fate of Cooper and of Rome-o!" the old man contrived to obtain admission before the curtain of Mr. Printer Williams's private theatre, and soon beheld his own dearly beloved "steady John" strut on, bedizened in all the colours of the rainbow—for such a suit of gaudy patchwork had never before met the eye of the astonished old grocer. He, at first, had his doubts that his *eyes* might have deceived him; but when his *ears* confirmed the other sense, his rage knew no bounds. He soon reached the stage, but not by either of the usual entrances of O. P. and P. S., but by mounting the orchestra barrier, where, placing one foot on an unfortunate fiddler's shoulder, and springing at the collar of the stage-struck young brush-maker, he held him, as he thought, firmly in his grasp, forming "a tableau" that excited general attention in the audience, more perhaps from its singularity, than from its elegance. Poor little Cooper, even at that early period knew "discretion to be the better part of valour,"—and he also opined that "good generalship is often shown in *a retreat*:" therefore he very adroitly slipped, like an eel, through his old dad's digits, flew behind "*les coulisses*" to exchange his gew-gaw finery for his own private and sober suit of brown corduroy, and sneaking to his master's domicile, mounted to his quiet sky-parlour, (*id est*, garret,) and went supperless to bed, leaving his enraged parent to grow cool at his own particular leisure.

Though somewhat daunted by this "untoward event," which subjected him to much ridicule, he still hankered after the forbidden pleasures of the drama; and, as time rolled on, his desires increased, until at last he defied the authority of his chapel-going parent, and, for an hospital charity benefit, made his appearance at the public theatre of his native city, in the character of Inkle, in George Colman's popular drama of "Inkle and Yarico." And such friendly approbation did he receive from his fellow citizens, that he resolved to cut mops and brooms, and embrace the stage as a profession. He immediately joined a strolling company then performing in Wales, and commenced his money-making career, by acting the sighing, dying lovers.

At this time, from a defect in "the Bath day-school system of education," he was in the habit (as the mimics call it) of knocking about the h's with the most desperate pertinacity, by nightly converting the seat of life, *id est*, the *heart*, into an *art*, and making his organs of vision "a pair of highs." Yet study and strict attention to the advice of sincere friends, (foremost amongst them was little Andrew Cherry, the author of the then popular comedy of "The Soldier's Daughter," and at that period Cooper's Welsh theatrical manager,) he conquered the abominable defect; and when he quitted the principality of Wales, his eyes were called eyes, and his heart had received the benefit of an aspiration.

His fond father, *ad interim*, finding it impossible to check him in his determination to pursue the theatrical profession, as the one by which he would live, gave the old mop and brush-maker a small sum of money, in consideration of which he agreed to cancel little John's indentures, when our hero being thus legally exonerated from bristles and brooms, gave the whole bent of what he called his mind to the study of the drama, and a man more steady and determinedly industrious never entered the theatrical profession.

According to those veracious chronicles, the play-bills, Mr. Cooper, about four-and-twenty years ago, (1811,) passed a summer at the Haymarket theatre in a very subordinate range of characters; and his engagement not being renewed by Mr. Colman, the then manager, he returned to the provinces, where, by undaunted perseverance and undeviating propriety of conduct, he gained money as well as fame; and after passing some years at Liverpool as the rival of Vandenhoff, he accepted the offer made by Mr. Elliston to appear at Drury Lane theatre as the principal second actor in tragedy and comedy. He made his *debût* as Romeo, and Othello followed, was received very graciously, and then fell into the *utilitarian* line, in which he is as great a favourite with the London public as any actor who ever preceded him in the same cast of characters.

It is said that it is usually the fate of genius to be oppressed by want, (especially theatrical genius.) As Mr. Cooper never thought himself "a genius," he has never been without cash to purchase a dinner; he always found an excellent substitute for "genius:" for when his income was but a poor guinea per week, in that cheap country, Wales, he contrived to live (and live well too) upon fifteen shillings; and (as he boasts) put by the other six for a rainy day. And when he arrived at eighteen pounds weekly salary, "prudent John" made eight suffice for his worldly expenses, and funded the surplus ten, till they have bred and become thousands.

As he is now independent of his profession, he is, therefore, never without various offers of engagement; and is, in fact, the best paid actor in the whole *corps dramatique* according to his grade of talent: hence the sobriquet of "the fortunate youth."

As he has never been known to indulge in puerile follies or vicious propensities, to the injury of either health or purse, the following sarcasm has been launched at him by some dissolute wag.

> "But is the laurel to the soldier due,
> Who, cautious, comes not into danger's view?
> What worth has virtue, by desire untried—
> Where nature's self enlists on duty's side?"

Yet those reckless spendthrifts, who are fond of quizzing what they call "prudent John's parsimony," should blush, if the sense of shame be not dead within them, when they reflect that he is the reverse of their favourite, Charles Surface, and is always just before he attempts to be generous; and that he would rather allow his kitchen range a sinecure office, than give (as some of his colleagues do) splendid dinners, with their costly adjuncts, claret and champagne, and then triennially rusticate in "Banco Regis" until Peel's Act of Parliament (so delightfully convenient to gentlemen of uncertain incomes and magnificent propensities) exonerates them, and sends them once more on town to *victimise* any other set of credulous furnishers of the luxurious things of this world. *Qui capit ille facit!*

Mr. Cooper had delayed *positive* matrimony for so many years, that he began to feel all the horrors of old-bachelorship; therefore, about two summers since, he made a desperate effort, and tied the "knot connubial." Prudent John, with that forethought for which he has always been distinguished, "popped the question" to a well annuitanted widow, with a ready-made family. The lady said "yes;" and Cooper became a happy Benedict, trebly blessed, in a handsome little wife, a handsome little family, and "though last, not least in his dear love," a handsome little addition to his already independent income.

Though Mr. Cooper, as an actor, never wishes "to hide his candle under a bushel," yet, strange to say, he is particularly modest when wooing the sacred nine; for be it known to all men by these presents, that (*credat Judæus!*) the gods have made him poetical. A little unacknowledged, though well-authenticated, effusion of his, appeared some few years since in a fashionable Sunday paper, the editor of which is his firm and laudatory friend. The lines were addressed to his old acquaintance and kind patron, the Earl of Glengall, one of the Representative Peers of Ireland, when that accomplished nobleman gave to the world a new comedy in five acts, under the very imposing title of "The Follies of Fashion," which comedy being original, (or at least not taken from the French, but only here and there borrowed from one Richard Brinsley Sheridan) was universally attacked by the paste and scissars tribe, who have the audacity, or rather mendacity, to call themselves English authors—mere translators, who are like incubi upon our national theatres, smothering, or endeavouring to smother, every attempt of native talent.

These sapient gentlemen, in the hope of deterring his lordship from a second attempt, by abusing or treating with contempt his first effort at a legitimate five act comedy, went about to the various societies into which they could obtain admission, insinuating that "'The Follies of Fashion' was tolerable for a gentleman"—"very passable for an amateur who did not write for money"—"that really men of fortune should not attempt to write for the stage," &c. &c.

Cooper was somewhat nettled at this unmerited ill-treatment of his noble friend and patron—the grey-goose quill being within his digits, "his muse laboured, and thus she was delivered."

"To Lord Glengall.

Tell me the meaning, he who can,
Of 'well written for a gentleman;'
Is genius, rarest gift of heaven,
To the hir'd scribbler only given?
Is it 'bound' 'prentice to a trade
Which works—and as it works—is paid?
While three P——'s, and little Kenny,
Translate to earn their weekly penny.
Is there no skill to build—invent,
Unless inspir'd by cent. per cent.
Must polish'd Glengall write in vain,
Unless inspir'd by hopes of gain?
Proceed, proud Erin's son—be bold;
Thy polish'd wit exchange for gold:
Be wise, my lord, take Price's fee,*
And what you want not—send J. C."

We have given the above little poetical effusion of Mr. Cooper's pen, with the observation of Persius full on our recollection, and which we earnestly recommend to his consideration—he will know that we are sincere—"*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.*"

We have spoken thus far impartially of Mr. Cooper as an actor and as a man—we will now make some brief remarks to him as a manager of one of our national theatres—a caterer for the mental amusement of the British public—a very responsible office, if properly executed. We will point out a few of the glaring abuses, nay, absolute nuisances, that are suffered to exist, and which have driven from the boxes that reputable class of people who used to pay ready money, and fill them; and whose absence the managers now deplore. While gazing on their quires of "orders" and voluminous "free list," no wonder they complain of bankruptcy; for

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

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* Mr. Stephen Price was then manager of Drury Lane.

Whenever a moral man (and morality is not yet so dead in the minds of Englishmen as the managers believe) visits the boxes of our national theatres, he is compelled, *malgrè lui!* to witness a concentration of all that is calculated to lower woman in the scale of humanity—to be disgusted to see the wretched purposes to which their splendid lobbies and gorgeous saloons are appropriated. It will be almost incredible to those who have not seen, and been astonished at the sight, that in the theatres of the metropolis of a great, a moral, and a civilised nation, like England, half-dressed prostitutes (many of them mere children in stature and in age) have, what are called, cheap season admissions; that is, the *entré* for two hundred nights for five pounds, or sixpence each night. These unfortunate wretches are marshalled in the lobbies and saloons, like sheep, by old Jewish shepherdesses, who dress them up in their scanty but tawdry habiliments for nightly sale, yet the managers complain of bankruptcy!

What man (though he may venture himself) can take his sister or his daughter through the lobbies without fear and disgust? This is not the fault of the neglected drama, but of those who suffer her temple to be desecrated. Yet the speculators complain of bankruptcy!

Let them ask themselves the question, when pondering over their pecuniary deficiencies, "Will the precarious tribute of a limited number of cash-purloining apprentices and fraudulent clerks, (their chief patrons, who nightly shock the ears of decency, while publicly dallying with their paramours,) compensate for the absence of that respectable portion of society who now shun the national theatres?" We say—No! The manager's first step to insure public patronage must be, to respect public decency, by banishing such scenes from the public eye. Is it not disgraceful to the police of our country, that where innocent and instructive entertainment, seasoned with becoming mirth, should be justly expected, vice is allowed to erect its head-quarters, and in defiance of all decorum, openly and unblushingly insult every reputable beholder?

England (to her disgrace be it spoken!) is the only country in Europe in which such scenes are allowed in the front of a theatre. Even in Ireland, wild and barbarous Ireland, as certain noble peers have called it, even in whiskey-drinking, blood-seeking, tithe-resisting Ireland, such indecencies are hooted from their boxes and their lobbies. In Dublin the "ladies" we allude to, must assume a virtue whether they have it or not. In France, Italy, Germany, &c., however we may question their morals in private, there is neither the taste nor inclination to violate public decorum; to be sure, the wielders of certain bayonets are always ready, at a moment's notice, to conduct the brutal outrager of decency from the glare of the theatre into durance vile! And why should they not do so in London?

The manager of a patent theatre (who, by virtue of that office, is the *præfectus morum* beneath his own roof, duly appointed by the King, Lords, and Commons of Great Britain) has the power, if he have the inclination, to banish so disgraceful a nuisance from the public eye. We throw no particular blame upon the unfortunate wretches who there parade for nightly hire; they but labour in their vocation, and are objects "more of sorrow than of anger," therefore are less culpable than *Messieurs Directeurs les des Théatres Royales*, who nightly enact the part of Pandarus to the most vicious portion of his Majesty's subjects.

Let it be understood, that we do not attack the poor, degraded creatures themselves, but those who pander to and profit (as they falsely think) by their professional vice. Those wretched women are, we believe, the victims of their own credulity and the duplicity and villainy of the other sex; and though their retaliation of the evils they have experienced may, indeed, be lamented, yet, in strict justice, it can hardly be condemned.

Though pity might induce us to palliate the faults of these unfortunates, we can find no excuse for those who encourage them by affording every allurement and every facility in the public exercise of their calling. We read in the public journals of prosecutions of

> "Wretched panders on a smaller scale,"

for supplying facilities to sin! Why these "Leviathans" are suffered to escape is, to us, a mystery.

> "Since laws were made for every degree," &c. &c.

We admit that vice cannot be entirely suppressed, but (as man is a mere creature of imitation) if those brawling legislators who are so wild in their determination to punish the poor barber for clean shaving a tired mechanic on a Sunday morning,—we say, if these senators would take the trouble to insist upon the Lord Chamberlain's doing his duty, by prohibiting such glaring and public exhibition of profligacy in the front of our theatres, the rising generation would, in some measure, escape vicious contamination, and a patent house might then be justly called "a temple of the Muses," and not, as now, debarring all that is chaste, virtuous, and respectable in British society from the enjoyment of the rational instruction, as well as the innocent amusement, of the national drama. Reform it altogether.

WARD.

"Felix qui nihil debet."—PROVERB.

Mr. Ward, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, was educated for, and followed the profession, as Lieutenant James Prescot (Ward is not his *nomme de guerre* but his *nomme de théatre*,) of the Royal Artillery. He was the son of a very gallant colonel in his Majesty's service, in which he had gained laurels and honours most deservedly.

Master James Prescot (or Ward, as he has chosen to call himself, and as we shall therefore call him!) was ushered into this world about the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety.

He was born to the expectation of every ease and luxury, and in his early days scarcely knew privation, but by name. He received what may be called a good grammar-school education, and after imbibing *quantum suff.* of Latin, seasoned with a small smattering of Greek. He was desired by his parents to think of a liberal profession for himself. What are deemed liberal professions in the proud parental eye, amount to four,—Law, Divinity, Physic, and Slaughter! In our hero's case, the sword was selected; nor was this to be wondered at, for he had been reared amongst the military, and was a gallant soldier's son:—he chose to follow the steps of his father, and commenced his studies at the military college at Marlow, from which establishment he was, in due course of time, removed to Woolwich, where he was honoured with a lieutenancy, and soon after ordered with a detachment of Royal Artillery, to the Cape of Good Hope. Three years' residence under an African sun so much impaired our young soldier's health, that he was obliged to return to his native air, which he did in 1813.

Peace (the soldier's bane) was restored to England before health was restored to Mr. Ward, and when he found himself sufficiently recovered for martial enterprises, there were, alas! no longer any martial enterprises to be undertaken. His active mind required employment; he, therefore, quitted the sword for the buskin; and as he had no opportunity to act the hero in the field, he resolved to assume the character on the stage, and being, perhaps, doubtful of his success, he concealed his real patronymic, by borrowing his mother's maiden name. He made his *debût* on the boards of the Liverpool theatre, in the arduous and difficult character of Lord Townley, in Garrick and Cibber's popular comedy of "The Provoked Husband," and having met with a highly-flattering reception, he made a second attempt as the Duke Aranza, in poor Tobin's admirable comedy of "The Honey Moon;" when the spirited and patronising managers of the theatre made him an offer of a permanent engagement, which engagement the *ci-devant* young soldier thought proper to decline, knowing, that however successful he might be in one or two principal characters, he was too young and unstudied in the histrionic art to be able to compete with the well-trained and established actors, in so large and critical a town as Liverpool. He, therefore, wisely resolved to practise in a smaller company, visiting the principal towns in quiet Derbyshire, where a few months' acting in an extensive range of characters paved his way to Bath,—polite and scandalous Bath. After obtaining both practice and polish in the renowned city of hot water, he made an essay on the boards of the little theatre royal, Haymarket; but he being essentially a tragedian, and that house generally devoted to Liston and Thalia, Mr. Ward, as the lawyers say, "took nothing by the motion;" therefore, he returned to his old quiet quarters in Bath, where he remained as the leading actor and general favourite with the boxes, pit, and gallery, which were always crammed to repletion on his benefit nights. At length, having received a much higher pecuniary offer from the manager of the Dublin *corps dramatique*, he bade adieu to polite and steady Bath, crossed the channel to challenge the approbation of the most eccentric audience in the world; and he had no cause to regret the step he had taken, for the impression he made on them in the character of Leon, in Beaumont and Fletcher's broad but excellent comedy of "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," stamped him at once a first favourite.

Here a serious and continued illness disabled Mr. Ward for a very long time; he, consequently, relinquished the actor's pursuit and adopted that of "a professor of elocution," and became most extensively useful to the tyros of the bar, the senate, and the pulpit. It was long before he was able to resume his more profitable dramatic labours, but, at length, a naturally good constitution and the gentle assiduities of an affectionate wife—

> "Oh, woman! in our hours of ease
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please!
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel, then art thou!"—

restored him to the stage.

Soon after this he was induced, by promises of great patronage, (lip promises, that never knew the heart,) to visit Birmingham, a town abhorred by those afflicted with corns, for the streets are paved with petrified kidneys. He here ventured to become the manager of the theatre, by which speculation he lost all he had, and involved himself in difficulties that caused great vexation to many an after year, and made him sigh, "*Felix qui nihil debet!*"

An offer from the directors of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, in the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, was too tempting to be refused, and he appeared there as Brutus, in Shakspeare's historical play of Julius Cæsar, and was received in a manner highly flattering to his vanity, and not a little profitable to his purse, for it has since secured him a constant engagement on the London boards, with quadruple the salary which he obtained at Dublin.

The professional ability of Mr. Ward is too well known to need our comments, therefore we shall merely say, that he is not an imitator—he does not pretend, as some of his colleagues do, to be either of the Kemble, Kean, or Macready school—his school is, nature and good sense—firm, manly, bold, yet gentlemanly—equally devoid of the brusqueness of Kean and the affectations of Macready. In Iago, Stukely, Rob Roy, &c. &c., he is not excelled by any actor at present on the stage; and even those who might object to his Hamlet, would vote his ghost excellent, *nem. con.*

Mr. Ward never descends to the trickery which we have been forced to observe in one of the most highly-praised tragedians at present on our stage. Mr. Ward never loses sight of character in order to make particular points, as they are called; nor does he play certain scenes in a slovenly, slip-shod manner, that the principal ones may appear more prominent—a glaring fault in the popular tragedian alluded to; but that is only a part of the somewhat droll trickery in which he indulges; for when he suddenly stops in the midst of the strongest passion, and then changes from the highest to the lowest tones of his voice, the injudicious auditors favour him with thunders of applause, when such vocal tricks, are, in fact, most unnatural and ridiculous, and justly deserve reprehension instead of commendation.

Now Mr. Ward has nothing of this trickery in his acting; but see him in what character we may, we always discover the well-read, and the well-bred gentleman, and that he has evidently been, from early life, used to polished society.

There is a curious story current with the brethren of the sock and buskin, by which it appears that Mr. Ward has been long subject to a most mysterious guardianship. A being, whose name—ay, and even sex, have hitherto been carefully concealed from him, has most kindly amused his—her—or itself, during many years, by writing to him, and offering him the most judicious advice on professional, domestic, and, in short, all points that might tend to his welfare; but the most pleasing part of the correspondence is, that almost every letter contains a Threadneedle Street promissory note, payable to bearer on demand. The strangest circumstance of the whole affair is, that it is immaterial to what part of the British empire Mr. Ward's professional or pleasurable pursuits may take him—there "the well-cashed unknown" is always ready with advice, &c., which is very frequently of the yesterday's occurrence. This mysterious personage has given Mr. Ward a decided hint, that any attempt at discovery would be attended by a total cessation of letters, and their pleasant and useful enclosures; therefore he has prudence enough to check a curiosity which might end so comfortable a piece of "The Romance of Real Life."

In early life Mr. Ward was honoured with the acquaintance of our lamented poet Byron, and is in possession of many anecdotes of the youthful vagaries of that eccentric nobleman: some of the most whimsical of them, he has from time to time given to his particular friends. One is now before us, in a letter to a military acquaintance, and as a trait of Byron's early propensities and amusements, it is somewhat curious—we give it as we find it, as a specimen of Mr. Ward's descriptive powers.

Byron and his Pet.

"I perceive that Mr. Thomas Moore has omitted some of the most whimsical of Lord Byron's juvenile pranks: amongst them one which, I remember, was much laughed at, and became a stock box-story with the 'knights of the whip,' and drew many a half-crown from 'lots of gemmen vot likes to ride on coachee's left.'

"It is well known that the young poet had a favourite bear—they were remarkably partial to each other, and were inseparable. One of his lordship's great delights was to englove, and spar at Ursa, till the poet became tired, and Ursa irritated; for, though generally a tame and docile quadruped, he was always muzzled on these sparring occasions, for fear of accidents.

"His lordship was suddenly called down to Nottinghamshire. He had taken places for 'two gentlemen' in a northern mail, in the names of Byron and Bruin. 'Twas a dark November night; the friends (Messrs. B——) arrived in Lombard Street in a hackney-coach a little before eight, agreeable to the then regulation. The off-door of the mail was opened at his lordship's demand. Byron placed his own travelling cap on Bruin's head, and pushed him from the hackney into the 'vehicle of letters,' followed, and immediately made him squat on the seat, looking as 'demure as a quaker in a brown upper Benjamin.' They occupied the whole of the back; and it so happened, that the two B.'s, (Byron and Bruin,) were the only passengers who started from the Post Office.

"At Islington they took up a third: he was a retired cit—a *quid nunc*, a cockney, and a tailor. Old snips v's and w's, in his short dialogue with the door-opening guard, was *quan. suff.* for Byron: a pleasant companion for an educated peer, young, proud, and splenetic —the bear's instinct pleased, but the cockney's reason was emetical.

"Not a sound was heard within, till, ascending Highgate Hill. Alas! what is sciatica or gout, compared to the infliction of silence on an old garrulous tailor? Snip took advantage of the hill, hemmed thrice, and then broke silence, with, 'Vel, sir, a bit of nice noose in this here mornin's paper—vot d'ye think of them goings on of that there cowardly rascal, Boneypart?' A pretended snore, loud and deep, was his lordship's only reply to the cockney *quid nunc's* attack on the 'great soldier.' Snip was dead beat by the snore; he therefore turned with contempt from his supposed sleeping opponent, and casting a longing eye to the 'quiet gentleman' in the fur cap in t'other corner, he re-opened his vomitory of vociferation with, 'Hem! a nice bit of road this here, sir, jest to Vetstun,' (no answer from Bruin, of course,)—he's a deaf 'un p'raps;' and in a louder key he re-commenced, 'A wery dark, cold night, this here, sir.' Like Brutus over Cæsar's body, Snip paused for a reply, while the young peer, to smother a hard-to-be-suppressed laugh, was obliged to issue a tremendous snore that almost alarmed his quiescent friend Bruin. The ear-hurt tailor, eased off from his snoring lordship, and faced the supposed deaf gentleman, and bent on conversation, was determined to have an answer, and in defiance of Chesterfield, sought in the dark to seize a breast-button, but encountered nothing but fur. 'Ah, sir,' bawled Snip, 'this here's a werry nice warm travelling coat of yours,' receiving no other reply than a growl and a snore. Snip, in despair, gave his tongue a holiday, and slept.

"Aurora's early beam had already peeped into the coach-windows, when the poor tailor awoke to unthought-of horrors; for the first object which caught his sight, was Bruin's head, with muzzled mouth, but glaring eyes, within three feet of his own boiled-gooseberry goggles. 'My God!' he exclaimed, 'the deaf gentleman in the nice warm travelling coat, is a real live bear!'—'Help—murder—coach—stop!' roused the slumbering guard. 'Let me out—let me out,' shouted Snip, and out he went; and the poet and his pet were left in full possession of the interior, while Snip measured the seat of the box, for the rest of his journey."

The way-bill, with the names of Byron and Bruin in it, as passengers, is still extant, though not "written in choice Italian," as Hamlet has it, but in "Lad-Lane English," and the story is known and told, by many an old whip on the northern road; and the curious traveller is often beguiled of a weary half hour, by coachee's peculiar recital of one of the early pranks of "the noble poet and his pet."

MR. W. FARREN.

"I'll argue the point Socratically—Socratically, sir, thus: — A theatre is a luxury,—so is salmon;—now if there be but one salmon in Billingsgate, the fishmonger may have his own price for it; *ergo*, I am the only salmon in the theatrical Billingsgate, and I'll have any price I choose to ask for myself, or I won't act!—it must be given to me, for how the devil will the public do without me?"

FARRENIANA, Page 1.

In that remote suburb of our immense metropolis called Clerkenwell, in the middle of the last century, there resided a respectable old tallow-chandler, of the name of Farren. By his plodding industry he brought up and well educated a number of sons and daughters; amongst them there was one,—the parent's pet!—a fine, handsome, dashing young fellow, of great conversational and imitative powers, who, disdaining the dull monotony of a banker's confined, money-changing shop, into which some city interests of his old tallow-melting father had placed him, sighed, as he said, for a liberal profession; he, therefore, quitted Lombard Street for the din of noisy Birmingham. This was about the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-six. The young gentleman had some peculiar interest with the then celebrated Yates, who during the summer *relâche* of the metropolitan theatres, was the commander-in-chief of a *corps dramatique* in that bustling town of smoke and hardware. Here the dashing young Farren, about sixty years ago, commenced his theatrical career; here, by his talent as an actor and his pleasing conduct as a man, he secured the sincere friendship of the warm-hearted old manager Yates, who, on the closing of his Warwickshire season, procured Mr. Farren an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Garrick's death left a vacuum which they sought in vain to fill up; in fact, they were long without a tragic hero that the public would pay to see; they tried every one they could hear of, and amongst the aspirants was Mr. Farren; he played several leading characters, but being unattractive he sunk into an utilitarian, such as Cooper at present is, highly respectable as well as highly respected. Discontented with his Drury Lane engagement, he deserted to the Covent Garden corps, where he remained as a useful actor till the day of his death. Some few years after his first appearance, Mr. Farren married and was blessed with three sons, the youngest of whom, William, is the subject of this memoir.

Domestic expenses induced Mr. Farren to look about the world and hit upon some method of increasing his rather slender theatrical income, and fortune smiled upon his efforts, by introducing him as the hero of a little adventure that secured him all the elegancies of life and an independent fortune to each of his children. One dark November evening, while returning from his late theatrical duties, to his humble lodgings in Russell Street, Bloomsbury, he was about to knock at his door, when his ear caught the sound of a feeble voice calling for help; he dropped the knocker and flew to offer it: he found an old gentleman struggling with a stout ruffianly man, while a fiend, in the shape of a gaunt woman, was rifling his pockets of cash and watch: with one well-directed blow he felled the ruffian; the woman fled with her spoil, and while Mr. Farren turned to assist the agitated old gentleman, the ruffian, too, availed himself of darkness and a light pair of heels, and was seen no more. The old gentleman was a resident in the neighbourhood, of independent fortune, but of rather weak mind; he admired Mr. Farren's courage, and was delighted with his conversational powers; he was an old bachelor and relationless; he therefore proposed to join his independent fortune to Mr. F.'s precarious income, which offer was, of course, accepted. Mr. F. now purchased one of the most splendid mansions in Gower Street, (then a fashionable residence,) had a carriage, suite of servants, &c. &c., and lived up to the full extent of their joint incomes. The old gentleman remained here *en famille*, until life forsook him, and then left, by will, eight thousand pounds to each of the young Farrens, who were at that time mere children and the old gentleman's pets. Mr. Farren soon after followed his liberal old friend

> "To that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

The three boys, agreeable to the father's wish, (for the guardian had well-educated them, as far as their mental qualifications allowed, for their capacities were, and are, very different, the sound sense of the family being centered in the second brother,) were all articled to attorneys!

William, the youngest, and the subject of our present memoir, was despatched to study "Coke upon Lyttleton," and drew leases, briefs, &c. &c. in the office of a shrewd old latitat, in the somewhat remote and vulgar town of Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire. He was then, even in his teens, a sort of sucking Lord Ogleby, ricketty and foppish, and being the son of a highly-respected and well-known London actor, he soon obtained the free *entré* to the theatre, both behind and before the curtain, and became the pet friend of Mr. Manager Hoy, with whom most of his unofficial hours were passed. There was a charm about the seemingly gay and thoughtless life of a strolling player, that, to a youth tied, as it were, to the dull monotony of a desk and the dry study of a profession he disliked, seemed delightful. He soon took the dramatic infection, which was brought to a crisis by receiving a letter from his eldest brother, (Mr. Percival Farren,) stating that he, brother Percy, "had shown his indentures a fair pair of heels," and was, at that present writing, at Plymouth, acting Young Rapid, Young Dornton, &c. &c. Our hero, William, was not to be outdone by "brother Percy," therefore, he instantly resolved, as he then said, "to pitch Dame Justice to the devil, and embrace Thalia, *durante vitâ*." He secretly packed up his portmanteau, concentrated his pecuniary force, and decamped for dear delightful Devonshire, where he soon commenced his theatrical career under the command of "brother Percy," who had "bought into the management," as he vauntingly called it—that is to say—the manager who was over head and ears in debt, knowing "brother Percy" to be a greenhorn, with cash and expectancies, allowed him, as a partner, to become responsible for the involvements of the theatre. This was what "brother Percy" called buying into the concern. By these means he played many of the great parts, and lost much of his little fortune.

Here our hero (W. F.) commenced his career by acting the Miser, Sir Peter Teazle, Lord Ogleby, &c. &c.; for, even in his teens, he chose the old men, as the cast of characters he intended to fill in the profession he had embraced for life. The guardian of the young runaways, finding it useless to contend with his self-willed wards, allowed each to pursue the bent of his inclination, and even indulged them, by regularly remitting the interest of the money to which they would be entitled on coming of age. Our hero had studied Lovegold the miser so closely, that his annuity was always banked instead of dissipated; whilst poor "brother Percy," by adding a wife and child to the managerial claims on his purse, never had a chance of saving a shilling.

The brothers having each an offer from the manager of the Crow Street theatre in Dublin, visited that city: here our hero had to run his chance, as he had no brother in the management; he had to play some of the old men in the comedies.

Being now of age, Mr. W. Farren, by the cunning application of a small part of the fortune he possessed, became one of the most favourite actors that the Dublin audience had ever fostered. Yet candour obliges us to confess, that what he denominated cunning, some of the kind-hearted Dublinites were severe enough to name, bribery and corruption. But what's in a name? It was effected thus.

Mr. Farren well knew (which the public do not, perhaps) that it is the great and effective parts that make the great and effective actors. It so happened that when Mr. F. joined the Dublin company, most of the principal old men's parts, in the favourite acting comedies, were in possession of a highly popular actor, a very clever old gentleman of the name of Fulham. Farren, like a prudent general, reconnoitred his opponent's position. "Fulham has no money," mused the lean theatrical Cassius, as he gazed upon the jolly old Cæsar he intended to victimise. "He has no money, I have an independent fortune. Frederick Jones, the proprietor of the theatre, is a needy man who gambles. Good—the loan of a thousand pounds on his bond will secure me five per cent. interest, ten free admissions nightly to make friends to applaud me, who, by their interest, will gratefully fill the house at my benefit. Good—I'll lend the manager the cash, with this *sine quâ non*, that old Fulham shall be compelled to resign thirty of his principal characters to me, William Farren. Possessed of those, I shall rise in public favour, and old Fulham may go to——" It was no sooner concocted than it was executed. Poor Jones took rich Farren's thousand pounds. Rich Farren took poor Fulham's thirty parts. Farren rose—Fulham sank. Farren always received his interest, but has never touched the principal. Farren, with his ten nightly admissions for his well-trained *claqueurs*, became the most highly-applauded actor that Dublin had ever known; while poor old Fulham, deprived of most of the parts in which he had been wont to delight the public, sank, sank, sank, until he sank into his grave.

Poor Michael Fulham, who for forty years had delighted the eccentric denizens of Dublin, suddenly shuffled off this mortal coil—murdered, as it were, by the kindness of his friends and admirers. They insisted upon the *encore* of a long and difficult comic song: he yielded to the cruel, yet well-meant, demand; but it required more force than Dame Nature had left him, after seventy years of hard labour. He repeated the song with effect; but, even while the theatre rang with the rapturous applause of a delighted auditory, the exhausted old man, on reaching the green-room, immediately sank into the arms of one of his old colleagues, and expired without a groan!

Fulham was much beloved by all classes in Dublin; everybody seemed to know and respect him. He was followed to the grave by a numerous body of private friends, and thousands joined at the burial-ground. Amongst them was a very quaint old basket-woman, who had (as is customary with that class of porters in Ireland) cracked many a joke with the old gentleman as she carried home his weekly purchases of provisions from the cele
When the coffin was lowered into the grave,
her way through the chief mourners, to have
peep at the darling old boy;" and wiping away the tear that gathered in her eye, and fell upon her weather-beaten cheek, she exclaimed, in the most serious manner that her grief-wrought feeling would allow, "So, poor old Fulham, thin you've got your PIT ticket at last. Well, God receive you, Amen, for you were a kind old man." Katty then crossed herself and retired.

Mr. William Farren, soon after his arrival in Dublin, was married to a most amiable and ladylike woman, who, by the elegance of her manners, and the general tenor of her conduct in the society into which, by her family connexion, she claimed entrance, won for her then affectionate and grateful husband troops of friends, and now—alas! but of her more anon.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, Mr. Farren's Irish fame had reached the ears of the managers of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, who made him a very liberal offer of a metropolitan engagement, which he instantly accepted; and in the latter part of the above year, he made his *entré* before a London audience in his favourite character of Sir Peter Teazle. He brought with him a portmanteau full of letters of introduction and recommendation from his warm-hearted Dublin friends.

These introductory letters caused many rumours respecting the ability of the new actor; some of the newspapers, on the representation of partial friends, lauded him to the skies, and spoke of his Sir Peter Teazle (though they had never seen it) as the most finished performance on the British stage. And here we must frankly confess, that they were not false prophets: he appeared, and his auditors, one and all, were delighted. The managers found it their interest to keep up the excitement his appearance had caused, and therefore they puffed him up into the seventh heaven of theatrical puffery—a puffery that left the celebrated Day and Martin's blacking quite in the shade. This lasted but a very short time; for a puffed actor is like the unfortunate described by Shakspeare,

> "The boy that swims on bladders."

Munden and Terry being dead, and as Dowton has emigrated, Mr. Farren is one of the best representatives of elderly gentlemen that we, at present, have upon the metropolitan boards; but he is not, as he weakly and vainly boasts, "the only salmon in the market!" for Bartley and Strickland frequently divide the public approbation with him: though Farren's Lord Ogleby and Sir Peter Teazle, stand unrivalled, he cannot attempt (like Bartley) the glorious Jack Falstaff—Doctor Cantwell, Baillie Jarvie, &c.

Mr. Farren, some years since, had the vanity to think that he could rival Kean in his great part of Shylock and (*credat Judæus!*) actually attempted to perform it at Birmingham; when Bunn (oily and facetious Bunn,) the then manager of the theatre, posted bills all over the town the next morning, offering "a reward for the apprehension of a tall, thin, lanky-looking man," (here followed a full description of Farren, in habit, form, and feature,) "who last night committed a most barbarous murder upon a rich old Jew of the name of *Shylock!* The murderer is supposed to have escaped from Birmingham in one of the early Liverpool coaches."

Facetious Bunn knew by which coach Farren was to take his early departure; and had one of these printed placards pasted on the hinder part of the vehicle.

We leave the reader to judge of Farren's astonishment when he alighted at the usual breakfasting inn, and read, "horrid murder!" in large type, and an account of his last night's onslaught upon Shakspeare, with a full description of his person and peculiarities! Farren's keen appetite for breakfast immediately left him; he saw the joke, though he of course by no means relished it. Now, though Farren knew it to be a jest, yet that might not be the case with other more matter-of-fact readers who had now gathered round the coach, and seeing "a tall, thin, lanky gentleman," completely answering the description of the supposed murderer of Shylock, might, *vi et armis*, carry him back to Birmingham for examination, and vitiate his Liverpool engagement. Ridicule is a good weapon with which to chastise vanity: though the placard caused much laughter, yet we think that this joke of the facetious manager Bunn was carried rather too far. But it had the desired effect; it cured Mr. Farren of the ridiculous mania of becoming poor Kean's rival, to the insult of common sense and the British public.

Mr. Farren (as the motto we have given from the Farren*iana* will intimate) is perhaps the greatest egotist that we ever encountered, and we frankly confess that we have often been surprised that so clever an actor could be so weak a man. Ego!—Ego!—Ego!—from Dan to Beersheba! that is, from the Garrick Club to Brompton Square: for once, in that three miles' walk with him, we heard nothing but, "I! myself!" or, "myself and Mrs. F——t!" or, "I and my brother Percy!"—till when we made our parting bow, to reach our own, little beyond, domicile, the confirmed egotist believed that he had thoroughly convinced us that he (W. F.) was the greatest actor that England ever had or ever can produce! Secondly, that "dear Harriet" was the impersonation of all that was pure in Diana! and, thirdly, that "Brother Percy" ought to supersede Lord Melbourne as premier of England! We were too polite to undeceive him.

The actions of public men are public property, and it is our duty, as impartial biographers, to record some circumstances that verify the poet's old song,

> "Men were deceivers ever
> To one thing constant never!"

Yet who, for an instant, could suppose that the naughty Cyprian goddess could ever have commanded

> "The blind bow-boy's shaft,"

to trouble Mr. F. in his *decline* of life.

Byron hath written, and we opine with him, that

> "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction!"

and what we are about to record will undoubtedly cause some surprise to the reader; but as the facts are known in every theatre, major and minor, as well as in every club-house, from Piccadilly to St. Paul's, they are, as we said, public property, and as such we transcribe them.

We have before observed that Mr. W. Farren was married to a very handsome young lady, of good family, amiable manners, and most accomplished conversational powers. In Dublin they were esteemed as models of conjugal happiness; for nearly twenty years Mr. W. Farren had been noted and set down as the best husband in the theatrical profession—and so, in fact, he was. We have observed, that though an excellent actor, yet out of his profession he is perhaps one of the weakest men to be found in the whole *troupe* of his brethren of the sock and buskin.

Mr. and Mrs. Farren were universally esteemed, as models of connubial happiness; but an evil hour arrived, when it entered his wise head that he was childless, and therefore ought to be miserable. This happened sometime after Spurzheim and Gall had set England half crazy on the subject of phrenology. Young Deville, of the Strand, was one of their chief apostles—he lectured on the subject—and also gave private advice and *caput*-al examinations to all who favoured him with a visit. Farren was seized with the mania, and obtained a *tête-à-tête* with young Deville, who, as in duty bound, examined the outside of the actor's cranium, and having done so, looked very grave and learned, then asked our hero, "if he had a family."

"No," cried W. F., "we have never had any children."

"Ah! I thought so," nodded the phrenologist, "for I perceive that the bump, or organ, as we call it, of philoprogenitiveness, though rising, is not yet fully developed, but you will soon sigh for the endearing name of father."

"The devil I shall!" cried the astonished W. F. "No, no—I have rather a dislike to children, with their squalling little tongues, and unwiped noses."

"Ah! you're speaking of the past, sir," replied Deville, who was an enthusiast in phrenology; "our system was never yet known to err, and I am convinced will not do so in your case." Then placing his finger on a particular part of the actor's head, he continued, "As this bump rises, so will your desire, to be a father, rise."

During this declaration Deville was pompous and positive—the actor was staggered and mystified. Now, whether there might be truth in the learned phrenological Theban's assertion, and the philoprogenitive bump actually rose upon the outside of Mr. W. F.'s head, or that the weakness of the inside induced him to fancy it, we cannot decide, but this is certain, from that day our actor became a changed man; frequently, when walking with his accomplished wife, from their domicile in Duchess Street, for a Portland Place airing, Mr. W. F. would stop the nursery-maids, and pat the cheeks of the little rosy urchins in arms, and then turn to his astonished and amiable partner, and with a sigh exclaim, "Ah, Mrs. F., Mrs. F.! why haven't we such a sweet cherub as that?"

A year or two passed thus, and he was not a father! his childless home became irksome to him—something was wanting—he even nursed the little kitten, and patted the head of the matron Tabby, luxuriating on the hearth-rug before his parlour fire! animals that he had, in previous years, kicked out of his way with a "d—n the cats." Deville, proud of his scientific display on the head of so well-known a public character, related the circumstance of W. F.'s rising bump to that wicked wag, Abbot, the actor, and through him it soon became the prime jest of the Covent Garden green-room: all laughed—but there was one amongst the throng . . . . . .

[Our respect for the privacy of domestic life will not permit us to give those results of Mr. Farren's phrenological studies, which our correspondent has so wittily narrated.]

(To be continued.)

AD MORTUAM!

By R. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D.

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade
Death came with kindly care,
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there.
Coleridge.

Like the golden light that dieth
On the twilight breast of Even,
Thy angel spirit flieth
Back to its home in Heaven.
As the streamlet onward glideth,
To the ocean of its rest,
So thou, to where resideth
Each sinless one and blest.

Though the sun of Hope declineth,
Which brightly beamed for thee,
The star of Memory shineth
O'er sorrow's troubled sea:
We are sadly, sadly weeping
In the home thy feet have trod,
Yet we joy that thou art sleeping,
In the mansion of thy God.*

Though fancy now entwineth
No garland round thy head,
And the stricken spirit pineth
O'er thy cold and narrow bed—
Yet, 'tis well that thou wert taken
In the morning of thy years,
That thy fawn-like eyes will waken
Where there never can be tears.

Though our wounded hearts be swelling
With a deep, deep grief for thee,
In their gloom may yet be welling
Joy's fountain fresh and free.
Then will come a happy greeting,
When life's pilgrimage is o'er,
The child and parents meeting,
Where they never may part more!

Liverpool, October 1836.

* "In my Father's house are many mansions."

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Reading Captain Basil Hall's work, "Schloss Hainfeld," I was particularly struck with the information, that the venerable Countess Durgstall was the original Di Vernon of Scott, as I had been always led to consider, (having been very confidently told so,) that the late Lady C——y had furnished the immortal bard with his conception of the beautiful heroine of "Rob Roy." This shows how much caution we should observe, in yielding credence to the reports of the day, considerably more than one half of which deserve only the answer which the late Bishop of Llandaff gave to one of those gossips, who authenticated a long-winded tale, with the usual veracious stamp of "They say." "They say!" echoed the good bishop; "I despise they say." Any one, however, who had seen Lady C——y in her days of youthful beauty, with those gay untameable spirits, frank manners, and that almost masculine independence, peculiar to her character, might have been well justified in believing the assertion, (other circumstances taken into the account,) that she formed the model of Scott's heroine. I remember Lady C——y from my school-days. Many a pleasant holiday have I passed in her drawing-room at the Hot Wells. Her person was tall and finely formed, and she was a fearless and accomplished horsewoman: her eyes were dark and remarkably brilliant, with rich black hair, and teeth by far the most beautifully shaped and white I ever beheld. Indeed they invariably excited the admiration of all who conversed with her. Her maiden name, too, was Di Vernon; she was (equally like her namesake) a woman of strong sense, and biting wit; and what was still more remarkable, she had also a deformed lover. Now here was what, I suppose, would be called, in law, a strong case of circumstantial evidence: and assuming that Captain Hall's information respecting the countess was borne out by such satisfactory and specific proofs, as to his mind could leave no doubt upon the subject, we then see how little even a strong case of circumstantial evidence is to be relied upon: my own conclusion would be simply this—that my informant, putting these various coincidences together, had so satisfactorily settled the point in his own mind, that it had passed into a law with him, without sign or seal from any other authority.

The early history of Lady C——y was romantic. When quite a girl, she had formed a strong attachment for a gentleman, whom Mr. Vernon, her eldest brother, a man of high family and good fortune, disapproved of. With the romantic ardor of a Juliet, she devoted her whole soul to the object of this her first love. A correspondence was still kept up between them: their union was secretly agreed upon; and she was actually torn from her lover at the very altar, and conveyed by her brother to England. Some years after I left school, I was thrown a good deal into her society. She was still, though verging on forty, very handsome; and her wit and vivacity as inexhaustible as ever. Her bevy of lovers, even at that time, very much amused some, and excited the envy of others. I remember her going to the theatre, with four humble servants in her train,—not mere admirers, but all of them real claimants for the honour of her hand. There was a young baronet, a lawyer, and an officer in the guards, (a cousin of my own,) remarkable for his personal attractions; beside Dr. Nott, the elegant Oriental scholar, well known to the literary world as the translator of the "Odes of Hafiz," the "Persian Anacreon," and which can hardly be more beautiful in the original, than the English dress in which the highly poetical and spirited translator has clothed them. But, alas! the faithful guardian of the fame of Hafiz was destined to lament, like his beloved poet, the coldness of his mistress; and the handsome Di Vernon, by becoming Lady C———y, blighted the love long cherished in his heart, and threw the dark shadow of disappointed hope over the life of an amiable man, who was devoted to her with all a poet's fervor. Dr. Nott, I believe, was never married. He was esteemed a skilful physician, and was universally respected. He died about ten years ago, at the Hot Wells,

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[1] Continued from vol. xvii. page 292.

"Where many a child of genius sleeps;
And many a wakeful eye
O'er beauty's marble tablet weeps,
And sorrows silently:
Where she, the lovely one of song,
Who painted Psyche's charms,
With broken heart lay down, among
Those sleepers in Death's arms."

Dr. Crawford, who attended my family when at the Wells, gave me some interesting particulars of Mrs. Tighe in her last illness, of which he said the conduct of one unfeeling heart had been both the cause and aggravation. Bristol Hot Wells is sanctified, by the memory of many sons and daughters of song. The wonderful "boy Poet," Chatterton, was alone sufficient to render it classic ground. There too the still-breathing ashes of the ill-fated Savage repose, under the modest stone provided at the friendly-hearted jailor's own cost. Ann Yearsly too, another of those *raræ aves*, the unschooled children of immortality. She was literally nothing but a common milkwoman at Bristol, wandering from door to door with her yokes on her shoulders, and her large gypsey beaver-hat covering her head, after the picturesque fashion of the peasants of those parts. Yet what lady-poetess of the day, with all the advantages of education, all the stores of mind laid open to her, can produce anything more beautiful than Ann Yearsly's poem on friendship? It was fortunate for our milkwoman, that she had lived her day, before my Lord Brougham undertook to melt down all the native ore of the land, and coin it out again under one uniform standard, bearing the royal impress. Yes; Ann won the prize medal of fame, without knowing anything of blue stockings, beyond those unmetaphorical ones which she wore upon her own legs: and just as little she understood, what our initiated draymen and costermongers now understand, by the "march of intellect," having had no spiritual revelations that the time was so near at hand, when there would not be a hut or a hovel, a hole or corner, left in the land, where Ignorance might hide his head.

Alas! we shall have no more uneducated poets; the race, of which we have had some glorious specimens, is about to become extinct. We are now to be emancipated from the hands of nature; and in working out that centralisation system, to which my Lord Brougham is so instinctively partial, we shall, no doubt, all arrive at last at a beautiful and pea-like uniformity. Whether this vast profusion of intellectual food may, in some degree, compensate, in the eyes of the poor, for that Spartan frugality, that wretched, that disgraceful economy with which their miserable pittance of bread is now doled out to them in the new union workhouses, I must leave it to time, the arbitrator of all things, to determine. Poor Byron! how it would have fretted his proud spirit, to see the *canaille* treading on the tender toes of his greatness!—he, whose cold, biting satire froze to death the warm heart of the "Farmer's Boy,"—who would not let even the fine genius of Legh Hunt "come between the wind and his nobility," while to those who ventured to exercise their pens against his own lordly muse, he says, "what should prevent me from making all your ribs gridirons for your hearts?"*—how would he have endured to see this march of intellect, whose tri-colored cockade threatens total destruction to the aristocracy of genius, and the prescriptive rights of all the ancient universities of the world?

I remember, when at the Hot Wells, dining in company with Lord A———, an Irish nobleman, whose virtues, more than his rank, entitled him to the respect and consideration of the world. His lordship was, at that period, living separate from his lady, a beautiful and accomplished woman, and for whom he still retained a strong affection. The tongue of scandal had been busy with her name; yet so fully was he convinced of his lady's innocence, that he never took any measures to obtain a divorce, though evidence sufficiently conclusive in law, perhaps, would have insured it to him. The tale was strange enough for the pages of romance, and was narrated to me by a friend of his lordship, who formed one of the party. A gentleman, who was on a visit to Lord A———, in Ireland, conceived an improper and violent attachment for his lady. Like most, however, of those serpents that wound the bosom of domestic happiness, he was wily and cautious in the presence of the generous unsuspecting friend, under whose hospitable roof he sojourned, and to whose hearth and board he was made but too welcome. After some considerable time, he summoned sufficient courage to insult Lady A———'s ears by an open avowal of his passion; and the conduct she displayed on the occasion having at once crushed his libertine hopes, he, with the feelings of a disappointed demon, determined on revenge. Accordingly, one night, with the agency of an unfaithful and bribed domestic, he concealed himself in a closet in the chamber of Lady A———; and when he had convinced himself, like a second Iago, that his victim was in a deep sleep, stole from his hiding-place, and giving the signal to his vile accomplice to fetch (as previously concerted) Lord A——, slipt quietly into the bed. In a few moments his lordship entered the chamber. The wild affright and agony of Lady A—— (roused out of her sleep) at the sight of her husband and the villain, B——, together with the bitter aggravation that the scene was witnessed by nearly the whole household, may be easily imagined. The *denouement* was lamentable. The noble pair were parted from that time, each really loving the other; the unhappy wife, torn from the side of that best friend and protector of woman, a kind husband, and the noble and equally unhappy partner of her life cut to the soul by the loss of her whom in his mind he believed, and with his tongue he openly declared, to have been faithful and irreproachable. But "the world's dread laugh," to a man of real honour is no laughing matter; nor is it fit that it should be so. The laws by which society can alone be held together justly enact, that a woman must not only be pure, but be able to set an undoubted seal to that bond, which will establish her right and title to the high estate of virtue.

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* See Byron's letter to Murray.

Who, that has lived long in this world of change, does not feel a strong tide of emotions rush into his heart at the sound of that old familiar name, Christmas! Like touching the concealed spring in the miser's casket, what treasures of gold and gems of rarest value discover themselves! Home—our *early* home, friends—our *first* friends, anticipations crowned with fruition, retrospection unaccompanied by regret, affections unchilled by the breathings of a cold world, and generosity unchecked by the voice of selfishness. But, as the good elders say, "Christmas is not what it was," even in my young days. 'Tis true, it still wears the goodly livery of green its ancient predecessors wore, and lacks not the holly garland, with its glowing berries; but the heart, the heart of old Christmas beats coldly under his green tunic, and his sear brow seems mocked *now* by its verdant chaplet. "Old times are changed:" hospitality, the guardian genius of the land, is well nigh fled from the lordly hall; and charity, sweet charity, stript of her rights, brings now but rarely her wonted dole, to brighten the Christmas hearth of the toiling poor. In the general desuetude of the customs and manners of our ancestors, how many of the heart-warming and spirit-stirring enjoyments of Christmas have been swept away! The mince-pies indeed are not forgotten; and the careful housewife still sees the plum-pudding put early into the pot. Decent families go to church, and return to sit down to the feast spread for "kith and kin." Yet while the roast beef and the turkey smoke on the board, a cold refusal is given to the beggar at the door who asks for bread. Yes; this is how we now celebrate the birth-day of Him who gave us the bread of life. The nobility and gentry, who are not spending their Christmas on the coast, or on the Continent, now begin to entertain, at their country seats, "select parties of fashionable friends," (to use the phrase of the day,) who kindly help them to kill time and reflection. The gentlemen solace themselves on a wet day with billiards, reminiscences of the turf, and political tactics; while the ladies essay, on harp or piano, the last piece of music, or turn over the gilt and velvety leaves of those splendid bagatelles the Annuals, that, like early peas, forced by artificial heat, come chiefly recommended by their dearness. As there is nothing new under the sun, even those yearly visitants of the literary hemisphere are, it seems, not new, any more than the almanacs. Nothing the worse for that! I heartily wish that some other old Christmas and New Year's customs would revive with them. In the Pepysian and other libraries are preserved a great number of these sort of trifles, in black letter, under various quaint and affected titles: such as, "A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses, gathered out of England's Royal Garden by Richard Johnson, 1612"—"Cupid's Gift, set round with guilded Roses"—"The Goulden Garland of Mirth and Merriment"—and multitudes of others. "These sort of petty publications had anciently the name of *Penny Merriments.*" So we may call our Annuals of the present day by a similar name, (similar in kind but different in degree,) *Guinea Merriments.*

But to return. Christmas, though not enjoyed as it once was, is still a welcome guest to all: and though the good citizens of London, and the families in its vicinity, furnish little indeed but their tables on that day, yet far in the country, we shall still find Christmas kept up in something like its ancient glee, and may yet hear the oft-told tale and merry song of other days; while we frequently catch a glimpse of old usages and venerable customs, not yet fallen into utter neglect. In the north of England, hospitality has still "a local habitation," as well as "a name" and memory, that with more of truth and reality than the fiction about buried saints, perfumes the grave of the dead parent, and clings to the footsteps of his living son. The north-country gentleman not infrequently seems to have an honest pride in being looked up to as of some use in his day; and rides through the village that neighbours his mansion with a cordial and encouraging smile that gives a zest, in the estimation of the poor, to the more substantial bounties which he distributes at this festive season. We all know how much the manner of giving may, and does, enhance the gift; and I fear this gracious addition is often wanting to the flannel petticoats and duffle cloaks, given by the great lady of the castle, whose face they never see, except in a passing glimpse, as she steps into her carriage, or as it drives swiftly along the road.

It is to be feared, however, that the north will not long retain any very strong distinctive character in this respect. Many of the fine old family mansions of the ancient knights and esquires of the land are already converted into schools, or partially occupied by some tenant, whose farm-house is gone to decay; while others have past away from the families to which they formerly belonged. There are many fine specimens of the old English hall still remaining in the northern counties, and of proud baronial castles not a few. It was here that of old the haunch and the "baron" smoked and the flagon foamed. It was here, that at this inclement but joyful season, the way-farer and the wanderer took his place at the festive board, a welcome though uninvited guest. Here, while the storm howled without, the faggot blazed on the capacious hearth, and reflected back the light of a hundred smiling faces, while the jest and the song went round, and the old hall rang to the roof-tree. These were glorious days for England; but, alas! the remaining traces of them seem gradually to recede from us, and to become the things of memory and of record. The noble family of the Nevilles is extinct; but their two magnificent castles, of Raby and Brancepeth, still keep their memory green in the land. Nothing can be more grand and imposing than the great entrance-hall at Raby. Its immense magnitude and cathedral-like height—the noble pillars down each of its sides—its two capacious fire-places and flight of broad steps leading to the state-rooms—seem well to accord with the exterior grandeur of the castle, as you approach it through the park. It may suffice, to convey an idea of the dimensions of this hall, to state, that a coach and six can be driven through it without any inconvenience: and when I saw Raby, I was informed that the Duke of Sussex, who had been recently on a visit there, did thus enter within its ancient baronial walls.

Although Raby Castle is shown to strangers, it is not what is properly termed a show-place. There are none of those relics of antiquity, or curious accumulations of past ages, which in many old gothic structures attract the curiosity of visitors; and there is no collection of paintings or other works of art, to make up for this deficiency. The Duke of Cleveland has been chiefly distinguished, through a long life, by his predilection for the chase and the turf. He has likewise the reputation of being a good landlord. A rather ludicrous anecdote was told me by an old gentleman, of a former Duke of Cleveland, who, it seems, like the present, was partial to field sports, but perhaps without the same apology,—of excelling in them. His grace having been one day left behind in the chase, ascended a hay-rick to reconnoitre, and to ascertain, if possible, which way the hunters were gone. The farmer's wife, happening to spy the duke on this conspicuous point of elevation, and not knowing who he was, snatched up a hay-fork in great wrath, and ordered him to come down. His grace, rather disliking the aspect of things, cried out with the quickness of manner peculiar to him, and pronouncing his title something after the French fashion,—" I'm the Duc, I'm the Duc of Cleveland!" " Be thee duck or be thee drake, I'll pull thee down," said the enraged dame; and as she accompanied her words with a menacing flourish of her hay-fork, his grace descended, much less gracefully than quickly, and at once made good his retreat. The duke, it is also said, was very fond of shooting, but a very indifferent shot. He always went attended by his gamekeeper; and when the birds rose they both fired together. When anything came down, the duke inquired, " Who shot that, Thomas?" and Thomas's invariable answer was, " Your grace, to be sure."

Those apartments at Raby Castle, which are shown to strangers, are not many in number. They are spacious and handsome; but perhaps they hardly realise the anticipations which are formed, from the vast and magnificent exterior as you approach the building. The " Baron's Hall," however, is a splendid room, and of the noblest dimensions. It seems worthy to have been the rendezvous of the knights and barons of old, who once assembled within its walls. How many merry Christmasses those ancient walls have witnessed! and on how many occasions of marriages, and christenings, and other family festivities, the lofty roof has echoed to the mirth and the music of by-gone times! The floor of this hall was raised several feet some years ago, for the purpose of giving elevation to the rooms below; and yet it appears hardly to be in the least "curtailed of its fair proportions," from the noble altitude at which the roof was originally placed. The great objection to this alteration was, and is, that an abrupt turning of some rather narrow steps, from the landing of the great staircase, now gives access to the "Baron's Hall." The kitchen, though not generally shown, is a curiosity in its way; and, from the extraordinary capaciousness of its immense fireplace and chimney, was well calculated to furnish the needful appliances of the substantial kind, to the mirth and festivity in the hall above. Doubtless the cellars were so constructed, as to contribute their full share to the same laudable end.

(To be continued.)

TO ——

When we two meet
In secret alone,
To feel two hearts beat
With the pulse but of one—
Sweet are thy whispered words,
Sweeter thy kiss—
Sure heaven no joy affords
Like unto this.

When we two part
In sorrow to flee,
And bitter tears start
From thee and from me—
Sad are thine accents then,
Sadder thy kiss—
Surely no grief can pain
Like unto this.

Should Fate or should foes
Part us for ever,
And we two be doom'd, Rose,
To meet again never—
Should the smiles that can move so
My heart to its core,
And the eyes that I love so
Beam on me no more—

Should my arms again never
Circle round thee,
And *thy* voice for ever
Be silent to me—
Tell me, Rose,—tell me, Rose,—
What should we do,
Should Fate or should foes
Sever us two?

E. J.

CLEVELAND.[1]

"You observe," said Charles's companion, "that Spanish cavalier with the beautiful leg, and proud carriage of the head?"

"A handsome young fellow that," replied Charles.

"That handsome *young fellow*," returned his companion, "is a woman."

"A woman! and in a man's garb?"

"Something of the old leaven of natural wantonness and theatrical necessity. That woman was formerly a third-rate actress. She became a kept woman, and at once became *the rage*.

> 'Who plays to-night the Roman's spotless child?
> Hah! you understand!'

But I forgot; my egregious satire remains, and is likely to remain, confined to the most illegible scrawl that ever defied decyphering. *Retournons donc à nos moutons.* From playing pert waiting-maids and walking ladies, our pretty cavalier started at once, by dint of infamy, into the very highest rank in her profession; and I myself once saw her play *Virginia*, when *sa grossesse* was as evident as the spleen of an old maid, or the greed of a brawling patriot. In the usual course of such *liaisons* she and her keeper quarrelled; and her handsome face and inimitable leer next captivated a youngster, whose respectable father had left him a large fortune, though by some accident he had left him wholly unprovided with brains. The youth was duly enamoured; but the lady had grown virtuous, look you; and matrimony was the very lowest price she would hear of. That exchange of small talk and perfumed billets, which is called courtship, ensued, and our opulent inamorato made the fortune of three several jewellers in purchasing *cadeaux* for his beloved. What will you have? The booby beggared himself at play; and the lady gave her hand to an elderly coxcomb, whom nature intended for a tailor, and whom accident has made a lord."

"A common tale," said Charles, "of libertinism, folly, and venality."

"Why, I should say so too, and scarcely blame the wench for preferring a rich and *noble* old fool to a poor and plebeian young one; but there was something so singularly heartless about her subsequent conduct, that I cannot think of it without loathing. The fool whom she had jilted had proved the sincerity of his passion, not only by the gorgeous presents he had made her, but also by his repeated and earnest offers of marriage: and yet, when his folly had reduced him to literal ruin and a gaol, and he was so far stung by poverty and its concomitant low association, as to solicit the return of the splendid presents which she had obtained from him on false pretences—for it is quite clear she never cared a pin for him—this heartless and unspeakably mean animal sent him a cool, brief, lawyer-like letter, declining to hold any further communication with him, and positively refusing to restore a single article: and this while she revelled in the luxuries of a noble mansion, and he grovelled in the squalidness and misery of a common gaol."

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[1] Continued from vol. xvii. p. 448.

"But her husband? Surely he——"

"Cultivated his beastly mustachios, and designed waistcoats."

"A precious pair! And the jilted one—what became of him?"

"He died soon after he had made the application of which I have spoken."

"Poor wretch! Died, in all probability, of a broken heart; and cursing her with his last words."

"Humph! The coroner's jury said otherwise: instead of a broken heart, he died of excessive gin—a far more common complaint—and his last words, if accurately reported by two fellow-prisoners and a turnkey, were—'Capital stuff, by all that's lucky!'"

"But how happens it that such a woman is received in society?"

"That is a question which you must be good enough to put to the many-headed beast itself; and you can ask, at the same time, why we hang up like a dog the low ruffian who cuts *one* throat, and illuminate our streets and spread our banquets for the 'fine, gay, bold-faced villains,' who hire themselves to do the butchery of despots, and call their filthy ardour for slaughter by the names of courage, heroism, glory, and the like. Supposing that a hoary wretch, while seated at wassail, surrounded by all the splendour that wealth can create, had coldly, and with a lurid grin upon his Simian features, given orders to butcher his own people; and supposing that his own people not only objected to his amiable amusements, but even went so far as to measure their peasant strength with the plumed and steel-clad chivalry of his hirelings, put those hirelings utterly to the rout, and then, disdaining to shed the tyrant's blood, sternly banished him from the land his misrule had defiled with native blood; supposing all these things to occur, what think you *society* would do? Why, if the baffled and beaten tyrant were to come *here*, we should receive him on our coast with a royal salute of ordnance; we should assign him a residence in which to plot future bloodshed; we should mount a guard of honour at his door; and, in all human probability, some great writer among us would so far forget his natural justice, and the real vocation of the writer who is worthy to wield a pen, as to issue a whining and canting entreaty to 'a brave people' not to degrade its character by insulting 'the misfortunes of fallen greatness!' Having so much tolerance for foreign rascality, it were strange indeed if we could not keep our indigenous baseness in countenance in the persons of handsome women and wealthy men. As for poor villany, and ill-dressed and ill-looking libertinism, the most moral and sensible people upon the face of the earth can scarcely be expected to spare them!"

A little, lively personage now "caught the speaker's eye;" and Charles, who observed the direction in which his companion gazed, inquired, "Is that, too, an illustrious cockney?"

"From Cockaigne last came he," was the reply. "I would say that he came *straight* thence to assist at this elaborate tom-foolery; but the man's legs would at once contradict my assertion. Strange! Not a human creature can we meet whose heart has not its hidden grief! Scarcely a man can we meet who owes not his grief to that fairy, fascinating, and false animal—a woman!"

"Ah! then he at whom we looked just now, has to complain of the sex?"

"Yes; even that little animal, with the smallest possible portion of soul, and a body like the letter S in a bad hand-writing; even that skipping, odd, rhyming, and—God help his booksellers!—rhyme-publishing little body, has to complain of the sex."

"As how?" inquired Charles.

"Not precisely in the way you would suppose; he has not been crossed in love, for he prudently made his first advances to a lady of a certain age. His lady has never played him false, for she is a very paragon of virtue, besides being as ugly as sin, and as old as the Catholic question; and yet that woman, his first love, his devoted wife, has caused him a grief which 'passeth show,' and passeth all remedy into the bargain. He had bowed, and wriggled, and scribbled himself into the—secretaryship. In this situation he frequently came into contact with a certain lord, whose *crave* for flattery is so great, that it literally causes him to give half-a-guinea instead of sixpence to the man who sweeps the crossing in Piccadilly, that he may have the luxury of hearing the fellow say, 'That's a varmint swell now; one what's got a long purse and a large heart.' My lord's besetting foible is well known, and our little secretary, who is not without shrewdness after his fashion, made a dead set at the noble blockhead. Elaborate dedications, and, when in the noble lord's presence, a perpetual motion of the odd little body, such as a mandarin of the highest button would give one of his ears to be able to imitate, did the secretary's business to his heart's content. A place of great trust and still greater emolument was provided for him; he vacated his secretaryship, and only a mere official form was wanting to his felicity. You will easily believe that he was profuse in his acknowledgments. These were so agreeable to our noble lord, that in order to enjoy them in perfection, he actually invited himself to a family dinner with the ex-secretary. For some time all went well with the dinner-party. My lord uses the sesquipedalian words of Johnson in the laconic sentences of Tacitus; pride making him wish to speak grandly while it prohibits him from bestowing too much of his wisdom at once. Fancy such a man letting off the venerable squibs and crackers of "Joe Miller," and "The Wit's Vade Mecum!" The secretary and his wife, however, had fortitude to endure the operation not only without complaint, but even with an extremely well simulated delight. All went well, even up to the very moment when, to their inexpressible delight, the great man rose to bid farewell to his pun-wearied entertainers."

"Ah!" said Charles, as his companion paused, "I think I can guess the end of the affair. The lady unfortunately named the authority of one of his lordship's *original* scintillations?"

"Worse! infinitely worse! His lordship has a fancy for being thought hirsute in aspect: if you sat in the same box with him at the theatre for ten minutes, I'd wager a score of guineas he'd ask you to guess his age."

"The lady was asked to guess?"

"Unfortunately for both herself and her spouse, she was. His lordship is sixty-five, and the unhappy woman, doing violent wrong to her conscience, for he looks even older than he is, guessed him to be sixty. His lordship took his departure, looking as black as the thing which the secretary calls his coat, and from that hour to the present the ex-secretary has luxuriated upon a retiring pension of three hundred a-year; the appointment intended for him having long since been bestowed upon a gentleman who has not the folly to suppose his lordship above five-and-forty years of age."

"'What great events from little causes spring!'" said Charles; "but surely you can find some more diverting cockney than that to amuse me withal? Else will I not bear witness, true or false, against a single soul of my neighbours!"

"There is but one more," was the reply, "who is remarkable for anything; and, to my taste, he is even less amusing than the frail peeress or the ex-secretary. But 'wilful will to it,' so if you find his portrait more lengthy than amusing, thank yourself for the infliction. You see that long, lathy, great-boyish looking man, who is flirting so furiously with the plump nun yonder? He is a captain, *gallant*, of course, calls himself a sporting man, is called a liberal, and was lately entitled to frank letters. He is married to a lady of title, possesses a large fortune, and has a literally enormous fortune yet to come to him. He is young and healthy; he has, in fact, all means and appliances to be useful to society at large, and to the order to which he belongs in especial, had he but a heart and a head a whit less worthless than those which he possesses. How blind the world is! This man is well received everywhere; yet he is selfish, prodigal in bad pursuits, and penurious in all others; a black-leg in heart, yet the mere and constant dupe of his shrewder associates; a hypocrite in public life, and a tyrant in his own house; possessed of full and free access to all the depositories of knowledge, yet as ignorant and as undesirous of enlightenment as one of his own stable-boys. During the entire time that he legislated, he never added a word to a debate, or gave an hour to a committee, but reeled from his gaming associates to vote he knew not for what, and he could scarcely see with whom. But then he always gave a *liberal* vote! In that respect he certainly obeyed his wealthy and elderly uncle with exemplary implicitness, as he would, if that wealthy gentleman had desired him to vote the Lord Mayor the head of the church militant here on earth, or the Duchess of * * * qualified to ride feather weight. Pity that our liberal senator should be receiving half-pay for having spent a summer in Ireland and a winter in Madeira; pity that he, while voting against 'voting away the people's money,' and all that, should be a pensioner himself, and allow his own brother, and his noble wife's four noble brothers, to hold sinecure places, and at the same time receive unearned and unmerited pensions! I think I named that the captain *sports*? Ah, he does sport, and to some purpose, too; for he has got the *sobriquet* of 'the great girl,' as irrevocably appropriated to him as any one of his three Christian names. He buys horses which no one but himself would deem fit for aught but hounds' meat, and bets heavily upon them and sundry other nags, which every one but himself is quite certain will be indubitably 'tailed off." In this respect he is the source of fortune; yea, he is a perfect miniature El Dorado to his high-born brothers-in-law. They are certainly most affectionate young men! They have ushered him into the entire round of the playing coteries; they purchase horses for him, sell him their own, and have his name in their betting-books from January to Christmas. On his sideboard he has to this day a cup worth, at least, twenty guineas, which was won for him by a horse which the eldest of his brothers-in-law very fraternally and disinterestedly sold to him for the very inadequate price of two hundred guineas. It is true, that in the very same race which conferred this high honour upon him and his horse, he had six other horses which, as the cockney jockeys phrase it, 'were not nowhere at all.' But then there must be some losers, and more than one horse could not win the single prize for even this *enfant gaté* of fortune. His coach-horses come from the same stables as his racers, and though he pays higher prices than the Prince of * * *, he is eternally amazed by the unpleasant performances, and eternally, but quite unconsciously, ridiculed on account of the *outré* aspect of his expensive stud. On one occasion he backed a bay gelding sold to him by the youngest of his brothers-in-law, for even a boy can cheat him, though he himself would fain be a cheater of men, for five hundred pounds against the winner of half a score of plates. The day before that named for the match—a steeple chase—his redoubtable nag broke down with him in attempting the difficult and perilous operation of leaping a four-feet rail in Hyde Park! The quadruped was so much injured as to render it a matter of necessity to shoot him on the spot, and the biped was removed with a dislocated wrist and half a dozen serious contusions, to spend a fortnight in his bed, and a month in his dressing-room. Of course, I need not add that the match thus untowardly interrupted was P. P.; that had been duly cared for by our sporting friend's *friends.*

"On another occasion, this inimitable judge of horse-flesh was compelled to pass half a night in his chariot on Finchley Common, through the foundering of a pair of showy sugar-fed cattle, which he had purchased 'a dead bargain,' at the moderate price of two hundred pounds. This almost had the effect of driving him from the 'sporting world' altogether; for even he thought it extremely strange that cattle so expensive should be knocked up in a fortnight. Moreover, his non-arrival at his uncle's hospitable seat, whither he was wending, at the appointed time, being duly explained by a recital of the annoying break down of the horses, the shrewd country gentleman terminated his remarks on the occurrence with, 'Hark'ee, Charles, my lad, if you like to let those rakehelly * * * * * swindle you out of your own fortune, I don't see how I'm to prevent it; but depend upon it, if you do so, you shall never touch a tester of mine!'

The threat had its due effect; all the more readily, perhaps, because some hints of an intended opposition to the uncle's re-election for the shire had greatly irritated the temper, and injured the health of that excellent landlord, master, neighbour, and friend, but most pig-headed and ignorant politician. Of the sporting and senatorial capacity of the captain, I have probably said enough: it only remains to speak of his selfishness. Though he is to the last degree profuse in the pursuit for which dame Nature has denied him the requisite brains, though she has given him even more than the necessary coldness of heart and rapacity of desire, his stinginess in all other respects is absolutely wonderful. His wine is purchased by the dozen, and kept under his own key, which is duly delivered up to him by his butler, after the rare extravagance of giving a dinner. From the nursery to the kitchen all his servants are at board wages, calculated at the minimum rate at which death by starvation can be averted. Six days out of the seven this "meanest of the mean" dines out; and when I went into society more than I do now, I have often heard my fair friends say, "Oh, never mind sending a card to Captain and Lady Y. Z., they are sure to come, upon the strength of old acquaintance and general invitation!" And this, too, while the captain is lavishing annual thousands upon a sport which he does not enjoy, and knaveries which he does not even understand. Very shortly after his marriage with a lady of one of the first families of the kingdom, and when her situation was one well calculated to make a young husband even unreasonable in excess of tenderness and indulgence, his lady, leaning on his arm, strolled into the shop of a celebrated florist and fruiterer in their immediate neighbourhood. Some early and singularly fine asparagus fixed her attention, and she inquired the price of it. The fruiterer very truly replied, that it was exceedingly cheap at two guineas the hundred. The captain on hearing this reply, sharply said, 'Too dear to be thought of,' and rather dragged than led his lady from the shop.'"

"The fellow's an absolute brute!" remarked Charles.

"Ay!" returned his companion, "and yet his brutality is scarcely so loathsome to me as his utter stupidity and selfishness: for, mark, while thus furiously parsimonious to his high-born lady, he was so far from putting any excessive or painful restraint upon his own small pleasures, that within a month from that very day he paid in bills and hard cash considerably above five thousand pounds for bets laid and lost upon the paltriest cattle that ever shambled over green sward. Such is one of the men whom we meet in society, while we look with scorn and loathing on a thousandth part of the same baseness and proneness to crime if they have not wealth to gild the base withal, and fashion to atone for their perfect readiness to commit a multitude of sins, to procure the means of gratifying their real or imaginary wants!"

"Really," said Charles, "I almost wish that man had not come across us. Such a character seems to be perfectly pestiferous; mere contact with the depository of such unmitigated baseness seems to degrade and pollute oneself, and merely to know that there is such excessive and systematic vileness coupled with such marvellous stupidity, seems to almost necessitate one's own participation in it."

"I understand what you mean; though in good truth you have not expressed yourself at all too clearly. In fact—forgive my freedom—you are 'no orator, as Brutus is.' What you mean, however, is, that thoroughly to believe in such baseness requires a something of kindred spirit, just as it is impossible fully to appreciate certain of the sublimest soarings of the poets, without having, if not the poet's power, yet much of the poet's temperament."

"That certainly was in my mind," replied Charles, "but it was not that which I intended to convey. I simply meant, that the mere knowledge of the existence of such baseness seems to have an evil effect upon the heart of him who hears it described with anything like minuteness."

"You are not then of the poet's opinion, that

'Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen?'

"No more than I am that we can touch pitch and be undefiled; or that there is a syllable of truth in the other poet's assertion, that

'Time was ere England's misery began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.'

"You are quite right. The poets are very pretty fellows in their way; but they are little to be depended upon in most points of morality, and still less in political economy. Fancy our blessed land, England, Ireland, and Scotland, to find itself some fine morning with four men and their families to every acre! Even the 'most enlightened people in the world' would be deucedly puzzled to breakfast themselves—to say nothing of the half-naked and pitiably strong appetiteed fellows contemplated by the poet. But, come, you have proved yourself that *rara avis in terra*, a good listener; talk scandal only half as well as you listen to it, and I shall scarcely regret having come to this place of little ease. But first, ay, even before you say a word upon the richest bore you mean to select for my edification, tell me if you can distinguish among these masquerading neighbours of yours a certain small 'squire, named———"

"Ha, ha, ha! if your name's not Charles Smith, my name's not George Elford," shouted that hilarious person, smartly slapping Charles on the shoulder. "Eh! Charles, didn't think to see me here, I'll warrant you! Got to your place an hour ago. Marianne played slyboots, so told her I would find you out, be dressed in what you might—and I have been as good as my word. Ecod! I think I look as like Harry the Eighth, as you look like a friar! eh?—ha, ha!"

Charles replied with suitable smartness to the banter of his excellent relative, who certainly looked the royal polygamist and wife-killer to admiration—as far as bulk went. He then turned round to introduce him to his late companion; but that valuable and satire-loving gentleman was nowhere to be seen.

"Sorry for it, too," thought Charles, "but I suppose that's one of the many *agrémens* of a masked ball in the country; not above one rational companion in the room, and be lost in the crowd."

Leaving Charles to wend his way home with his jocund relative, who soon grew weary of the heat and noise of the party, we must follow for a few moments the stranger who had been Charles's cicerone among the curiosities imported from London by Mrs. General Melville.

On hearing the boisterous salutation of Mr. George Elford, the person in question made his way towards the door, and speedily reached the lawn. Crossing this with a rapid but measured step, he paused for an instant beside a clump of evergreens; took off his mask and *sombrero*, and threw them far within the shade of the shrubs; donned a travelling cap, which he drew from beneath his cloak, and hastened towards the village, at the sole hostelry of which he reclaimed his horse, mounted, and galloped towards London.

As he rode, he literally "thought aloud:" and we shall take the liberty to lay his self-communings before our readers.

"A devilish good joke this is!" said he; "only if one were to put it in a romance, half the critics would censure it as improbable. *Le vrai* N'EST *pas toujours le vraisemblable!* The very man I the most desired to get speech of, to be my patient auditor for a good "hour by Shrewsbury clock;" and I to be on the very point of asking him to point me out himself! Capital i' faith! So this, then, is the male lady Bountiful who traverses me. This is the worthy who prates like a parson, and gives money like a fool, as he is, to keep a certain set of peasants from getting hung, shot, or transported. Admire his benevolence, and so forth, I suppose I must; but may I be as stupid as himself if I wish to imitate it. He is surely—surely doomed. To cross me thus doubly—not only to play the marplot where I wished hunger to do the work upon the peasant knaves, whom only hunger could rouse to what, in truth, I now care little about; for I can now serve my own turn without caring what fools are out or what knaves are in; not only to cross me there, but also to—'but that way madness lies.'"

And as he spoke, he dashed his spurs to the very rowels into his fleet horse, and galloped at a rate which might fairly enough have been taken for an indication of madness on the part of horse, or rider, or both.

Perhaps we shall best explain his allusions to the "lady bountiful" propensities of Charles, by going back a few weeks in the order of our narrative; leaving our furious rider to gallop and exclaim, *tout seul;* or, as a long-defunct royal duke once expressed the same thing, "with nobody with him but himself."

The time of which we write was one of great and violent political agitation. The poor accused the rich of heartless selfishness and oppression; while the rich accused the poor of unreasonable impatience and unjustifiable violence. As is commonly the case in all criminations and recriminations, there was a great deal of truth and a great deal of falsehood on both sides.

Then, as now, much of the distress of the poor was self-caused. Many of their demands were unreasonable, and many of their own or their leaders' complaints were false in fact, and preposterously violent in language; and then, as now, the aristocracy was abused and execrated in the mass, though many, if not all the members, of it were active and liberal in relieving the wants of those who were calumniating them. But though individually the aristocracy, with but few exceptions, and

> "Where is the palace so fair,
> Whereinto foul things sometimes intrude not?"

were prompt to relieve individual want, there was just at that particular time but too much truth in the accusation brought against it, of causing in the mass much of the distress which it relieved in detail.

On the other hand, the loudest in complaining of the evil tendency of the state measures of that period, were precisely those persons whose vices and follies would have rendered the very wisest and most benevolent measures of comparatively small effect in producing general prosperity and general happiness.

We must here, as on a former occasion, remind our readers that the state of things of which we speak existed a long time ago. All parties in the state are wise now! And yet even now it may not be amiss to remark, that in a country where life and liberty are protected against the will of despot anger, and where property—even admitting that our taxation is neither light nor judiciously imposed—is protected against despot avarice—individuals have much more, and government much less, to do with the general prosperity or adversity than those who eat and drink by declaiming against state measures—but never honestly tell their readers how much the people oppress themselves by sundry vices and divers follies—would be at all delighted that the said people should comprehend.

Thus much we have ventured to say in all honesty of well-wishing to all ranks and conditions of our compatriots; but we will now give politics a wide berth, and return to our proper affair of tale-telling.

In the neighbourhood of Stock the distress of the times had pressed upon the poor with a comparatively lenient hand during the earlier part of an extremely inclement winter; and the at once humane and politic conduct of the wealthier residents thereabouts, had prevented poverty from sinking to that extremity which produces, and to ignorant minds seems to justify, desperation.

The at once natural and happy consequence was, that while other villages and towns not far distant from Stock were in a state not far from actual insurrection, the poor of that village were peaceable and contented, and their wealthier neighbours secure and tranquil.

Truly as forcibly has one of the ablest writers of the present century[*] described the superiority, in opportunity to obtain the love of his inferiors, of the country gentleman, to the resident in large towns. And even Charles, though his fortune was very far from plethoric, was a proof of the truth which the accomplished author alluded to has so eloquently enforced. Charles's means were comparatively small, it is true; but his judicious employment of them, his unwearied activity, and, above all, the obvious sincerity of his sympathy, and genuineness of his benevolence, speedily won him the respect and gratitude of his poorer neighbours; and from his own village his name and character were borne to many of the surrounding ones.

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[*] The Author of "England and the English."

In one of these latter there was a knot of asinine and self-sufficient boobies of a kind too common in all times and in all countries; fellows, namely, who added the stupidity of the ass to the wilfulness of the mule, were as tricksy and restless as small apes, but not half so amusing; and who, as if in sheer despair of being sufficiently mischievous in their individual capacity, had formed themselves into a society for regulating the affairs of their parish.

But for the mischief the worthies of this stamp contrive to perpetrate, their inconsistency would be infinitely ludicrous. Is one of them a farmer? He would see the foe upon the coast, the pope in Lambeth palace, and the devil upon the throne, rather than he would have sixpence an acre added to his taxes, or a farthing in twenty pounds added to his tithes. Is the meddling body a tradesman? Though war should desolate the continent and beggar his own land, if the effect of that war be to add a penny per hundred weight to any of the adulterated rubbish of which he luckily happens to have a large stock, he would pray—if he did not happen to have forgotten how to pray—for a perpetuity of slaughter and fire to foreigners, bankruptcy and beggary to his compatriots, and sevenpenny instead of sixpenny profits to himself, his corpulent wife, and his bandy-legged brats. But if the inferiors—inferior as to property I mean—if these people wax dissatisfied, who, O God, who of all thy fierce, proud, stony-hearted, and most ignorant and ingrate creatures, are more wrathful or more merciless than these petty despots, who, in their paltry greed for the gain they have neither sense nor spirit to enjoy, scowl askance on all who are above them, and trample with a fiend's malignity on all who are beneath them!

One of the most sweeping laws ever enacted since the reign of the eighth Harry, has altered the whole system of our provision for the poor; and it would, therefore, not be worth while to inquire whether the loquacious gentry, who so loudly complained of the old poor law, ever took the trouble to ascertain how much of the immense sums levied under the name of poor-rates was properly and improperly devoted to the actual use of paupers; how much was applied to purposes of quite a different nature, though perfectly legitimate and indisputably useful in themselves, and which must now be provided for under their own proper names; and how much was embezzled by various functionaries in the various shapes of malt, meal, and hard cash.

To inquire about this would be now of no avail; the alteration is made, and so made as to render the expense of the pauper part of the population light enough, in all conscience, except in the articles of commissioners, coroners' inquests, coffins, and burial fees!

But at the time of which I speak, the poverty which resulted from neither crime nor idleness was accounted no sin; and it was not thought necessary towards preserving the independence of the peasant to expend two shillings in supporting him in the confinement and discomfort of the workhouse, rather than aid him with one shilling in the privacy and time-hallowed comfort of his humble but precious home.

The little self-constituted junto, to which we have alluded as taking upon itself the dictation in the affairs of its parish, learned with equal indignation and alarm that in an adjoining hamlet some desperate villain had resorted to the truly, and under any conceivable circumstances, hateful, and dastardly, and devilish crime of arson. Some of the inhabitants of the parish in which our junto was lord paramount had aided, at the expense of severe bodily injury, in extinguishing the flames. But our junto were all for 'vigorous measures;' and, lest their own hitherto peaceable, and, on the occasion of the fire, active, and honourably useful parishioners should imitate their villanous neighbours, they wisely and benevolently stopped all parochial allowance.

The consequence was an alarming riot; and it was on this occasion that Charles, whose good offices in his own village had obtained him a very enviable reputation and influence far around it, exerted himself so wisely, alternately with the rulers and the ruled, counselling the ignorant, reproving the froward, aiding the really and excessively distressed, and conciliating all, that he restored peace to the little community, and defeated the designs of those who hoped to see perpetuated animosity and increased violence, and who entertained this demoniac hope in the mere wantonness of party spirit, or from the still baser motive—hope of personal advantage.

That Charles had very completely baffled the hopes and very deeply excited the hate of, at least, one person by the conduct which had both deserved and gained the love and confidence of others, and by which he had earned that self-approval which is so much dearer and more important than fame, however extended, and than public applause, however sincere and vehement, the soliloquy of his companion at the masked ball has already informed our readers. To the prior and subsequent doings of the worthy gentlemen in question we must now turn our attention, leaving Charles for a time to pursue the even tenor of his useful and happy, though unostentatious way of life, unespied upon and unchronicled.

(To be continued.)

We offer the following poems for the judgment of our readers. We assure them that they are truly and solely the production of an artisan in the very humblest walks of humble life. We shall only remark upon them, that they seem dictated by an unquenchable, inexpressible enthusiasm for the true, and the beautiful, which, considered rightly, will be always found to be true. Intense, indeed, must be the fire of that inspiration, that will burn so brightly, hitherto unfostered by the world's approbation, (for praise is almost the breath of life to the poet,) and secretly cherished amidst penury and privation. In our opinion of the excellence of these verses, we are not singular; for they have been shown to, and excited the admiration of, one of the brightest geniuses of the age. We hope that our friends will not do us the injustice to think that this is a mercenary puff, or that we have inserted these lines from any other but the most disinterested motives, or if interested, only from the interest we take in advancing talent wherever it may be found.

THE ABSENT POET TO HIS MISTRESS.

When underneath thy lidded eyes
Young Morning 'gins to peer,
As wondering why thou dost not rise,
Awaking, turn they here?

Thy dreams then striving to recall,
If they all pleasant were;
Sweet, art thou vexed, if 'midst them all,
Thy minstrel is not there?

Or seeking in the fervent noon,
Some tree-enshaded spot,
Where Nature, with her bee-like tune,
Singeth her happy lot,

In tones as gentle, fond, heart-deep
As thine, dear love, to me,
When lying on some grassy steep,
My head upon thy knee,

I've heard them murmuring in my ear,
Oft dying in a kiss:
Ah! now that I'm no longer there,
Rememberest thou all this?

When shepherd Night in-folds once more
His flocks that scattered be,
His sleepless eyes still watching o'er,
With love's own constancy;

When heads, like flowers, begin to fail,
And lids sweet eyes to cover,
When dreamy influences prevail,
And guardian angels hover

O'er loving spirits such as thine;
(In love the germ they see
Of being, like their own, divine,
And hence their sympathy;)

When putting off thy worldly dress
From body and from mind,
Until in their own loveliness
Alone they are enshrined;

Thou nestlest in thy bed of snow,
Ah! as thy last thoughts flee;
Does one, the latest, upward go,
And die in prayers for me?

J. S.

THE POOR MAN'S MAY.

Sweet May! they tell me thou art come,
Ah, no! not come to me;
Who may not spare a single hour,
Sweet May! to welcome thee.

God knows how hard I've worked this week
To earn my children bread,
And see—we have an empty board,—
My children are unfed.

And art thou still the same sweet May
That I did love so well,
When humming like a happy bee
Along thy primrose dell,

I thought, O! what a lovely world
Is this dear God has given;
And wondered any one should seek
For any other heaven?

Then hawthorn buds are come again,
And apple-blossoms too,
And all the idle happy birds,
May sing the long day through.

The old green lane awakes once more,
And looks, perhaps, for me,
Alas! green lane, my heart may die,
I cannot come to thee.

J. S.

SONG.

Oh! can I forget, as I bend o'er my loom,
So many long hours in this dark, stifling room,
My boyhood's sweet time when I roamed all the day,
Untamedly glad as a bird in its play?

Oh! can I forget, when my own darling wife
Is soothing her hungry ones, calming their strife,
Her tears rolling down as she thinks of their fate,
How fair and light-hearted her maidenly state?

Oh! can I forget with what joy and what pride
I saw in the future a happy fire-side,
Where our old age should rest in the cradle of home,
Where, when Christmas was merry, our children should come?

Alas! for the boyhood for ever departed;
Alas! for the maiden so fair and light-hearted;
Alas! for the home ad the happy ones nigh;
God help us! we live but to toil and to die.

J. S.

SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXIX.

In which Jemmy Ducks proves the truth of Moggy's assertion, that there was no one like him before or since—Nancy and Jemmy serenade the stars.

As soon as Moggy landed at the Point with her dear darling duck of a husband, as she called him, she put his chest and hammock on a barrow and had them wheeled up to her own lodgings, and then they went out to call upon Nancy Corbett to make their future arrangements; Moggy proceeding in rapid strides, and Jemmy trotting with his diminutive legs behind her, something like a stout pony by the side of a large horse. It was in pedestrianism that Jemmy most felt his inferiority, and the protecting, fond way in which Moggy would turn round every minute and say, "Come along, my duck," would have been irritating to any other but one of Jemmy's excellent temper. Many looked at Jemmy as he waddled along, smiled and passed on; one unfortunate nymph, however, ventured to stop, and putting her arms a-kimbo, looked down upon him and exclaimed, "Vell, you are a nice little man," and then commenced singing the old refrain—

"I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum,"

when Moggy, who had turned back, saluted her with such a box on the ear that she made the drum of it ring again. The young lady was not one of those who would offer the other cheek to be smitten, and she immediately flew at Moggy and returned the blow; but Jemmy, who liked quiet, caught her round the legs, and, as if she had been a feather, threw her over his head, so that she fell down in the gutter behind him with a violence which was anything but agreeable. She gained her legs again, looked at her soiled garments, scraped the mud off her cheek—we are sorry to add, made use of some very improper language, and finding herself in the minority, walked off, turning round and shaking her fist at every twenty paces.

Moggy and her husband continued their course as if nothing had happened, and arrived at the house of Nancy Corbett, who had, as may be supposed, changed her lodgings and kept out of sight of Vanslyperken. Nancy was no stranger to Jemmy Ducks; so far as his person went he was too remarkable a character not to be known by her who knew almost everybody; and, moreover, she had made sufficient inquiries about his character. The trio at once proceeded to business:

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[1] Continued from page 12.

Jemmy had promised his wife to join the smugglers, and it was now arranged, that both he and his wife should be regularly enlisted in the gang, she to remain at the cave with the women, unless her services were required elsewhere, he to belong to the boat. There was, however, one necessary preliminary still to be taken, that of Jemmy and his wife both taking the oath of fidelity at the house of the Jew Lazarus; but it was not advisable to go there before dusk, so they remained with Nancy till that time, during which she was fully satisfied that in both parties the band would have an acquisition, for Nancy was very keen and penetrating, and had a great insight into human nature.

At dusk, to the house of Lazarus they accordingly repaired, and were admitted by the cautious Jew. Nancy stated why they had come, and there being at the time several of the confederates, as usual, in the house, they were summoned by the Jew to be witnesses to the oath being administered. Half-a-dozen dark-looking, bold men soon made their appearance, and recognised Nancy by nods of their heads.

"Who have we here, old Father Abraham?" exclaimed a stout man, who was dressed in a buff jerkin and a pair of boots which rose above his knees.

"A good man and true," replied Nancy, taking up the answer.

"Why, you don't call that thing a man!" exclaimed the fierce-looking confederate with contempt.

"As good a man as ever stood in your boots," replied Moggy in wrath.

"Indeed: well, perhaps so, if he could only see his way when once into them," replied the man with a loud laugh, in which he was joined by his companions.

"What can you do, my little man?" said another of a slighter build than the first, coming forward and putting his hand upon Jemmy's head.

Now Jemmy was the best-tempered fellow in the world, but, at the same time, the very best-tempered people have limits to their forbearance, and do not like to be taken liberties with by strangers: so felt Jemmy, who, seizing the young man firmly by the waistband of his trousers just below the hips, lifted him from the ground, and with a strength which astonished all present, threw him clean over the table, his body sweeping away both the candles, so they were all left in darkness.

"I can douse a glim any how," cried Jemmy.

"That's my darling duck," cried Moggy, delighted with this proof of her husband's vigour.

Some confusion was created by this manœuvre on the part of Jemmy, but candles were re-produced, and the first man who spoke, feeling as if this victory on the part of Jemmy was a rebuke to himself, again commenced his interrogations.

"Well, my little man, you are strong in the arms, but what will you do without legs?"

"Not run away, as you have done a hundred times," replied Jemmy, scornfully.

"Now by the God of War you shall answer for this," replied the man, catching hold of Jemmy by the collar; but in a moment he was tripped up by Jemmy, and fell down with great violence on his back.

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed the rest, who took part with Jemmy.

"That's my own little duck," cried Moggy; "you've shown him what you can do, any how."

The man rose, and was apparently feeling for some arms secreted about his person, when Nancy Corbett stepped forward.

"Do you dare?" cried she; "take what you have received, and be thankful, or—" and Nancy held up her little forefinger.

The man slunk back among the others in silence. The old Jew, who had not interfered, being in presence of Nancy, who had superior commands, now read the oath, which was of a nature not to be communicated to the reader without creating disgust. It was, however, such an oath as was taken in those times, and has since been frequently taken in Ireland. It was subscribed to by Jemmy and his wife without hesitation, and they were immediately enrolled among the members of the association. As soon as this ceremony had been gone through, Nancy and her protegées quitted the house and returned to her lodgings, when it was agreed that the next night they should go over to the island, as Jemmy's services were required in the boat in lieu of Ramsay, whose place as steersman he was admirably qualified to occupy, much better, indeed, than that of a rower, as his legs were too short to reach the stretcher, where it was usually fixed.

The next evening the weather was calm and clear, and when they embarked in the boat of the old fisherman, with but a small portion of their effects, the surface of the water was unruffled, and the stars twinkled brightly in the heavens; one article which Jemmy never parted with, was in his hand, his fiddle. They all took their seats, and the old fisherman shoved off his boat, and they were soon swept out of the harbour by the strong ebb tide.

"An't this better than being on board with Vanslyperken, and your leave stopped?" observed Moggy.

"Yes," replied the husband.

"And I not permitted to go on board to see my duck of a husband —confound his snivelling carcase?" continued Moggy.

"Yes," replied Jemmy, thoughtfully.

"And in company with that supernatural cur of his?"

Jemmy nodded his head, and then in his abstraction touched the strings of his violin.

"They say that you are clever with your instrument, Mr. Salisbury," observed Nancy Corbett.

"That he is," replied Moggy; "and he sings like a darling duck. Don't you, Jemmy, my dear?"

"Quack, quack," replied Jemmy.

"Well, Mr. Salisbury, there's no boat that I can see near us, or even in sight; and if there was it were little matter. I suppose you will let me hear you, for I shall have little opportunity after this?"

"With all my heart," replied Jemmy; who, taking up his fiddle, and playing upon the strings like a guitar, after a little reflection sang as follows:—

Bless my eyes, how young Bill threw his shiners away,
As he drank and he danced, when he first came on shore,
It was clear that he fancied that with his year's pay,
Like the Bank of Old England, he'd never be poor.
So when the next day, with a southerly wind in
His pockets, he came up, my rhino to borrow;
"You're welcome," says I, "Bill, as I forked out the tin,
But when larking to-day—*don't forget there's to-morrow.*"

When our frigate came to from a cruise in the west,
And her yards were all squared, her sails neatly furled,
Young Tom clasped his Nancy so loved to his breast,
As if but themselves there was none in the world.
Between two of the guns they were fondly at play,
All billing and kissing, forgetting all sorrow;
"Love, like cash," says I, "Nan, may all go in a day,
While you hug him so close—*don't forget there's to-morrow.*"

When a hurricane swept us smack smooth fore and aft,
When we dashed on the rock, and we floundered on shore,
As we sighed for the loss of our beautiful craft,
Convinced that the like we should never see more,
Says I, "My good fellows," as huddled together,
They shivered and shook, each phiz black with sorrow,
"Remember, it's not to be always foul weather,
So with ill-luck to-day, *don't forget there's to-morrow!*"

"And not a bad hint, neither, Mr. Salisbury," said Nancy, when Jemmy ceased. "You sailors never think of to-morrow, more's the pity. You're no better than overgrown babies."

"I'm not much better, at all events," replied Jemmy, laughing: "however, I'm as God made me, and so all's right."

"That's my own darling Jemmy," said Moggy; "and if you're content, and I'm content, who is to say a word, I should like to know? You may be a rum one to look at, but I think them fellows found you but a rum customer the other night."

"Don't put so much rum in your discourse, Moggy, you make me long for a glass of grog."

"Then your mouth will find the water," rejoined Nancy; "but however, singing is dry work, and I am provided. Pass my basket aft, old gentleman, and we will find Mr. Salisbury something to whet his whistle." The boatman handed the basket to Nancy, who pulled out a bottle and glass, which she filled, and handed to Jemmy.

"Now, Mr. Salisbury, I expect some more songs," said Nancy.

"And you shall have them, mistress; but I've heard say that you've a good pipe of your own; suppose that you give me one in return, that will be but fair play."

"Not exactly, for you'll have the grog in the bargain," replied Nancy.

"Put my fiddle against the grog, and then all's square."

"I have not sung for many a day," replied Nancy, musing, and looking up at the bright twinkling stars. "I once sang, when I was young—and happy—I then sang all the day long; that was really singing, for it came from the merriness of my heart;" and Nancy paused. "Yes, I have sung since, and often, for they made me sing; but 'twas when my heart was heavy—or when its load had been for a time forgotten and drowned in wine. That was not singing, at least not the singing of bygone days."

"But those times are bygone, too, Mistress Nancy," said Moggy; "you have now your marriage lines, and are made an honest woman."

"Yes, and God keep me so, amen," replied Nancy mournfully.

Had not the night concealed it, a tear might have been seen by the others in the boat to trickle down the cheek of Nancy Corbett, as she was reminded of her former life, and as she again fixed her eyes upon the brilliant heavens. Each particular star appeared to twinkle brighter, as if they rejoiced to witness tears like those.

"You must be light o'heart now, Mistress Nancy," observed Jemmy, soothingly.

"I am not unhappy," replied she, resting her cheek upon her hand.

"Mistress Nancy," said Moggy, "I should think a little of that stuff would do neither of us any harm; the night is rather bleak."

Moggy poured out a glass and handed it to Nancy: she drank it, and it saved her from a flood of tears, which otherwise she would have been unable to repress. In a minute or two, during which Moggy helped herself and the old boatman, Nancy's spirits returned.

"Do you know this air?" said Nancy to Jemmy, humming it.

"Yes, yes, I know it well, mistress Nancy. Will you sing to it?"

Nancy Corbett, who had been celebrated once for her sweet singing as well as her beauty, immediately commenced in a soft and melodious tone, while Jemmy touched his fiddle.

Lost, stolen, or strayed,
The heart of a young maid;
Whoever the same shall find,
And prove so very kind,
To yield it on desire,
They shall rewarded be,
And that most handsomely,
With kisses one, two, three.
    Cupid is the crier,
    Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
    Cupid is the crier.

O yes! O yes! O yes!
Here is a pretty mess,
A maiden's heart is gone,
And she is left forlorn,
And panting with desire;
Whoever shall bring it me,
They shall rewarded be
With kisses one, two, three.
    Cupid is the crier,
    Ring-a-ding, a-ding,
    Cupid is the crier

'Twas lost on Sunday eve,
Or taken without leave,
A virgin's heart so pure,
She can't the loss endure,
And surely will expire;
Pity her misery.
Rewarded you shall be,
With kisses one, two, three.
    Cupid is the crier,
    Ring-a-ding, a-ding.
    Cupid is the crier.

The maiden sought around,
It was not to be found,
She searched each nook and dell,
The haunts she loved so well,
All anxious with desire;
The wind blew ope his vest,
When, lo! the toy in quest,
She found within the breast
    Of Cupid, the false crier,
    Ring-a-ding, a-ding-a-ding,
    Cupid the false crier.

"Many thanks, Mistress Corbett, for a good song, sung in good tune, with a sweet voice," said Jemmy. "I owe you one for that, and am ready to pay you on demand. You've a pipe like a missel thrush."

"Well, I do believe that I shall begin to sing again," replied Nancy. "I'm sure if Corbett was only once settled on shore in a nice little cottage, with a garden, and a blackbird in a wicker cage, I should try who could sing most, the bird or me."

"He will be by-and-bye, when his work is done."

"Yes, when it is; but open boats, stormy seas, and the halter, are heavy odds, Mr. Salisbury."

"Don't mention the halter, Mistress Nancy, you'll make me melancholy," replied Jemmy, "and I sha'n't be able to sing any more. Well, if they want to hang me, they need not rig the yard-arm, three handspikes as sheers, and I shouldn't find soundings, heh! Moggy?"

Nancy laughed at the ludicrous idea; but Moggy exclaimed with vehemence, "Hang my Jemmy! my darling duck! I should like to see them."

"At all events, we'll have another song from him, Moggy, before they spoil his windpipe, which, I must say, would be a great pity; but, Moggy, there have been better men hung than your husband."

"Better men than my Jemmy, Mrs. Corbett! There never was one like him afore or since;" replied Moggy, with indignation.

"I only meant of longer pedigree, Moggy," replied Nancy, soothingly.

"I don't know what that is," replied Moggy, still angry.

"Longer legs to be sure," replied Jemmy. "Never mind that, Moggy. Here goes, a song in two parts. It's a pity, Mistress Nancy, that you couldn't take one."

"When will you give up this life of wild roving?
When shall we be quiet and happy on shore?
When will you to church lead your Susan, so loving,
And sail on the treacherous billows no more?"

"My ship is my wife, Sue, no other I covet,
Till I draw the firm splice that's betwixt her and me;
I'll roam on the ocean, for much do I love it—
To wed with another were rank bigamy."

"O William, what nonsense you talk, you are raving,
Pray how can a ship and a man become one?
You say so because you no longer are craving,
As once you were truly—and I am undone."

"You wrong me, my dearest, as sure as I stand here,
As sure as I'll sail again on the wide sea;
Some day I will settle, and marry with you, dear,
But now t'would be nothing but rank bigamy."

"Then tell me the time, dear William, whenever
Your Sue may expect this divorce to be made;
When you'll surely be mine, when no object shall sever,
But locked in your arms I'm no longer afraid."

"The time it will be when my pockets are lined,
I'll then draw the splice 'tween my vessel and me,
And lead you to church, if you're still so inclined—
But before, my dear Sue, 'twere rank bigamy."

"Thank you, Mr. Salisbury. I like the moral of that song; a sailor never should marry till he can settle on shore."

"What's the meaning of big-a-me?" said Moggy.

"Marrying two husbands or two wives, Mrs. Salisbury. Perhaps you might get off on the plea that you had only one and a half," continued Nancy, laughing.

"Well, perhaps she might," replied Jemmy, "if he were a judge of understanding."

"I should think, Mistress Nancy, you might as well leave my husband's legs alone," observed Moggy, affronted.

"Lord bless you, Moggy, if he's not angry, you surely should not be; I give a joke, and I can take one. You surely are not jealous?"

"Indeed I am though, and always shall be of any one who plays with my Jemmy."

"Or if he plays with anything else?

"Yes, indeed."

"Yes, indeed! then you must be downright jealous of his fiddle, Moggy," replied Nancy; "but never mind, you sha'n't be jealous now about nothing. I'll sing you a song, and then you'll forget all this." Nancy Corbett then sang as follows:—

Fond Mary sat on Henry's knee,
"I must be home exact," said he,
And see, the hour is come."
"No, Henry, you shall never go
Until me how to count you show,
That task must first be done."

Then Harry said, "As time is short,
Addition you must first be taught;—
Sum up these kisses sweet;
Now prove your sum by kissing me:—
Yes, that is right, 'twas three times three;—
Arithmetic's a treat.

"And now there is another term,
Subtraction you have yet to learn:
Take four away from these."
"Yes, that is right, you've made it out,"
Says Mary, with a pretty pout,
"Subtraction don't me please."

Division's next upon the list;
Young Henry taught while Mary kissed,
And much admired the rule;
"Now, Henry, don't you think me quick?"
"Why, yes, indeed, you've learned the trick;
At kissing you're no fool."

To multiply was next the game,
Which Henry by the method same,
To Mary fain would show;
But here her patience was worn out,
She multiplied too fast I doubt,
He could no farther go.

"And now we must leave off, my dear;
The rule of three is not so clear:—
We'll try at that to-night;"
"And that's a rule I long to know,
It leads to a result, I trow—
I'll learn it with delight.

"So come at eve, my Henry sweet;
Behind the hawthorn hedge we'll meet,
And then you soon shall see
I've not forgotten what you've taught,
And that you, Mary 'll set at nought
The golden rule of three."

"That's a very pretty song, Mistress Corbett, and you've a nice collection, I've no doubt. If you've no objection, I'll exchange another with you."

"I should be most willing, Mr. Salisbury; but we are now getting well over, and we may as well be quiet, as I do not wish people to ask where we are going."

"You're right, ma'am," observed the old fisherman, who pulled the boat. "Put up your fiddle, master; there be plenty on the look out, without our giving them notice."

"Very true," replied Jemmy, "so we break up our concert."

The whole party were now silent. In a quarter of an hour the boat was run into a cut, which concealed it from view; and, as soon as the fisherman had looked round to see the coast clear, they landed and made haste to pass by the cottages; after that Nancy slackened her pace, and they walked during the night over to the other side of the island, and arrived at the cottages above the cave.

Here they left a portion of their burdens, and then proceeded to the path down the cliff which led to the cave. On Nancy giving the signal, the ladder was lowered, and they were admitted. As soon as they were upon the flat, Moggy embraced her husband, crying, "Here I have you, my own dear Jemmy, all to myself, and safe for ever."

(To be continued.)

THE MERRY HARP.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

THE merry harp rings through the ha',
  The goblet flows wi' wine,
And brows as white as mountain snaw
  Wi' plume and helmet shine.
But I wad turn frae bard and knight
  To ane mair dear to me,
And watch beneath a caulder light
  My Allan's face to see.

What time the bonnie moon is up
  And lights the silver Dee,
When fairies pree the gowden cup
  In glen and greenwood free;
Then stealing frae the castle walls
  The broomy wilds amang,
I wander 'mid the dew that falls,
  To hear my Allan's sang.

Though Gordon Castle lifts its head
  Sae proudly to the sky,
And lordly ones wi' me wad wed,
  Frae them and a' I'll fly.
Let greatness woo in halls o' pride,
  And fan its feeble flame,
I'd rather be my Allan's bride
  Than Scotland's proudest dame.

THE POLICY OF INSOLVENT DEBTORS' LAWS.

" In a prison, the awe of the public eye is lost, and the power of the law is spent; there are few fears, and there are no blushes."—Dr. Johnson.

The defects of the present system of dealing with debtors, who are unable to pay, have, for some time, been the subject of complaint; and, we believe, not without reason.

We do not propose to excite the sympathies of the reader, by detailing the misery to which *imprisonment for debt* annually brings hundreds of the families of our fellow-countrymen: we feel for them—we pity them; but we are bound to say, that we think it is safe to state as a general rule, (subject to only a moderate number of exceptions,) that there is so much misconduct implied, or to be fairly inferred, in the case of a person indebted beyond his means of payment, that some punishment is deserved by the insolvent, and is required for the safeguard of the community; and we know of no punishment for the head, which can fail to afflict the dependent members of the family. But the present system is anything but a proper mode of punishment. It is not beneficial to the creditor; for the prisoner for debt is an idle man, doing nothing towards repairing the injury, though it is susceptible of compensation. It falls with gross inequality upon the debtors; insomuch that to some it brings the very deepest wretchedness, while others (and those usually the most culpable) are nearly careless of its infliction. And it produces much real evil which might be avoided; for it brings the novice, and oftentimes the simple-hearted, into an association from which he can scarcely retire uninjured: in truth, the mere collection of such persons together induces a hardihood and relentlessness, ill calculated to prepare for a return to virtuous and active life.

We are aware, however, that it is often said, that imprisonment for debt is resorted to, in order to compel payment rather than to punish; and we suppose, that the doctrine, that the debtor is paying in person under a *capias ad* SATISFACIENDUM, will (in spite of the words) be thrown to the winds, now that we are distributing the fifteen millions to prove our adherence to the principle that man cannot have property in man. But it is altogether a mistake to suppose that imprisonment is the best means of procuring payment from an unprincipled debtor. The law must be weak indeed, if this be its strongest arm to reach the pocket. It is well known, that there is now living, within the rules of one of our metropolitan prisons, an individual of ample fortune, who refuses to pay some large debts, notwithstanding judgment has been obtained against him by the creditor; he has placed his property in securities which the law does not take in execution; he is not a trader, and the only remedy left is to keep him in prison. How little like the often-pitied prisoner he lives may be judged of from the fact, that he has thrown three houses into one, to make a sufficiently commodious residence for himself and his establishment. We hold this to be setting the law at defiance; this man is above the law; it is a perversion of terms, it is putting the means in the place of the end, to say, that the law is master because it has him in custody; *he* is master, for the law is unable to make him comply with its judgment. There was a similar case in the sister establishment to that now alluded to; the individual in question had resisted the debt by legal means, and when a verdict and judgment had passed against him, he still took the liberty of differing from the arbiters appointed by the state, his Majesty's Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, and the consequence was, we believe, that the creditor lost his money; for if we are not mistaken, the large property really left by him, when he died in 1835, after nearly twenty years' imprisonment in the Fleet, had been apparently so completely parted with in his lifetime, that the creditor was unable to follow it. And in these, the principal prisons of our country, there are scores who are, as it is termed, their own prisoners, who are either unwilling to part with their money to pay their debts, or (more frequently) who have learnt to earn more in prison than they could out of it, and on whom, therefore, imprisonment, as a means to induce payment, is utterly thrown away. In fact, we believe that the number of cases is very limited, in which imprisonment, or the fear of it, operates beneficially; in the majority of instances it is avoided, indeed, and postponed by every possible expedient; but the result of such a course is usually found to be, that that which should have gone to the creditor, has been wasted by the ruinous help of money-lenders.

If we now pass to the *Insolvent Debtors' Court*, we shall find it an extremely defective tribunal. It has never presented the facilities for cheap investigation and inquiry, from time to time, which the bankruptcy system provides in the case of commercial insolvency; a justification of it was attempted by Mr. Serjeant Stephen, in his very able Supplement to the Common Law Commissioners' Report on Arrest for Debt: he insisted, that the Insolvent Debtors' Court should not be complained of on this head, because it is not a court for the collection and distribution of assets, but a court for the discharge of the person; but we conceive, that what he says it is not, is just what it ought to be; for when the law deprives the creditor of the power of seizing the assets under a judgment, it ought to provide for their being got in by some other power. But even viewed merely as a court of discharge, it is not an efficient tribunal. It has wrapped itself in technical distinctions, not easily perceived by a tradesman of sound common sense, and yet soon taught to the debtor, when his difficulties have brought him into contact with attorneys, and other more "un-respectable" persons connected with this court; and these distinctions, when known, make it easy to evade much of the punishment which the law designed. Hence the court is seen punishing offences almost unintentional, and letting go real delinquents. A number of these cases were collected, two years ago, by a baronet, thrown for a short time into the Fleet Prison, through embarrassments arising chiefly from his imprudent indulgence in scientific experiments; but he unexpectedly obtained his discharge, and, we believe, retired to the "refuge" across the channel, and has never communicated his note-book to the world. If the debtor can lure the creditor into a treaty, upon the footing of his consciousness of obligation to pay his particular debt, and can induce the creditor to negotiate respecting the mode and time of paying it after he shall have been discharged, it is called a fraud on the court, and that creditor's opposition is not to be heard, if the proposed arrangement goes off; though a tradesman, naturally looking at it as a mere question of debt between two individuals, cannot easily perceive the nature of his offence. Nay, if, when there is no thought of resorting to the Insolvent Debtors' Court, the creditor should take a warrant of attorney or cognovit from his debtor, in order to get a judgment without the cost of an action, it is deemed by this court an agreement between them, and if the debtor afterwards have recourse to that outlet from his difficulties, the creditor is held to have waived all complaint of misconduct, on the debtor's part, in the mode of contracting the debt—an implied condonation almost always unsupported by its existence in fact. And, though this court can punish for a vexatious defence of an action, it has no such jurisdiction in the case of the vexatious bringing of an action, without any ground and to extort money: it is true, there is a power, contained in a clause termed the discretionary clause, to remand for six months without any particular cause of the punishment being assigned; but, we believe, the commissioners consider that to apply only to cases where a wrong has been done to the creditors generally, or a class of them, and not to cases of individual injury. Then, again, the remand, when pronounced, though obviously meant by way of punishment, and not as a means of compelling payment from a person whose property has been taken from him, is not a sentence of imprisonment, it is only a sentence of future liberation; the question of imprisonment meantime, or anticipated liberty, depends upon the proceedings of the detaining creditor, and if the insolvent can, by bail or by making terms with that creditor, obtain his liberty the day after a long remand has been pronounced, he is still, when the fixed period has arrived, protected by this statute; hence, persons sometimes take the benefit of the act, knowing they shall be remanded for a much longer time than they mean to stay in prison, but (as they term it) it reduces the number of creditors to be settled with. And, without enumerating more defects, this system has had the misfortune to be greatly misunderstood, from its complication, and from the circumstance of the few clauses which substantially concern the public being imbedded (we might say buried) in a mass of formal provisions, which might have been separated from them, and which, being mixed with them, perplex a layman's understanding. Thus few persons are aware, that, if an insolvent renew his debt to the creditor, the renewal is illegal, and the instrument void; and many have, by this means, purchased off opposition, or set at nought a remand, and then successfully resisted payment. Fewer still know, that after the discharge the debt still exists, and the creditor retains all remedies which are not taken away by the Insolvent Debtors' Act: hence a creditor may issue a fiat of bankruptcy against his debtor, years after the latter has taken the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act, and thus get at his future property;

for that act only prohibits the creditor from issuing execution on a judgment, or arresting the person of the debtor: this point was so decided by the late lords commissioners of the great seal; the debt inserted in the schedule is a good petitioning creditor's debt, until it has become barred by the statute of limitations; but this distinction, as to the remedy that is gone and the remedy that remains, is too subtle for a subject of this nature, on which the law should be easily understood and remembered.

To remedy these, and some few other defects in the law, a bill has been prepared, which has acquired the cognomen of *Sir John Campbell's bill*, and which consists of the moderate number of one hundred and seventy-three sections. We cannot say anything of its simplicity or plainness; it more than sustains the reputation of our statute-book for the want of these qualities. It comprises too many objects for one bill; the mind is confused by reading, first, alterations in the practice of the courts of law, by requiring defendants to give security to pay the debt and costs claimed, as a condition of leave to put the plaintiff to a trial; secondly, a series of additional powers against the property of debtors after judgment has been obtained, providing that, of whatever description it may be, it is to be assigned to and vested in the creditor until he is paid, and that the debtor may be examined from time to time respecting it; thirdly, provisions for the voluntary bankruptcy of any debtor, who declares himself unable to pay, and willing to surrender his property for equal distribution; fourthly, a list of cases, to be punished with imprisonment and hard labour, (namely, obtaining goods as for trading purposes, and making away with them, making away with property after action brought, concealing property, giving false accounts or statements when bankrupt, or altering books, and, lastly, absconding after judgment obtained, to avoid disclosing property,) with the reservation to courts of request of the right to imprison in such as they think cases of fraud; fifthly, the abolition of arrest, except where there is a judgment for *crim. con.*, seduction, breach of promise of marriage, libel, slander, malicious injury to the person or property of the plaintiff, or where the creditor swears to a belief that the debtor is about to abscond; sixthly, a provision that a creditor so swearing is to be bound to prove probable cause, if an action be brought against him for an unwarrantable arrest; seventhly, power to justices to detain the debtor, while the writ is being procured, if this oath is made by the creditor; eighthly, provision that the property of persons so arrested shall also be liable, but that they shall be discharged on giving it up; ninthly, the creation of new courts throughout the kingdom, for taking cognizance of these voluntary bankruptcies, and examining debtors after judgment; tenthly, the acceptance of a composition by seven-eighths of a man's creditors to bind the rest to take it; and, lastly, further provisions for the regulation of the proposed new courts. Instead of this 173-claused document, there should be three bills—one containing the provisions which are made for the greater security of the creditor, another those which are in ease of the debtor, with the connected exceptions, and a third creating the new courts. Indeed, this latter measure has no necessary connexion with this bill. The new courts, if created, would not have their jurisdiction bounded by these limits; they would doubtless supersede the country commissioners of bankrupt, try causes at present heard by the under-sheriff, and relieve or assist justices of the peace, in cases requiring technical legal knowledge; then surely it would prevent many doubts and questions, to give them their entire authority and commission in one bill. And the proposed act might be pruned in another way; no less than ninety-six sections of it are very absurdly occupied, by copying the greater part of the Bankrupt Act, word for word, substituting the term "petitioning debtor" for the term "bankrupt;" these ninety-six sections are what we have denominated the third branch of the act, and the whole effect of them is to provide that a "debtor," declaring himself insolvent, and willing to give up his property, may by "petition" be placed in the same situation as a bankrupt. Why, common sense teaches one, that the straightforward course is simply, in one section, to declare that any debtor fulfilling these conditions, shall thereby become and be "bankrupt," and be dealt with as such, and then all the bankrupt law, without this useless and perplexing repetition, would be applicable to his case. But softly; "what's in a name?" will not hold always; if that course had been taken, where would have appeared the necessity for the new courts? it would have been only sending the less important cases of insolvency to the present bankruptcy tribunals, and then perhaps parliament would have been disposed to try to mend the old authorities, before creating such expensive new ones; but, if so, what could be done with the gentlemen who expect the commissionerships of the sixty new courts at one thousand five hundred pounds a-year, and the registerships at seven hundred pounds? and if they should be quiet, there is another party concerned, that which would have to bestow them. True, true; we see the absolute necessity of the case; we were wrong—we submit.

But now, in addressing ourselves to this remedial measure, and passing from the mere question of the machinery by which it is to be worked, we will take occasion to lay before the reader what we deem to be the proper object of laws concerning insolvent debtors. We think they should embrace punishment for the past, present division of property, and future labour for the benefit of the creditor.

1.* *Punishment for the past.* We have said, that we think there should in general be some punishment, even for those who *cannot* pay; it has usually been misconduct that has brought them to that condition. But we do not think the punishment should be in the uncontrolled discretion of each creditor in his own case; experience has shown, that it is not only often abused by him, but always measured rather by his particular temperament, than by the actual desert of the debtor; so that one man will punish the merely unfortunate, while another will not give pain even to the fraudulent. Further, if imprisonment is to be the punishment, we conceive it ought not to be that state of idleness, which, under the present system, leads to all kinds of dissipation. For ourselves, we think it ought not to be imprisonment; we are friendly to a full abolition of imprisonment for debt; there are, as we observed at the outset, many evils in that particular punishment, and they are evils which may be avoided in others.

* If mere debt be a crime, the creditor is a *particeps criminis.*

On this head, we think Sir John Campbell's Bill is rather defective. For three or four particular crimes, as we have seen, the punishment is to be imprisonment and hard labour. Cases of general improvidence and wastefulness are in no respect distinguished by any punishment; if the debtor delivering up his property can obtain his certificate from three-fourths of his creditors, he is a new man. Now, probably, this is the best tribunal to which to leave such cases; but there may be instances of misconduct towards particular individuals whose debts are outweighed in obtaining the certificate. In this bill there is an exception from the abolition of arrest in instances where judgment has been obtained for damages for dissolute or malicious conduct, (to which are added, cases of trespass to the person or property of the plaintiff, though the right to adopt the particular remedy of trespass is by no means a good test of the nature of the transaction,) in these, the defendant may be imprisoned until he give up his property. But this provision does not seem meant so much for a punishment of these particular practices as for an increased power, in such cases, of getting at the present property of the individual; and we confess we do not see the use of the clauses, for it has been previously provided in the bill that, in all cases when judgment has been obtained, the debtor may be forcibly brought up, and compelled to disclose and part with his property, or go to prison.

We should like to see a provision that, in the cases excepted by Sir John, and in any others, whether of the like nature or not, which may seem to the commissioner to demand punishment, the certificate shall not be operative until the whole, or a particular dividend fixed by him, shall have been paid through the future exertions of the bankrupt. From his judgment we would give the right of appeal to one superior tribunal, but only to one.

2. *The present division of the debtor's property* is the next object of attention. Upon this subject, we approve in general of Sir John Campbell's Bill. It is very important to procure from debtors an early surrender of their property; the waste of it, from that which would entirely or nearly pay all their debts to that which will scarcely furnish a dividend, chiefly occurs after they have got into difficulties; it is then that resort is had to raising money at any sacrifice. Now, it will be remembered, that when Sir John's Bill (we mean the new version by the Lord Chancellor) was lately before the House of Lords, the Duke of Wellington urged that there would not be sufficient inducement to debtors to give up their property. We beg, with sincere respect to his Grace, to observe that, in the first place, we conceive there will be more inducement than in the existing insolvent laws, and, secondly and principally, that inducement is nearly out of the question, it must be compulsion. A man fancies he can, by this and that sacrifice, keep up his credit and weather the storm; it is then he cuts his property to pieces; this will be prevented by Sir John Campbell's Bill, which, in effect, compels him to become bankrupt the moment he is in difficulties, unless they are of such a nature that he can be sure to surmount them; for it provides for the transfer of his property to the judgment-creditor till he be paid, and it requires him to state what his property is, adding the penalty of imprisonment

and hard labour if he make away with any of it after action brought, or conceal, or falsely state it, or abscond to avoid discovering it.

But here, again, there is one point in which we wish to see the law altered, but which is omitted in this bill. We think, that, neither an execution nor a bankruptcy should take the necessary wearing apparel of the debtor and his family, nor their necessary household furniture and tools of trade; the question of the quantity which is deemed "necessary," to be decided, in the case of bankruptcy, by the commissioners,—in the case of an execution, by the sheriff. We hold this to be clearly reasonable, if due provision be made upon that subject to which we next pass.

3. *Future labour on the part of the debtor for the benefit of his creditors.* If a debtor be allowed to retain the necessary wearing apparel, household furniture, and tools of trade for himself and his family, we should say, that even bankruptcy ought not to leave him at liberty to acquire property without paying his old debts; he ought to be subject to periodical examination before the commissioner, and liable to have taken from him as much as can be spared of his future acquisitions till he have satisfied his creditors. There is an adventurous spirit in man that will not be crushed by this; leave him the comforts of home around him, and let him be free from arrest, and then hold out to him as the object of his legitimate and honourable ambition the payment of his debts in full. But this liability might be qualified in this way; if he can, on his bankruptcy, obtain his certificate (as now) from three-fourths of his creditors, let it make him a free man, subject to that controlling power which we have said we would vest in the commissioner, still to compel, if he think fit, payment of a certain dividend upon certain of his debts, or the full discharge of them, before the certificate shall operate. Or, still better, let the creditors have the power to insert in the certificate a condition, that it shall be operative when and so soon as a certain dividend shall have been paid, the commissioner also exercising forthwith the power which we would repose in him; so that the debtor and his friends may know that payment of a fixed sum will entirely free him.

With these exceptions, we humbly express our approbation of the proposed alteration in the law of debtor and creditor. And how, it may be asked, do the parties interested regard it?

Among debtors it is condemned only by those who are in the habit of getting credit, at any apparent cost, but who have no property to lose, and who never intend to pay. These persons, who wind up their affairs by bankruptcy or through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, as often as they happen to be arrested, contrive to get considerable credit in the metropolis. They are fearful, that under the new system, there will be no opportunity for such plunder, because it will be *property*, rather than *person*, that will be trusted.

Among creditors, the new law is opposed chiefly by high-charging money-lenders, and by persons who keep in custody debtors of known inability to pay, until their wretchedness wrings money from the compassion of friends. Excepting these, there are few to be found who are hostile to the new plan, when the proposed powers of search after property and examination of the debtor respecting it are understood.

The honest debtor and the fair-dealing creditor will be benefited by the change, and, generally speaking, they wish for it.

We throw out these hints upon the subject, in the conviction of its extreme importance; it concerns the welfare of a vast portion of our population. We shall doubtless soon hear again of Sir John's long-talked-of Bill; and any or all of the views which we have submitted might easily be engrafted upon it. We cannot justify some of the *nisi prius* management in the conduct of that bill, but we are hardly sorry that it has been often delayed; it was not a subject for legislation on first impressions. We anxiously wish, however, that it may speedily receive that final consideration and discussion for which it is now ripe. If it were once launched into committee within the first month of a session, it would have a fair hearing; but when we see Parliament meeting on the fourth of February, and the bill not proposed for second reading (in the House in which it originated) until the eleventh of July, what can we think or say? Why—"save me from my friends."

SONNET ON FIRST MEETING SOUTHEY AND WORDSWORTH.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

Southey and Wordsworth!—I had known them long,
As my first masters in poetic lore,
My earliest guides along that boundless shore,
Aye, fertile from the fountain of deep song;
Where, from the flowers, the mountains, and the streams,
Thought draws high converse all unknown before,
Gives form and beauty to 'rapt Fancy's dreams,
And reads in all the great command "Adore!"
From happy England to Columbia's dells
Are thousands who have known, but never seen,
Those mighty masters of the stops and swells
Which, in the heart, make music most serene.
I, too, have known, not seen them:—pass brief space,
And I shall hear them speak, and meet them face to face.

OUR ACTORS![1]

THEIR ORIGINALLY INTENDED TRADES, CRAFTS, AND CALLINGS.

BY ASMODEUS PRY.

> The abstract and brief chronicles of the time:
> After your death . . . . .
> You were better to have a bad epitaph,
> Than their ill report while you live.
>
> HAMLET.

BRAHAM.—*Multum in parvo.*

> First of the families of fame,
> That long have graced the proud imperial Rome,
> (The Fabian and Fabrician race,)
> From rural huts and hamlets came.
>
> ANON.

What little Keeley, the actor, said of himself may very aptly be applied to Braham—the evergreen Braham! "Nature, like a cunning workwoman, generally puts her finest goods in the smallest parcels;" and, though the little vocalist boasts no ancestors known to fame, he has been the architect of his own fortune, and a very handsome independent one he has made, ay, and enjoys in his *dulce domum*, the manor-house of Brompton, where he now lives, surrounded by the children of his age, and an amiable wife, who, to our experienced eye (*de gustibus non est disputandum*) was, and is, one of the finest women in England. But to the birth, parentage, and education of our now ancient little melodist.

About the middle of the last century a young German Jew, who rejoiced in the scriptural appellation of Abrahams, made a visit to England and some resident relations, and after a time, fixed his abode in Lemon Street, in that far east "*quartier des Juifs*" of our vast metropolis, 'yclept Goodman's Fields. He was a very ingenious and industrious Israelite: his principal avocation was the manufacturing of little "rollers for the hair." These rollers were an article in great request, owing to the peculiar manner in which the outsides of the heads of most of his Majesty's liege subjects, both male and female, were then adorned. The profits accruing from the great consumption of his rollers were thought by the prudent young German quite sufficient to warrant his making a luxurious addition to his worldly comforts in the shape of a wife; therefore, prudent little Johan Abrahams looked through all the tribes of Israel located from Mile End east to Saint Mary Axe west, (Petticoat Lane and the Minories inclusive:) he there saw a Rebecca,—not at the well with a pitcher, like her celebrated namesake of old, but with a pail at Aldgate pump, like a dutiful daughter, forcing from the bowels of the earth the wholesome element in all its pristine purity, for the use of her affectionate but poor and widowed mother. Johan Abrahams was a prudent young man; he thought twice before he spoke once:—the damsel was pretty;—one glance from her dark eye—who has not heard, read, or felt the effect of "a Jewess's eye?" We have, and could describe it, but we won't—no—we'll leave it to the sympathetic imagination of our male, and the envy of our female, readers! All must allow that the Jewish maidens in their teens are generally beautiful, but as matrons—oh, Moses!—but the lyric poets tell us that "Love is blind."

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[1] Continued from page 92.

Johan Abrahams was so enchanted with his fair Rebecca that he very soon proposed,—proposed and was accepted,—but accepted with this *sine qua non*, that he took the mother also beneath his humble roof. Who could have the heart to part a poor widowed mother from her only child?—not Johan Abrahams.

All the poor old Jewess's slender stock of worldly goods were transferred from Duke's Place to Lemon Street, and, as she soon learned to "make rollers" decently, and cook sour krout delightfully, she remained beneath the roof of the honest and industrious young German till summoned to that bourne from whence neither Jew nor Gentile ever returns.

Rebecca, in due course of time, presented the delighted Johan Abrahams with a chubby boy, (the subject of our present memoir,) who in the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two, honoured the aforesaid Lemon Street, Goodman's Fields, with his first note.

"Mein Got! vot a woice de poy hab gotten," cried the poor but gratified German, as he took his squalling little offspring from the arms of the old nurse; for, be it known to our gentle readers, that both parents were musical, and both were in the habit of exerting their sweet voices at the celebrated synagogue in the far-famed Duke's Place, and Johan Abrahams' bass grunt was generally admired by the *élite* of the choral amateurs on each hebdomadal visitation.

The nursling was, in due time named, (according to the rites of the religion, in the belief of which his parents intended to instruct him,) the name was Johan, otherwise John.

Death was soon busy in the poor German's humble domicile: first, the fatal dart struck his mother-in-law, then his wife, his beloved Rebecca, and, lastly, himself, leaving our hero, little John Abrahams, an orphan, dependent on the bounty of distant relations. The Jews of England are proverbially kind to the distressed of their own persuasion; they are ever prompt to assuage "The widow's and the orphan's tear!"

Little John found a home beneath a poor kinsman's roof: the young urchin was of a very erratic disposition; he, therefore, spent much of his time in wandering from the house of the relation who sheltered him, and visiting the various Israelitish shops of his father's former friends and acquaintances.

The Jews always were, and now are, (from David, the inspired harpist, down to Rothschild, the inspired loanist,) doatingly fond of music; and some (boys then, old men now) are at present living, who can remember little Abrahams, between seven and eight years of age, delighting all who heard him with his precocious vocal ability; and "Little Jacky," as he was usually called, was by no means chary of his notes, for even then the hope of realising the smallest coin of the realm would inspire the cock-sparrow to sing like a journeyman nightingale. His voice and natural musical taste were always a *passe-partout* to the little back parlours and corner cupboards of every house whose threshold he crossed, and each Jewess, matron and maiden, generally slipped a very small coin into the urchin minstrel's pocket.

The fame of the little peripatetic minstrel of the east, by some very fortunate chance, happened to reach the ears of Leoni, then highly popular as our principal English vocalist. He heard him sing a very pretty ballad: he felt compassion for the comparatively unprotected situation of the poor little orphan brother Israelite; he also thought he could make money by training and fostering him; he, therefore, immediately offered to take him out of the hands of his relations, who, having become rather tired of the young rogue's wandering vagaries, gladly accepted the offer, and little John Abrahams became a regular articled pupil to that popular singer; this was the foundation stone on which his after fortune was raised. His master now restrained him from all visitations to his former humble but kind associates; and allotted out his time for the cultivation and improvement of the fine organ which nature had bestowed upon him. Leoni most especially interdicted his singing on any occasion on which he (Leoni) was not present. Little Jackey, though he submitted, yet sighed for the pence and the unrestrained enjoyments of the snug back parlours of Petticoat Lane and the Minories.

There was an anecdote of Leoni and his pupil which we often heard in our early days. The careful master had given the boy permission to go to a shop and have his hair cut in the most fashionable style, and had also supplied him with "a little sixpence" for the payment thereof. Little John accordingly proceeded to the *boutique* of a dashing west-end clipper, who, as it so happened, had both seen and heard our juvenile vocalist in his early perambulations in the far east.

While under the operation of the scissars, little John began to hum a tune—(indeed, he has not left off the trick even now, as the hurt ears of certain studious and learned members of the Albemarle Street Institution can verify)—the sweet notes struck upon the musical barber's ears; he looked, and immediately recognised the little wandering minstrel of Goodman's Fields.

The scissars became mute and motionless—they clipped no more! equally mute became the vocalist: the *friseur* begged him to sing on, but the urchin Israelite eyed the enchanted *barbatique* and said, "You don't cut hair for nothing—do you?—then why should I sing for nothing?" "Only sing, my good boy," cried the scissars-flourishing *amateur de musique*, "I'll take your notes for cash." "My hand—a covenant." No, we beg pardon;—Braham did not quote Shakspeare at that time, but he said something very like it, as he carefully buttoned up the pocket of the nether garment that contained Leoni's little sixpence intended to reward the ingenious and useful *artiste* who was to clip his superabundant locks: this was the largest sum that he had ever, till then, at one time, "pursed" for the exertion of his vocal abilities, but "this song of sixpence" was the augury of "a pocket full of gold," hereafter.

There is no happiness without its alloy; so it was with the new-found joy of little Master John Abrahams; while in the middle of his most favourite ditty, and his young heart was gratifying two of its strongest passions, the love of fame and the love of money—while thus excited, and his little throat straining to give the greatest effect to a most powerful passage, who should pass by the very door but the great Leoni himself. The voice—the well-known voice—vibrated on the maestro's ear:—"Can it be?—the little monkey!" exclaimed the enraged patron, as he entered the shop and caught his *élève* in all his glory; he seized the harmonious culprit, and hurled him into the street, d——d the barber, and made his exit in a rage!

O Jephtha, judge of Israel, was it not cruel thus to check the boy's taste for music—and a little sixpence?

When at home, Leoni exacted from the disobedient pupil a solemn vow, "that through life he never would, on any occasion, either pleasurable or charitable, exert his vocal abilities without the '*Rex pecunia dollar-arum downo!*'" That vow, taken at the age of twelve, has been strictly adhered to, even up to the moment in which we are writing,—a period considerably more than half a century! The only deviation from this "general rule" he has ever been known to make, has been while under the influence of (a demon, as it is called by the Israelites) liberality; when he has returned certain sums which had been handed to him professionally, from funds devoted to heaven-born charity.

The celebrated John Palmer, (the Drury Lane actor, and the original Joseph Surface of the most popular comedy in the English language,) about the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven; attempted to give Melpomene and her ever-smiling sister Thalia, a respectable local habitation and a home in the east end of our vast metropolis, and opened a new theatre in Wellclose Square, Goodman's Fields; at which time Master John Abraham (then fifteen but looking ten) was introduced by his maestro to the new oriental manager. At Leoni's request Palmer heard the boy, admired his now cultivated voice, and immediately engaged him, calculating that the melodious organ of the young Israelite would be highly attractive with the twelve tribes, who are the denizens of that part of London; nor was John Palmer wrong in his calculation of cause and effect: for on his first appearance on a public stage he won approbation from both Jew and Gentile.

The theatrical management was somewhat puzzled for a character in which his very childish and *petite* figure could pass muster; at last, after much deliberation, "the god of love" was selected: and as those veracious chronicles, the play-bills of the period, (now in the possession of Messrs. Winston, Field, and other curious collectors and preservers of such records,) inform the public, the piece was called "The Birth-day," and the part of Cupid was performed by Master Abrahams, his first appearance on any stage. Young Abrahams soon gained confidence, (which, *entre nous*, he has never since lost,) and his next vocal essay was the then very popular bravura of

"The soldier tired of war's alarms,"

in which he was nightly honoured with an *encore.* About two years after this he lost his voice, (as is usual,) and, as he could not conveniently sing without one, he devoted his time to the study of composition for the exercise of his genius, and the mechanical performance of the pianoforte for his daily bread.

During this time he lost his maestro: Leoni embarked for the West Indies, but in losing one good friend our hero gained another, and, through him, a host. We allude to the celebrated Mr. Goldsmid; (the head of the family so well known in the money market;) this liberal gentleman became the patron of the struggling boy of genius, who, by his recommendation, obtained teaching sufficient to support himself till

> " His truant voice returned,
> And, like a giant refreshed, the world astounded."

And with his voice came pride and ambition. " What's in a name ?" quoth Juliet; but our vocalist did not exactly opine with Capulet's fair daughter on that subject; therefore, when he arrived at years of discretion, (as the period of manhood is sometimes improperly called,) he altered his patronymic by dropping the commencing vowel, thinking that it gave an east end, Israelitish twang, that might not sound pleasingly to

> " Ears polite on the west of Temple-bar."

Therefore, instead of a Braham, he resolved to become the Braham; and certainly his resolution has met with deserved success, and the Braham ! has, for more than a third of a century, stood unrivalled amongst English singers.

About the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-four, an invitation was given him to try his restored voice before the most musical, and at the same time the most critical, audience in the kingdom—scandalous and bilious Bath. Rauzzini, the conductor of the once celebrated Bath concerts, and the first musical professor in England, became Bråham's patron and instructor, and to that excellent and judicious master he owes much of the reputation and consequent fortune which he now enjoys.

From Bath he was soon called to Drury Lane, on the boards of which theatre he made his *début* about two years after his first visit to Rauzzini: here he was stamped at once as a first-rate favourite with the west-end London public; and all Goodman's Fields flocked to see, in the cultivated man, the little orphan boy, whose talent they had, in auld lang syne, fostered and admired.

Here he made a temporary surrender of his character for strict morality, by yielding to the seductive arts of a syren, at that time old enough to be his mother—the then celebrated Signora Storace—a splendid singer, but most profligate woman. This " little arrangement," as it was called, though it might have enriched his purse and advanced his professional interest, must have debased his mind, and caused him years of secret misery; for in a case like that—

> "When reflection comes—and come it must,
> What will it bring us—but disgust?"

He laboured (and a dreadful labour it must have been to so mere a youth) during many years, in this thraldom—but at last he broke the chain that so long had held him, and became "a man." He has since reaped the benefit of his virtuous resolution in the "*Dulce domus et placens uxor.*"

The Signora Storace in question, (if her chroniclers have writ her truly,) must have been most disgusting as a woman, though charming as a singer—blest with natural talent, to command all the comforts and most of the luxuries and elegancies of life—she—but her deeds will best speak for themselves.

She was of foreign extraction, though born in England: and the second letter (t) had been added to her name, in order to deprive it of its original sound, which the vulgar English tongue, while reading the play-bill, was apt to render very "unpleasing to ears polite." She was the daughter of a well-known musician, and sister to the celebrated composer Storace. Sacchini was her finishing maestro; with him she went to Italy when a very young woman, appeared at Florence, was afterwards engaged at Vienna—where she soon enthralled, and married a very musical English gentleman, a Doctor Fisher. Soon after this marriage the young cantatrice was supposed to have thrown "the leer of invitation" to the amorous, as well as musical potentate—the Emperor Joseph.

As the aforesaid "leer of invitation" was generally understood to be answered by the silly monarch, the lady thought it politic to quarrel with her unfortunate husband, and claim a divorce, on the ground of some trivial informality in the ceremony. The divorce was granted at the emperor's nod—the poor husband had his passport sent him, with the ecclesiastical fiat. The last obliged him to quit his wife, and the first to fly from the Austrian dominions, *sur le champ.* The cantatrice after some time left Vienna and fickle royalty. She returned to England, and notwithstanding her well-known infamy, yet having now the foreign stamp, she was well received, and highly rewarded. This woman's after conduct to her husband was perhaps the most heartless, if not the most reprehensible, action of her life.

Poor Doctor Fisher at her request had been regularly passported out of Vienna—he went to Ireland to endeavour to support himself by his acknowledged talent, but illness soon incapacitated him. He was advised to try his native air—he therefore came to England—sickness and poverty soon wore him to the bone: in this condition he was met by a friend, who had been a witness to his unfortunate marriage; he was horror-stricken at the change, and knowing that the *ci-devant* wife was, at that time, earning the immense sum of one hundred pounds per week, he prevailed on poor Fisher to suffer his pride to yield to his necessity—he accordingly wrote to the depraved woman, describing his dreadful situation, and soliciting a trifling loan, (twenty pounds only,) for food and raiment. She refused him even a single guinea. The degradation of having made the request, and horror at the monster's refusal, went to his heart. The verdict of a coroner's inquest was, "FOUND DEAD!"

To this woman was Braham for many years bound—we presume by interest—we are sure it could not be by affection. When she first enthralled him, they agreed to take a continental tour together. They first visited Paris—the revolution had not banished from the Parisians their taste for music—they were delighted with "*les Anglaise, musicales,*" as they were then denominated: and their intended three weeks' visit was prolonged to eight months. They then proceeded to Italy, with letters of protection, as well as introduction, from the revolutionary leaders in Paris. This was essential to their safety in those troublesome times.

'Twas at Florence that Braham first made his bow to an Italian audience—and he met with the warmest reception that even vanity could have anticipated.

He made the tour of Italy, and by his vocal abilities, excited admiration in every city he visited. He was singing at Genoa to crowded audiences during the memorable siege of that ancient town. At Leghorn he met the gallant Nelson, and was invited to dine with him on board of his noble ship, the Foudroyant—and at Naples the honour was repeated—and there he had the pleasure of hob and nobbing with the somewhat notorious queen of Naples, who had visited the English admiral afloat.

On his return to London in one thousand eight hundred and one, he came out in an opera which failed; this induced him to try composition himself, when his industrious, if not talented friend, poor Tom Dibdin, furnished Covent Garden with what he called a comic opera, and which he named "The Cabinet." Braham had so humble an opinion of his own histrionic abilities at that time, that he actually requested Dibdin to give him as little to say, and as much to sing, as possible. In "The Cabinet," Braham composed all the music destined to be sung by himself—the rest was divided between the various composers of the time, Reeve, Morehead, and others; but Braham's "Beautiful Maid," and "No more by sorrow chased," established the run of this opera for many seasons, and even now it is a stock dish in every provincial theatre in the United Kingdom. He, at this period, and in various succeeding years, composed a part of many operas, and the whole of some few—with innumerable single songs; and it is a notorious fact, that he has frequently received more money for adapting a song, than many talented composers have for a whole opera. We will give as an instance, the old Irish air "Aileen aroon:"—he obtained English words, and made a slight alteration in some of the notes, and brought it out as "Robin Adair," and such was its popularity, that it was sung in every theatre, and ground on every barrel organ in every alley, lane, street, and square, within the bills of mortality. And the publisher sold, (for Braham's profit,) in one year, for home consumption and exportation, upwards of two hundred thousand copies—such was its harmonious excitement. About twenty-five years ago the ill-assorted "arrangement" with Signora Storace was ended as suddenly as it began—the brusque and brutal manner of the then prima donna, roused the blood of the hitherto passive little vocalist, and "The poisoned chalice was returned to her own lips."

As she had treated her husband, even so did Braham treat her—

with this exception, that she had secured to herself an ample fortune. As she did not, however, follow the example of her husband, poor Doctor Fisher, we have no coroner's inquest to record. She lived, and enjoyed (if such a woman could enjoy,) the good things of this world; and when she died, at a good old age, there was a tablet erected, (by those who inherited her wealth,) to record her virtues.

It was during Storace's lifetime that our little hero added to his notoriety, though not to his moral character, by being announced as the defendant in a *crim. con.* action (Wright *versus* Braham made a great noise in the world.) He was convicted in a penalty of one thousand pounds, though, from all we could ever learn, we verily believe the poor little vocalist was more sinned against than sinning. His dulcet voice had entered through the ear, and taken possession of the heart of the weak and pretty Mrs. Wright, and Braham became her victim. His friends shrugged their shoulders, and said, "he ought to have known better;" but Pliny has very justly observed, that a man cannot be wise at all times—"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit." The lady flattered the vanity of the little warbler, and he was silly enough to yield; she caught him in one of those fatal hours, when he had all the veritable Mark Antony weakness about him.

"What lost the world, and made a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye."

Before the case came to a jury, Rumour with its hundred tongues had spoken of the poor seduced little Braham, as the most abandoned Giovanni that cold England had ever produced; and, on his appearance as principal tenor at an oratorio, some over-virtuous lack-wits took upon themselves the ungracious office of hissing and hooting him. As the unfortunate affair was pending in a court of law, the little Marc Antony of the musical world was nettled at this unjust attempt at a pre-judgment, and made a very spirited address to the audience, which we give *verbatim et literatim.*

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN;

"I should indeed be unworthy of the favour which I have constantly experienced, if I pretended to be ignorant of the cause of your displeasure. I am here, in the discharge of my public duties. Whatever I have done elsewhere, I must shortly answer for to the laws of my country; and I appeal to your generosity, to leave the affair to the decision of that tribunal."

This speech was not lost upon the majority of those to whom it was addressed—silence was demanded—his silly assailants threatened with expulsion—common sense soon resumed her sway, and the oratorio proceeded without further interruption.

Braham paid the thousand pounds and costs, and the only observation he was ever known to make on the untoward affair, was, "That it was very dear at the price."

With respect to the morality of the histrionic professors, and their little *faux pas*, the public seem lately to have reversed the general order of censure, visited on the heads of the frail ones of any other walk in life. They now condemn the men for the very profligacy for which they support, applaud, and patronise the women. Those lines which our harmonious dramatic poet has allotted to the lachrymose strumpet of the royal Edward, are pointless now.

"That man, the lawless libertine, may rove,
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love;
While woman—sense and nature's easy fool—
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
If, strongly charm'd, she quit the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray;
Ruin ensues, reproach, and endless shame;
And one fale step entirely damns her fame:
In vain, with tears, the loss she may deplore,
She sets—like stars that fall—to rise no more."

This might have been all very true in Rowe's time; but (with respect to theatrical ladies) we may exclaim with Molière's doctor—

"Nous avons chang touté cela."

For the stars that formerly "fell to rise no more," now never set, but acquire greater brilliancy in public estimation in moral England, by their well-known and acknowledged profligacy; while virtuous and respectable actresses, such as Miss Phillips, Miss Tree, Miss Jarman, Miss Huddart, Miss Taylor, &c. &c. (whatever their talent may be,) are driven into exile, or remain as unattractive and unnoticed as "*le mouton qui rêve*;" proving that, with the drama's patrons, respectability is at a discount, and impurity at a high premium; in proof of which we will quote two or three instances from the well-known many who brave shame.

And we will commence with a most disgustingly heartless one.

A well-known theatrical lady, who has been long denominated the "fat, fair, and forty-five," though the mother of six fine children, quitted an honourable, kind, and honest husband, for the arms of a more wealthy married professor of the histrionic art, who (to the surprise of all who knew him) was seized with a sort of phrenological madness, occasioned, as he himself sillily observed, by the bump of philoprogenitiveness unexpectedly rising on his cranium, when on the shady side of forty; (for this is the profligate excuse actually offered by the gentleman for having quitted his amiable, but childless wife, for the arms of the fat lady who abandoned her husband and her children;) we paraphrase the exclamation of Sheridan's Lady Sneerwell—

"Sir Peter, may your *wife* live these fifty years."

Yet this precious couple—thus doubly violating the holy vow—revel in every luxury, are splendidly vehicular, and are patronised, applauded, and enriched by the very public, who, in the cause of morality, hissed Braham, hooted Kean from the stage, drove him into exile, and to the extra indulgence in those bacchanalian vices which brought him to his grave in the very prime of manhood.

Our case, number two, shall be "the * * * * * *." She may, perhaps, be allowed to plead "injury and retaliation" in mitigation of public censure, when accused of "*vetitum nefas:*" for when, in her early teens, she was persuaded to sacrifice herself at the altar, she swore to love, honour, and obey a cold-blooded scoundrel, who soon quitted her and England with a little thick-limbed danseuse, (*De gustibus, &c.,*) and from that moment the deserted wife swore eternal vengeance on all mankind! We remember her before her heart was blighted by the perfidy of the husband, who has been long since called to the "great account."

"She was a lovely child,
A thing of joy and light,
'Twas sunshine when she smil'd,
And when she frown'd—'twas night.

She wedded when a girl,
And he, her young heart's choice,
Had magic in his step,
And music in his voice.

But he soon grew cold to her,
And his eye sought other eyes;
And the charms that all desir'd,
He only could not prize.

He left her; and she tore
His image from her heart;
With her last lonely tear
She cried, 'Let him depart.'

The world was now before her,
In its light and gaudy glare,
And her mother gladly bore her,
In those sunny scenes to share.

There the smile was on her lip,
(Pride the features may control;)
All was sunshine in her eye,
All was darkness in her soul.

All reckless and all joyless,
Soon she 'let her down the wind;'
And the heart that grief made loveless,
Learnt the lesson 'to be kind.'

With the morning's bitter tear,
O'er night's mad lurid joy,
Oft she strove to lull a mind,
That no sorrow could destroy."

We will draw a veil over the latter part of her career, or at least condense it to a few lines of prose.

After her husband's flight, she soon put in force her vow to revenge herself upon the whole sex, for the wrongs inflicted by one who had sworn at the altar of his God to love, to cherish, and protect her; and many are the beaux garçons that she has beggared, (her peculiar system of revenge,) turning each empty-pursed inamorato to the right about in double-quick time, to make room for the golden calf elected to succeed him; and her only reply to the bitter reproaches, vented by despised love, is contained in the following lines:—

> " One lover to another still succeeds,
> And the last fool's as welcome as the former,
> 'Till having lov'd his wealth out—he gives place,
> And mingles with the herd that went before."

There are shades in profligacy, and we allow that the fair widow's is of a much lighter hue than the lady of case number one, who walked off with the phrenologically-mad husband of the childless wife. The tender swains of the "fair widow" have all been addle-headed bachelors, with more money than brains; and she was (in earlier life) the very impersonation of Byron's Eve.

> " Fair as the first that fell of woman kind,
> While on the dread, yet lovely serpent smiling,
> Whose image, then, was stampt upon her mind;
> But once beguil'd, and evermore beguiling."

Yet Braham was hissed, and Kean murdered, for immorality. O Bible and missionary distributing England!

We will conclude our instances with the very decided case, number three. Some years since there was a very young girl on the boards of one of our national theatres as a subordinate actress; she was unnoted for any brilliancy of histrionic talent, though admired as the possessor of a pretty face and figure—she was in the receipt of a respectable salary, sufficient for all the comforts, and many of the luxuries, of life; but not content with the honest earnings of her somewhat arduous profession, she became ——— to the then gay Cheltenham colonel, (the Lothario, as well as the Nimrod of Gloucestershire, since created a peer, at the instigation of Diana, we presume.) After being some years under his protection, as it is called, and the mother of a family—a wealthy, but uninitiated noodle, who, though twenty-one, had not arrived at years of discretion, offered the now dashing actress—diamonds and marriage! She accepted both, and prepared to approach the altar of her God, (though within a brief space of giving her paramour colonel a third title to paternity.)

At this moment, a knot of desperate gamblers, who thought that the hymeneally inclined noodle's fortune would be better in their hands than in the possession of the aforesaid actress, opened the poor sighing swain's eyes on the subject, and on the intended wedding-day noodle was *non est inventus.* The levanting bridegroom was prosecuted for his "breach of promise" to marry the theatrical maiden and her ready-made family. After a long trial, with most disgustingly immoral evidence, noodle was convicted by a moral English jury, to the astonishment of the plain matter-of-fact judge, and the many thousand spectators in and about the court. The damages and costs were excessively heavy, which poor noodle has not yet been silly enough to pay.

No sooner had her propensities been thus publicly proclaimed in a court of justice, (Justice! heaven save the mark!) than this actress, who before had been, professionally, nobody, suddenly became "the admired of all admirers." Theatres were crowded to behold her—newspapers teemed with her praises—critics now saw splendid talents, which for years before had escaped their all-penetrating eyes—and such was her glorious notoriety from the legal *exposé*, that, though in the wane of her beauty, "one of the proud pillars of the state," a *ci-devant Jeune homme*, more celebrated for the cut of his coat than the strength of his intellect, offered her (*credat Judæus*) marriage, which offer she of course immediately accepted, and she is now the Right Honourable the ———, &c. &c. &c.

So much for that English love of morality which hissed Braham, and indirectly murdered poor Kean, for having

> "In the softer path of a forbidden pleasure stray'd."

The extreme severity of public censure against male immorality, while such unbounded latitude is allowed to the frail ladies of the theatrical profession, has drawn us from our strict biographical duties. We will now return to the evergreen Braham.

After his thousand pound conviction, the *exposé* in open court of his liaison with pretty Mrs. Wright, and his absolute estrangement from the antique prima donna, Storace, he thought that—

> "Without the home which plighted love endears,
> Without the smile from partial beauty won,
> O! what were man?—a world without a sun."

He looked about the world for a being who could give him comfort and respectability—money he cared not for in this instance; for he was rich, and resolved to enjoy his hard-earned wealth. He looked, and looked, and at last saw "the winning smile on beauty's cheek;" the cheek belonged to the lovely daughter of a highly respectable man at Manchester. Braham immediately proposed, and notwithstanding the disparity in their years (eighteen and forty-five) he was accepted.

> "With his sweet notes, through her ear, he seized upon her heart."

And they are now surrounded by a numerous family of boys and girls, healthy as their father, and handsome as their mother.

Braham has always stood well with the great capitalists and loan contractors, the Rothschilds, the Goldsmids, &c. &c. who have had a pleasure in nursing his musical earnings for the last half century, until (and it is believed in the city) he is now worth more than two hundred thousand pounds! Yet such is the activity of his mind, that his health would suffer, if he had not the excitements of some business pursuits; therefore he solicited and obtained a licence for a new theatre in the aristocratic neighbourhood of Saint James's Palace. He had it built and opened in an incredibly short time, and by it he is now netting a very handsome yearly income, intended as a dower for his youngest daughter. He has also purchased the Colosseum, in the Regent's Park, for less than one-fifth of its original cost—which his business friends denominate a good spec.! as with the march of intellect, and decrease of silly monopoly, it will ultimately be a place of public evening amusement for that increasing and wealthy suburb, combining within its extensive area a dramatic theatre and a Vauxhall. It is supposed that by the Colosseum speculation, the little vocalist will ultimately net twenty per cent. for money sunk.

Though far on the shady side of sixty, Braham still retains his surprising voice, which, regulated by his consummate skill, baffles all attempts at competition on the English stage. The general plaudits nightly bestowed on his exertions at the Saint James's theatre, must be highly gratifying to his professional vanity. It may perhaps be asked why, after having realised so splendid a fortune, he still undergoes the toil of public singing? We answer, that he considers his voice as the Duke of Bedford does his "estate;" and that while it remains capable of producing a good crop of notes, (both bank and harmonic,) he would deem it a wilful waste not to "let it to the best bidder."

We shall conclude by stating, that such has been the activity of Braham's pursuits through life, that had he studied Seneca, (which we are sure he did not,) he could not have more justly adhered to the celebrated maxim—

"Malo mihi male quam molliter esse."

Memorandum.

Probably the public are not aware that "Our Actors" are the most difficult to please, and expect more fulsome flattery from the pen of a public writer, than any other description of bipeds under the sun. We may freely biographise—from their cradles to their graves—monarchs, statesmen, orators, poets, and warriors; but it is high treason to personal vanity, to write of the "birth, parentage, and professional career, of those retailers of other people's ideas, 'yclept "Our Actors." Our sketches, under that title, have drawn forth some ludicrous vituperation from those who have been for years "pushing the duke," "my cousin, Sir John," or "my aunt, Lady Poodle," after dropping their veritable sponsorial and patronymics of David Dobs or John Buggins, for the more aristocratic "Vivian Montmorency" or "Granby Cavendish."

A Napoleon, a Wellington, a Sheridan, a Canning—these are mere nobodies when compared with "Our Actors." To state the facts, that Napoleon was one of a numerous family of indigent Corsican parents, and educated at the public expense—that Wellington was once a poor sub.—that under the influence of bodily fatigue and an Indian sun, he, who has since been the conquering hero of a hundred battles, was found fast asleep in a shady tent, when he should have been cutting throats in the open field—that the prince of orators and soul of wit, Sheridan, was a spendthrift and a drunkard—that Canning was the son of an unsuccessful actress, and received the rudiments of his education at the four-penny school of a spectacled old woman—these truths of the above-quoted nobodies, may be divulged to the public; but for a writer to tell the great world (that which is already well known to the theatrical world) the all-important fact, that Tyrone Power, the personator of stage Irishmen, was, when a boy, actually "apprenticed to old Bird, the printer, of Cardiff, consequently supposed to be a Welshman"—to tell such a daring truth as this, is to merit the guillotine. At least, so it would appear by certain articles in an American paper, evidently written by the aforesaid personator of stage Irishmen—in which article he renounces the maternity of Wales, and is horror-stricken at the bare idea of ever having pulled the press, or handled the type.

The announcement of the daring and offensive fact in the September number of the "Metropolitan," arrived in New York at the mal-apropos moment, when "Mister Tyrone Power's book of blarney on America," had so overjoyed the anti-Trollope, and flattery-loving republicans, that had the author of it chosen, like the mad Macedonian, to have announced great Ammon for his father, instead of an honest mortal (Welsh or Irish) he might have demanded and received implicit belief from credulous and grateful Jonathan. Therefore be it known to the four quarters of the world, that we unintentionally offended the dignity of the gentleman calling himself Tyrone Power, by having, merely to fill up a vacuum, committed to paper the horrible truth, "that the now celebrated actor of stage Irishmen was in his boyhood apprenticed to a Welsh printer:" the fact is, that in so writing, we thought we were complimenting his talent, and not offending his pride. We are fully aware that the great Benjamin Franklin and the eccentric George Frederick Cooke, (each, in our opinion, Mr. Power's equal,) felt a gratification in announcing that their talent had raised them from the drudgery of a printing-office, to fame and comparative affluence. Why Mr. Power should be ashamed of Wales and his early bread-winning employment, we shall not take the trouble to inquire, but the correctness of our statement can be verified by his master's widow, (long since re-married,) who, kind old lady, always cut his early bread and butter, and is now living at 147 in the Strand; or by her neighbour, (once manager, now printseller,) Adamson, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, on whom little Power, as in duty bound, daily attended with the proof play-bills for correction, when monarch of the company of comedians, who annually visited Cardiff.

To those protectors and patrons of his early years we leave the settlement of the (by him) disputed claim of Wales and Ireland, remembering

"That seven cities claimed great Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

Though Mr, Power has written a book, he is not yet a Homer, but he is far more fortunate (in life) than the father bard, for kind nature, instead of the gift of "poesy divine," has bestowed on Mr. P—— a consummate knowledge of Cocker and the world; an absolute freedom from *mauvaise honte*, and though last, not least available, a tongue, (it was worth a voyage from Glamorgan to the county of Cork to obtain it,) so delightfully touched with the blarney stone, that he will amass wealth where poor old Homer would have starved.

Mr. P——, when he breasted the Atlantic, bore a talisman safely locked in his portmanteau; Aladdin's lamp was nothing to it.

His book—his blarney book's the potent charm;
(From north to south, deny it he who can,)
For Trollope's sting it bears the honeyed balm
To heal each sadly scathed republican.

If we really hurt Mr. Power's pride by the mention of "Wales and poor old Bird's printing-office," we regret it; the offence was unintentional, but the compliment to his persevering talent sincere; we wish him every success, and, as comic actor or cunning book-maker, may the oil of his tongue, and the oil of his pen, smooth down the prejudices of rough and irritable brother Jonathan, until he (Tyrone Power) have realised dollars enough to laugh and return to the well-known comforts of "merry England;" till then, whether Welsh or Irish (as may best suit him,) *vivat* Tyrone Power!

Asmodeus Pry.

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! lone and languid flower, thou art taken from the glen,
In a gay parterre thou bloomest, thou art watched by careful men,
Bright sunbeams shine above thee, fair roses smile around,
Yet thou droopest in the garden—it is not thy native ground.

Thus oft are human flowers by officious hands removed,
From shades of calm seclusion, from scenes and friends beloved,
In gilded halls, and proud saloons, amid the great they roam,
Yet they languish in their triumph for their dear and early home.

From this sad and simple story a moral we may trace,
God gives to man and floweret a safe appointed place,
And the blossoms of the vale, and the lowly ones of earth,
Ever flourish best and fairest in the sphere that gave them birth.

FAMILY INTERFERENCE.

A TALE FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

As for Sophy Bennet, her endeavours to make Caroline appear to disadvantage were not much to be wondered at; it was her cue, on every occasion, to play into the hand of her patroness, and a plain woman of thirty is never greatly disposed to admire and befriend a particularly pretty one of twenty. Yet, although none of these persons individually possessed feelings of malice, they had none of them a proper conviction of the unkindness, the cruelty of endeavouring to depreciate a wife or husband in the estimation of each other. "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," does not merely refer to the gross and criminal disturbers of the ties of married life; like other injunctions, it is not only to be understood and obeyed literally, but is to be followed out into all its branches. The insinuating flirt, the flattering man of the world, the light jester, the sneering cynic, who, all in their several ways, say and do something to make the hearts of a married pair beat less kindly towards each other, may "mean no harm," but they may have lighted a fire which will not be quenched, they may have done a deed which will not be undone, they may have begun a work of destruction, which the really base, malignant, and designing may finish.

"How constantly your wife's family are at your house," said Mrs. Clifford to her son, during one of his frequent calls in Keppel Street; "I wonder you are not tired of the sight of them."

Clifford was about to return a smiling answer to what he considered a merely common observation, but "dear Sophy Bennet" took care to identify it as something very pointed, by looking reproachfully at her aunt, nervously rising from her seat, walking to the window, and talking about the weather.

"That very affected and artificial girl, Miss Sedgewick, has at length, I hear, succeeded in ensnaring poor Sir James Bradbury," pursued Mrs. Clifford.

Her son reddened, and bowed assent—he did not like the term "succeeded in ensnaring" as applied to a cousin of Caroline's. "The *second* lucky match made in the family," said Mrs. Clifford, after a pause, "and in a worldly point of view more advantageous than the first. I suppose the future Lady Bradbury will now be the idol of the time-serving set, at least till her marriage is over: you and I were strangely deceived, Edmund, when we believed Caroline to be such an object of affection in the circle of her relatives; I imagine it was all put on for the occasion, for I see very little of it now."

Clifford was rather puzzled how to answer; when the excitement of Caroline's engagement had passed, her relations had certainly

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[1] Continued from p. 31.

ceased to utter fine speeches about her; they were, however, far from deficient in regard for her, but they had never been a caressing, complimentary family, and the tedious maternal tendernesses of Mrs. Clifford, and the soft flattering cajoleries of "dear Sophy Bennet," were more likely to excite them to laughter than to imitation. Clifford made the most unfortunate reply he could have done. "They must like Caroline," he said, "or they would not come so often to see her."

A slight sneer passed over Mrs. Clifford's countenance, as she rejoined, "Other reasons than affection may exist for their frequent visits; the command of a carriage, and the *entrée* to a house of undoubted respectability, are no slight advantages to husband-hunting young ladies: however, I much regret that it should be so, for Caroline's sake; her time is frittered away by ceaseless calls, and her mind distracted by frivolous gossip: young as she is, I should have had hopes that if she could have been detached from her family, she might, at a future day, have become a solid companion to a sensible man; but while her present associations continue, I fear she will not be likely to forget the school in which she has been educated. You will excuse me, my dear son," added Mrs. Clifford, softening her tone, and laying her hand on her son's arm, "I have, perhaps, said too much, but it has been with difficulty that I have prevailed on myself to say anything at all."

Clifford sighed heavily as his mother quitted the room; the gentle voice of Sophy Bennet aroused him from his reverie.

"I was sorry when my aunt began to speak," said she, "because I was afraid you might take it amiss, but I think she will be easier and happier now she has disclosed her sentiments to you; it is all, as you must be aware, for the good of yourself and dear Caroline, that she regards these matters with such anxiety, and none can be better qualified than my excellent aunt, both from understanding and principle, to give advice."

"Very true," said Clifford; "but I think she is too severe in her strictures on Caroline's relations."

"Very likely she is," replied Miss Bennet; "but your mother, Edmund, is not a frivolous woman of the world, and can perhaps make little allowance for the vanities and trifling pursuits in which she has no sympathy; she has acute feelings on the subject of right and wrong, and a light superficial character, like Mrs. Dornton, excites her contempt, when it ought rather to move her to pity: but you look pale and uneasy, do not dwell on what has been said, rely on it that one day dear Caroline will become all we can wish her."

Clifford that evening made some remarks to Caroline on the subject of the frivolities and the frequent visits of her relations, which were very ill received by her; she at once traced them to their source: indeed, for some time past, whenever Clifford had seemed dispirited or irritable, Gertrude or Emily had always suggested to her that "his tiresome old mother had been tampering with him."

This conviction, however, did not diminish her indignation against her husband—she felt that it was indelicate and unkind to talk to her of the foibles of her relations; trifling and vain as in her own mind she allowed her mother and sisters to be, they still were her mother and sisters, they were just what they had always been in character, and on what pretext could she beg them either to lessen their visits, or to diminish their gaiety? "Besides," she thought, "could I even without offence persuade them to come less frequently to the house, what should I gain in exchange for their company? Not the *agrémens* of a circle of general acquaintance, not the undisturbed enjoyment of my husband's society, but an additional number of visits from the people I dislike, a more ample allowance of the formal truisms of Mrs. Clifford, and the hollow compliments of her humble companion." Caroline, with these feelings, was not disposed to make any concession to her husband's opinion, and on the ensuing day, when she called in Alfred Place, she had never been disposed to regard her mother and sisters with so much tenderness, for a generous mind will always warm towards those whom it considers to have suffered from injustice. Caroline's tenderness, however, met with no correspondent fervor this morning. Mrs. Dornton, although usually an extremely good-natured woman, was, on the present occasion, "very nervous," as she herself expressed it, but, according to the reading of Gertrude and Emily, "very cross."

The engagement of Kate Sedgewick had, as Mrs. Clifford had surmised, created general triumph in the family, but had not excited peculiar satisfaction in Alfred Place. Mrs. Dornton was by no means pleased that her niece should marry so much better than her daughter; an alliance with a baronet, a house in Portland Place, three carriages, and servants in proportion, threw all the humble glories of the establishment in Torrington Square into the shade. Mrs. Dornton, too, had by this time got quite accustomed to the bright blue eyes and chestnut curls of her son-in-law, and began to think that youth and beauty were of very little consequence in a man. Sir James looked vastly well for his age, and had recently procured a wig, which just resembled nature. "Really," said Mrs. Dornton, after a hurried salutation to Caroline, "the luck of my sister is quite surprising, and yet I am sure I have nothing to reproach myself with—I am sure since the death of your poor dear father, I have never thought of myself in anything, but all my object in life has been the benefit and advancement of my girls."

Caroline gently and affectionately assented, but Mrs. Dornton was not to be soothed into satisfaction. "I cannot help saying, Caroline," she continued, "that I think you have been very unsisterly since your marriage; you have never taken Gertrude to any parties, nor introduced her to any new acquaintance, nor even asked her to stay at your house."

Caroline slightly coloured as she answered, "I would gladly have asked Gertrude to stay with me, if I could have imagined that it would have been any pleasure to her; but you have so much more gaiety, so many more callers-in than we have, that I am afraid Gertrude would think our house very dull compared to her own."

"And why should your house be dull?" quickly retorted Mrs. Dornton; "you have the means to make it otherwise: newly married people usually like and enjoy society, and are glad to plan and contrive little parties of amusement for the advantage of their young relations."

Caroline stammered out something about Clifford's dislike to gaiety.

"If Clifford really felt the attachment for you he ought to do," answered Mrs. Dornton, "he would not mind making a little sacrifice of his own inclinations to yours—but there is a great difference in men—I remember your poor dear father was never so happy as when I had my sisters staying in the house. Anna in particular was continually coming to see us, and he always said we seemed quite lost when she went away; he was as fond of her as if she had been his own sister, and he often went out to parties in the evening, when he would much rather have been going to sleep, just for the sake of giving her a little pleasure."

Mrs. Dornton spoke no more than the truth; her husband was a merchant in the city, who always went to his business after breakfast, took an early dinner in the neighbourhood of his counting-house, and did not return to Marchmont Street till tea time: he knew that his pretty vacant wife had no mental resources with which she could amuse herself in solitude, and his income was too small to allow her more than a very limited proportion of the luxuries of shopping and visiting; accordingly he was glad that she should be kept in cheerfulness and good-humour by Anna's society; he never cared for any conversation with his wife beyond that desultory chit-chat which was not at all interfered with by the presence of a third person, and he did not find his enjoyment of his evening paper, half-hour's nap, and hot supper, at all lessened by the company of the fair smiling sister-in-law, who was delighted to escape from her dull home in the country, to the comparative gaieties of Marchmont Street, and who was so sedulously attentive in placing his easy chair in the most desirable position, flying for his snuff-box if he happened to leave it in another room, and providing him with an endless succession of the warmest of worsted comforters, and prettiest of silk purses, that he could not object to repay her kindness by occasionally giving or going to a little carpet dance on her account, where the watchful care of his wife always secured for him a snug rubber at a quiet table, "out of the way of the young people!"

Mr. Dornton, however, had a more easy temper than Edmund Clifford; he was not so refined in his habits, nor so intellectual in his pursuits: perhaps, however, I can decide the real reason of the difference between the gentlemen in a few words. Mr. Dornton passed nine or ten hours every day in the city, and he had no near female relatives of his own.

"It is often," pursued Mrs. Dornton, after a pause, "a great advantage for a girl to pass a little while in some other house than her own, even although it may be a dull one."

Caroline waited in silence for an explanation.

"Sir Henry Milner," added Mrs. Dornton, "has met Gertrude at several parties, and seemed very much struck with her. I do not see why my daughter should not marry a baronet as well as my niece." Caroline did not see why she should not, but could not imagine how staying in a dull house was likely to promote so desirable an event.

"Sir Henry has once paid us a morning visit," said Mrs. Dornton, "and no doubt would have come a great deal oftener, but Miss Burrows, our next-door neighbour, is a second cousin of his mother's; she is, as you know, an insufferably gossiping, prying, spiteful old maid, and is always at her window, watching everything that takes place at our house; if Sir Henry called here twice in one week, it would certainly go to Lady Milner."

"Most likely it would," said Caroline, calmly, still ignorant of her mother's drift.

"Therefore, Caroline," pursued Mrs. Dornton, obliged at last to come to the point, "I should be very glad if you would take back Gertrude with you to spend a week in Torrington Square; a friend of ours is engaged to dine in company with Sir Henry to-day, and I will get her to mention the circumstance to him, and to say that Gertrude is impatient for the manuscript song that he promised to lend her."

Caroline was not persuaded of the delicacy or policy of her mother's scheme, but she could not refuse a request so pointedly made, especially as Gertrude whispered to her that she should be "delighted to get away from home, for really poor mamma was so out of sorts since the announcement of Kate's engagement, that it was quite insupportable to be with her." Accordingly Gertrude accompanied her sister home, to the great discomfiture and dissatisfaction of Clifford, who did not at all emulate the dear departed Mr. Dornton in his fondness for his sister-in-law, and who considered that Caroline meant to brave and defy him by inviting her sister to the house as an inmate, the very day after he had so unhesitatingly expressed his disapprobation of the frequent visits of herself and family. Caroline had only to hope that Sir Henry Milner would not call, and that Gertrude's visit would soon come to an end. The first of her wishes was realized. Sir Henry Milner contented himself with sending the song in question to Alfred Place, enclosed in a blank cover directed to Mrs. Dornton, and he never even walked up Torrington Square, although Gertrude, exquisitely dressed, was every morning "sitting in the window-pane without a bit of blind," after the manner of "Miss Bell," in the song of "Number One." Gertrude, however, did not grow dull and gloomy from her disappointment; she was, like the rest of Caroline's family, very good-natured, and thought she should perform a kind office to her sister by enlivening her with a little cheerful conversation. Accordingly, Gertrude indulged in a style of rattling vivacity which was perfectly alarming to Mrs. Clifford, quite incomprehensible to her son, and very annoying to Caroline, who could not check Gertrude while trying to make herself agreeable, but yet thought her very injudicious and foolish in her choice of subjects. She was constantly talking about schemes to obtain desirable matches, and the expediency of taking the outside seats at concerts, and keeping near the door at assemblies; she delighted to discuss the relative merits of "dear detrimentals" without property, and "tiresome bores" with it, and she was fluent in the praises of a certain Mrs. Dashington, at whose house she was sure of meeting with none but "good men." Her brother-in-law at first was disposed to think that she was more rational than he had believed her to be, and that she was alluding to men of unimpeachable and exemplary moral conduct. Afterwards, when he rejected this idea as improbable, he was disposed to surmise that she had borrowed an expression from her city uncle, and was alluding to the " good men " on 'Change, whose word was as secure as their bond; but Gertrude soon informed the unenlightened, that the phrase, "good men," only applied to dashers of undoubted style and fashion, among whom, even by her own admission, was a fair proportion of coxcombs, spendthrifts, and *roués*.

Mrs. Clifford listened to these remarks with a haughty sneer, and sometimes made a contemptuous observation in rejoinder to them, which amused rather than irritated the light-hearted girl, who, naturally enough, said to herself, that so long as her own mother did not object to her manners, she had no need to care for the opinion of the mother of any one else, and she took a wilful delight in exasperating her stiff and frowning auditress by saying a hundred silly things which, as she afterwards assured the remonstrating Caroline, she " did not in the least mean." " Dear Sophy Bennet," too, contrived to lead her on by her soft questions and her air of deep interest in whatever she was saying, and when she had succeeded in making her show off her volatility to the best, or, more correctly speaking, to the *worst*, advantage, she would privately whisper to Edmund, " Poor dear girl, I do not think there is any real harm in her; all that is objectionable in her manner and sentiments arises from her sad way of bringing up; how different she would have been if she had been educated by your admirable mother !"

Gertrude quitted Torrington Square at the end of the week, and took home a lamentable account of poor Caroline's dull way of living, of the authority assumed by the disagreeable mother-in-law, who made her quite a cipher in her own house, and of the little tenderness or admiration that she experienced from her husband. Mrs. Dornton felt both hurt and angry at this account: although a vain and frivolous woman, unable to understand the extent of Caroline's talents and feelings, she was really fond of her and proud of her: that her daughter should ever be undervalued and slighted by her husband, would, under any circumstances, have proved a grievous source of surprise to her; but when she reflected that, after all, her daughter had only married in a middling way, while her niece was about to make the best match ever known in the family, the injury became greatly enhanced to her: the congratulations which poured in from all her acquaintance on Kate's marriage were discord to her ears, and Mrs. Sedgewick's consultations about India shawls, and bird-of-paradise plumes, were insufferably provoking; nay, she even went so far as to prohibit her daughters from singing the ballad, " Lilla's a Lady," on account of the disagreeable association of ideas which it involved. Mr. Fletcher, the rich man of the family, also, was a great deal more bountiful on the occasion than Mrs. Dornton thought at all necessary. Mr. Fletcher, however, acted in perfect unity with his ideas of consistency and propriety:—a small bank-note had been a suitable present for the wife of a poor country curate, who, of course, could require nothing but necessaries,—an emerald necklace was a fit offering for the *fiancée* of a man in easy circumstances who kept a carriage, but a magnificent set of pink topazes was no more than a fitting tribute to the bride elect of a wealthy baronet in Portland Place. Caroline was not in the least moved either to envy or displeasure by all this splendour; she merely made one observation on the connexion; she asked, "Has Sir James Bradbury a mother living?" and when answered in the negative, replied, "Then I dare say the marriage will turn out very happily!" The marriage took place; the happy couple went to Paris; Sir James had insisted on Mrs. Sedgewick's retention of her daughter's portion for her life, and, consequently, that lady now sported a plain brown chariot of her own, and drove about in a white satin bonnet with a superb blonde veil, the most triumphant of speculators and most satisfied of mothers, affording a practical exemplification of a song in "Blue Beard," with the alteration of one word,

> "'Tis a very fine thing to be *mother*-in-law,
> To a very magnificent three-tailed bashaw."

Caroline did not concern herself about the matter; she had long ceased to think much of anybody's mother-in-law but her own. Mrs. Clifford daily grew more and more an object of dislike to her; the scrutinizing look of her cold severe eye, the tone of formal courtesy in which she addressed her, contrasted, as it was, by the earnest kindness of her manner towards her son and her niece, incensed Caroline almost beyond bearing. None of the little private discussions, the every-day social arrangements in which the generality of married couples indulge, cemented the tie between Caroline and Clifford. Mrs. Clifford, as Sophy Bennet constantly reminded Edmund, was "so superior a woman, so excellent a mother, her judgment was so sound, her advice so admirable, that it was as great an advantage to dear Caroline as to himself to have such a counsellor and guide:" consequently, he daily grew more and more convinced of the folly and uncompanionable qualities of his wife, and was only thankful that his want of prudence in choosing her could be repaired by the constant presence and conversation of his invaluable mother and cousin. One faithful, sincere, and quick-sighted friend, who was not a relation to either party, would have been of inestimable service to both at the present time, but such a one they did not possess. Mrs. Dornton was earnestly desirous to improve the aspect of affairs, but she had more zeal than discretion: she saw that Caroline was, to use an expressive phrase, "thought little of," and endeavoured to make her appear of consequence; but she had only one way of doing this; she was continually talking of the admiration which Caroline had excited as a girl, the offers she had received, and the many more she would have received if she had given her admirers any encouragement; and this style of conversation merely tended to confirm Clifford and his mother in the idea that Caroline had been brought up in a light and trifling manner, and instructed to secure for herself, at all events, that which the world calls "a choice of good matches."

Summer now smiled around in all its warmth and beauty: when Caroline and Clifford had been married on the preceding November, he had promised her, as an indemnification for the shortness of the tour to which the season had restricted them, that he would take her to Scotland the ensuing summer; she reminded him of his promise, but the ruler of her destiny, Mrs. Clifford, had long resolved not to allow her the glorious advantage of a whole summer's *tête-à-tête* with her husband; and Sophy Bennet succeeded in persuading Edmund that there could be no hope of improvement or safety for Caroline, if removed from the careful wing of her exemplary mother-in-law. Mrs. Dornton had a different plan for the young couple; she wished Clifford to take a house at Brighton, and invite herself and her daughters to stay there. "A great many good matches are made at watering places," said she. "I remember when Mr. Morris first took a fancy to my sister Anna; he seemed quite shy of visiting in Marchmont Street, but I persuaded poor dear Mr. Dornton, (not that he wanted much persuasion,) to take Anna with us to Brighton for a month. Mr. Morris immediately followed us, and made proposals to Anna a fortnight afterwards at Wright's Musical Library." Clifford had, by this time, almost accurately acquired his mother's cold haughty bend of assent, and Mrs. Dornton received no other reply to her observation. "Brighton, too," she proceeded, "is so much gayer and pleasanter now than it was then; the cliffs are absolutely crowded in the middle of the day, and a carriage can hardly get along safely; then the chain pier is such an addition to the place; our neighbour, Miss Burrows, told me, that one morning she only took a single turn to the top and back again, and met with fourteen people of her acquaintance!"

"A powerful recommendation to those who are accustomed to associate a visit to the country with quiet, rural pursuits and retirement," said Mrs. Clifford with her usual sneer; and Sophy Bennet added, "It is not every mind that is formed to enjoy and improve retirement, like that of dear Mrs. Clifford." "Dear Mrs. Clifford" at length settled her son's summer plans for him to the advantage, as she told him, of his purse and his peace of mind; she took a house at Richmond, and invited Clifford and his wife to become her guests during her stay. It was in vain for Caroline to object to this plan. Clifford asked her to produce one good reason against it, and she could not give him her only reason; she could not tell him that it would be to her the bitterest of penances to see his mother every day, and all day long. Caroline's train of reflections on every occasion now partook of her peculiar circumstances; one of her neighbours was going to pass the summer in a very dull village in Essex. "It will not be cheerful," thought Caroline, "but she will not mind it; her husband will be with her, and they will not be annoyed by visitors." Another was to stay all the summer and autumn in London. "Well," thought Caroline, "she and her husband are fond of walking together; she can take his arm and enjoy pleasant evening strolls."

Any stranger who had heard Caroline's soliloquies, would have imagined them those of a happy wife. How widely removed from truth may be a natural and plausible conjecture! Caroline at length went to Richmond with a thoroughly bad grace, determined to find her visit very disagreeable, and it proved just as disagreeable as she could have predicted. All outward circumstances, however, combined to make her situation appear happy: the summer was one of remarkable fineness and beauty; Mrs. Clifford's house was situated on the hill, commanding the loveliest of prospects; they daily took the most delightful of walks and rides, or rowed in a pleasure-boat upon the clear and beautiful river. When they occasionally appeared upon the public walks, Caroline in her delicate white muslin pelisse, and transparent crape hat, was generally considered the prettiest woman in Richmond; she was envied for her handsome husband, especially when it was ascertained that she had brought him no fortune, and she was considered by all who were acquainted with his family to enjoy most pleasant domestic companions in "that excellent and highly-respectable woman, Mrs. Clifford," and "that kind-hearted, worthy, and affectionate creature, Sophy Bennet!" How little can we understand the happiness or unhappiness of others, how little is our own understood by them, and yet all persist in giving positive opinions on the subject, merely founded on outward signs; most truly is it said in that sacred book, which says everything better than it can be expressed by a profane writer, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy." Caroline's spirits had long deserted her, and now her temper in turn began to fail.

Very few people had passed through life with such a reputation for good-temper as Caroline; her school-fellows, her friends, and her relations had in turns eulogised her as possessing an "easy temper," a "sweet temper," a "kind temper," a "fine temper," and twenty other praiseworthy varieties of temper; it was, perhaps, all these, but it was not a temper founded on Christian principle, and, therefore, it deserted its possessor in the hour of need. Caroline had borne many unkind taunts from Mrs. Clifford in silence, and had carefully refrained from contradicting or exasperating her, and having done this, she considered she had done all that could possibly be expected from her, and more than her mother or sisters would have done; but she had never prayed that God would change the temper and spirit of her oppressor, or that, withholding that change, he would give to herself grace to bear the trial with that patience and humility befitting an humble disciple of Christ. No, Caroline worked in her own strength, and what could be expected but that one employing only the unhallowed weapons of human pride and obstinacy, should sink wounded and degraded in the conflict? Caroline lost her forbearance and her self-command; she replied with such hasty irritability to every observation of her mother-in-law, that she actually converted her mean jealousy into the bitter enmity that she had at first believed it to be, and by her contemptuous rejection of Sophy Bennet's cajoleries, she enabled the latter to discover that she had seen through her, an offence which no hypocrite can possibly forgive. Caroline's mind now gradually became in such a morbid state, that she could not, to use a colloquial expression, "settle for a moment to anything;" her music and drawing were neglected, a circumstance which gave Mrs. Clifford ample scope to harangue on the folly of wasting money to give girls accomplishments which were all laid aside directly they had procured the desired end, of entrapping husbands for their possessors. Reading was almost her only occupation, and even the higher branches of reading demanded more attention than her restless, agitated spirit was able to bestow. When Caroline was single, history, biography, travels, poetry, and the best novels, had in turn excited her warm interest; but now she confined herself to the mere trashy volumes of a circulating library, and Miss Chesterton, the blue-stocking old maiden aunt of Clifford, to whom I have before alluded, and who came to pass a few days with her sister at Richmond, had not words to express her astonishment and contempt at the idea that anybody could call a young woman literary, who was always poring over "Stories of the Heart," and "Tales of the Imagination." Caroline and her husband returned to London more divided than ever, but Caroline was in high beauty; an extremely pretty girl of one-and-twenty with a fine constitution can bear much mental disquietude before it affects her personal appearance, and all her acquaintance told her that Richmond had agreed with her wonderfully, and that she had been passing a delightful summer, and she allowed their assertions to pass uncontradicted. The fifteenth of November came, Caroline's wedding-day. Mrs. Dornton had been particularly desirous that a party should be invited by her son-in-law to celebrate it, for "poor dear Mr. Dornton," she observed, "always enjoyed the party on the anniversary of their wedding-day more than any other in the year." Caroline suggested the idea to her husband: in fact, they now owed invitations to several families, but Clifford was not inclined to invite company to his house; his mother had praised him so warmly for his great prudence and judgment in avoiding it, that he was determined not to give up his claim to her commendations; besides, his dislike to Mrs. Dornton, and his aversion to the "dear departed Mr. Dornton," constantly quoted as an example to him, rapidly increased.

Caroline's request was refused, and when she reproached him with asperity for his disinclination to oblige her, he sighed deeply, and said to himself, "My mother is quite right; she cannot love me, or the return of our wedding-day would of itself be a sufficient source of pleasure to her without the excitement of company."

Caroline now began to muse painfully on another of her causes of disquietude. A young friend, who had married a little while before her, had recently become a mother; and when Caroline went to visit her, saw her bending over her infant, and heard the fond father declare that his wife had become dearer, far dearer to him than ever, since she had bestowed so sweet a gift on him, most deeply did she lament that the blessing of a child should have been withheld from herself. "It would surely draw my husband's affections towards me," she thought; "it would be a source of mutual interest, and no man with human feelings could bear to see the mother of his child slighted and despised."

And her warm tears fell on the baby's face, as she imprinted a long fervent kiss on its tiny velvet cheek. Soon afterwards Caroline saw an old friend of the family, who had recently been in the village where Bernard resided as curate. Lucy and Bernard had one child, a little boy just turned of two years of age, and under the influence of her newly-acquired interest for children, Caroline asked many questions respecting little Charles Bernard. The gentleman whom she addressed was a father himself, and gave her so animated an account of the child's personal beauty, his winning ways, and artless playfulness, that she actually went to sleep conjuring up before her the vision of a little figure with rosy cheeks, dancing hazel eyes, and flaxen curls, and murmuring to herself, "O that I were as happy as Lucy! O that Heaven would give me such a boy!"

The next morning she wrote a long letter to Lucy, expressing her wish to hear every particular respecting her boy, and dwelling at length on the grief caused in her own mind by the fear that she should never enjoy a similar blessing. Several days elapsed before Lucy replied to her; the letter, when it came, was sealed with black, and Caroline's heart sank as she opened it.

"Dearest Caroline," Lucy wrote, "how truly did your letter recal to me that 'even in the midst of life we are in death;' you related to me the account that you had received from our friend of my sweet boy's health, beauty, and vivacity; your letter found me sitting by the little bed where my darling was reclining, a cold and silent corpse. An attack of inflammation, which began and terminated in a few hours, has deprived us of our beloved infant: his lisping words, his fond caresses, his glad smiles, must henceforth be to us as memories of the past. O Caroline! when you think of the blessing of possessing a child, (and a great and precious blessing I allow it to be,) think also of the sad pain, the bitter trial of losing one. Yet we do not sorrow as those without hope; the Lord, who for a time lent to us this sweet and endearing child, has thought fit to reclaim his own; and it would be as sinful as it would be unavailing to murmur at the behest of Providence; our beloved baby is happier far than our utmost cares could have rendered him on earth.

'We know, for God hath told us this, that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast;
We know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things;
We know that we shall meet our babe, his father dear and I,
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.'

Pray for us, dear Caroline, in our affliction—pray that we may be enabled to bear it with resignation; and that the loss of our dear son may strengthen our endeavours to keep in the narrow path which leads to that blessed land where one day we may hope to rejoin him."

Caroline wept over this letter, answered it affectionately, and felt more reconciled than she had hitherto done to her exemption from the pains and pleasures of maternity. Nothing, however, could reconcile her to the continued presence of Mrs. Clifford; her spirit actually sank within her, as morning after morning she encountered the chilling, scrutinizing look, and the sharp, contradictory speech of her visitor, nay, even her stiff, chocolate-watered silk dress, large gold chain, and widely-spreading blonde cap, shared in Caroline's detestation; and no "secret, black, and midnight hag," could be an object of greater optical horror to her, than the portly, good-looking, and handsomely-dressed elderly lady, who daily occupied a corner of the sofa in her drawing-room.

Mrs. Clifford possessed in perfection an art which all those, who wish to be feared and shunned, would do well to study; the art of saying things to the objects of her dislike, which made them feel dissatisfied with themselves, and which depreciated them in the estimation of all who happened to be in company with them, without affording any tangible ground for complaint. The sensitive and warm-spirited Caroline was just the person to be aggrieved most bitterly by these insults, because she possessed quickness of observation, and depth of feeling, without being under the influence of religion. A simpleton would not have penetrated Mrs. Clifford's unkind inuendoes—a manœuvrer would have outwitted her—a vixen would have overawed her, and a Christian might have succeeded in softening and correcting her.

Caroline, however, was not destined to remain in thorough insignificance; her husband and herself were one day invited to a dinner party at the house of an acquaintance, and Caroline was presented with marked respect to General S———, an elderly gentleman, well known in the world of letters as a patron and admirer of literature; and who, the lady of the house informed her, had seen some of her manuscript poetry, and expressed an earnest desire to be introduced to the authoress. Caroline had an exquisite taste for poetry; but as she never wrote but in albums and scrap-books, she was confounded by the world in general with the multitudinous tribe of young ladies, who "cannot bear the thought of appearing in print, but just write to please themselves and their friends." A manuscript writer, however clever, is seldom thought much of; the vein of poetry may justly be likened to

. . . . "The golden ore,
Which has guineas intrinsical in 't,
Whose worth is never known before
It is tried and impressed in the mint."

It requires the aid of a printing-press to stamp it with consequence.

Mrs. Dornton, too, had never much encouraged Caroline's attempts, having rather a dread of literary ladies. Mrs. Clifford had designated her daughter-in-law's effusions as "very poor things indeed;" and Miss Chesterton had actually not had patience to read to the end of one of them! Clifford, who although an intellectual man, was too apt to see with the eyes and hear with the ears of others, had therefore a very limited opinion of his wife's literary powers, and was actually astonished that General S———, a man of acknowledged taste and judgment, should express himself in such warm terms of commendation concerning them. Caroline was handed down to dinner by General S———; he sat by her, and addressed most of his conversation to her. Caroline was pleased and gratified with the unusual distinction conferred on her. Although in some respects of a timid disposition, she was not at all of a shy one; she had no fear or dislike of strangers; and although she talked little where she thought she was neglected, or could not be understood, she could be both fluent and eloquent in conversation where she was encouraged and appreciated.

General S——— was delighted beyond expression with her unaffected manners, and her extensive knowledge of books; he congratulated Clifford warmly on his possession of so charming a wife, who, he observed, "must make his fire-side a scene of perpetual and exquisite enjoyment;" (poor General S———, with all his reading, fine sense, and knowledge of the world, how easily was he deceived by appearances;) and he concluded with inviting them both to a literary party to be held at his house in the ensuing week. Clifford could not help feeling proud of this invitation; he had heard of General S——— and of his parties, and knew that it was reckoned quite a distinction to be admitted to them. Mrs. Dornton was more than pleased, she was delighted. General S——— was the uncle of Sir Henry Milner, and she warmly urged Caroline to "take great notice of Sir Henry, and be remarkably civil to him!" Mrs. Clifford, however, was thoroughly annoyed and irritated; she could not depreciate the General's parties, because her sister, Miss Chesterton, was, from time to time, making efforts to get invited to them, and endeavouring to gain her purpose by every variety of eulogy and flattery; she could not ridicule her son for going in the train of his wife: it would be tacitly admitting Caroline to be intellectual and superior, if she allowed that she could be privileged to confer consequence on another; she therefore contented herself with saying, that "General S——— had been a clever man in his day, but was now getting old, and, she should think, half childish!"

Clifford and his wife went to the party; the General introduced Caroline to his friends, in a manner which bespoke his esteem for her talents; some of them were persons of high rank, and others of strong intellect, and there were two or three popular writers among them, whom Caroline and Clifford had previously only known by their works. Caroline was delighted with an evening passed in a manner at once elegant, social, and rational, and she was gratified to find that all who conversed with her evidently thought her opinions worth attending to, and frequently praised her for their justice and originality. Clifford, too, was perfectly satisfied; he was not treated merely as an appurtenance to his wife; it was soon found that, like her, he had read much, and could converse on what he had read; she once or twice appealed to him when she was at a loss to remember a particular passage of some author who was the subject of discussion, and, strange and incomprehensible as it may appear, these young people seemed more drawn together, more animated by congenial feelings, during this evening passed in the society of strangers, than they had ever been in the course of months spent in what the Russell Square world denominated "the bosom of their family."

General S——— took leave of Caroline and her husband with much kindness, and promised to call the next morning in Torrington

Square, and bring with him a book which he had recommended Caroline to peruse; but, alas! this intimacy, which promised so favourably for the interests of my heroine, was to meet with a sudden check. General S——— was seized that night with a severe attack of gout, and was confined for many weeks to his chamber. His nephew, Sir Henry Milner, waited on Caroline with the book the following day; he was fond of his uncle, and disposed to adopt his tastes and preferences, and was really and unfeignedly gratified with the manners of Caroline and her husband. He sat conversing on various subjects till a late hour; Clifford, who had been confined almost entirely to female society for many months, was pleased with the discourse of a young man of his own age, and not altogether insensible to the attentions of a baronet who was a member of the fashionable world. He invited him to stay dinner; fortunately none of the relations on either side happened to "drop in" during the evening, and Sir Henry quitted the house with the conviction that his new friends were a delightful acquisition to himself, and were perfectly happy in each other. Sir Henry's visits were frequent during the next three weeks, which period happened to be spent by Mrs. Clifford and her niece at the house of Miss Chesterton at Knightsbridge; when they returned, they were truly mortified at the position of affairs. Gertrude was in Torrington Square almost every day, for her mother was delighted at the opportunity of throwing her in the way of Sir Henry; he, however, considered her very inferior to her sister Caroline, but Gertrude was good-humoured and cheerful, and made no unpleasant addition to the little circle; and Clifford was so amused by the conversational talents of his new friend, and so happy in the absence of strife and bickering, that he was actually in danger not only of becoming proud and fond of his wife, but even of tolerating his wife's sister.

Mrs. Clifford soon decided that affairs must not continue in their present state, but she was rather puzzled how to reverse them; she feared to venture on any personal rudeness to Sir Henry, or to depreciate and ridicule him; he was a decidedly clever man, and he was also a man of fashion and fortune: she could not frown him away, as she had succeeded in frowning away divers young Mr. Browns and Mr. Thompsons, who had been humble admirers of the pretty Caroline Dornton, and would have been glad to have found an occasional lounge at the house of the still prettier Caroline Clifford: she contrived, however, materially to spoil the pleasure of their meetings by adopting her usual contemptuous manners to Caroline, breaking in upon her in the middle of a speech, and controverting or denying whatever she asserted. Sir Henry, for a moment, felt surprised to see the elegant, intellectual young woman, who had been the star of his uncle's literary party, talked down and frowned into insignificance at the head of her own table; but an observer of human nature is never long surprised at anything: he respected and admired Caroline, however, and resolved to do all in his power to support her; he determinately drew her out in conversation, listened to Mrs. Clifford's laboured dogmas, or still more laboured witticisms, with an air of great lassitude, and interrupted Sophy Bennet in the midst of a long, hollow, soft-sounding speech, by asking her whether she did not think Mrs. Candour, in the "School for Scandal," an admirably drawn character.

Mrs. Clifford at last determined that she had only one course to pursue; she told her son, with much appearance of reluctance, that she thought he was acting decidedly wrong in suffering Sir Henry Milner to become so domesticated in his house; that his admiration of Caroline was marked and pointed; in fact, that nothing but the circumstance of his being blinded by beauty, could account for his commendation of the mental attainments of so trifling and superficial a young woman; that Caroline, at present, was doubtless perfectly innocent of any reciprocal preference, but that considering her vanity and her defective education, there was no saying how long she might remain so, and that an intimacy of this kind was always best crushed in the bud.

Mrs. Clifford left the room without giving her son time to reply to her, and Sophy Bennet took up the theme, and said, "I am sure a load is now removed from my poor aunt's mind; you cannot tell what a struggle she has had with herself before she could determine to drop you this hint; but do not think she means a moment's reflection on our dear Caroline. I am convinced she would be thoroughly unhappy if she could imagine that you drew such an inference from anything she has said."

Clifford took no notice to his wife of this conversation; but the next time Sir Henry came to dinner, his manners were decidedly cool to him, and Mrs. Clifford, who was also present, addressed almost all her conversation to her son in a tone of provoking and whining pity, as if she deemed him unkindly placed in the back-ground by his wife and friend, and requiring her maternal protection to bring him into notice. Sir Henry, however, had a recently published book to talk of, and an account to give of a literary party where he had passed the preceding evening, and a roll of new music for Caroline to play over; and he seemed quite blind to the more than usually unpleasant situation of the family. He had mentioned, in the course of conversation, that his uncle was nearly well, and was looking forward with the greatest pleasure to the prospect of improving his acquaintance with Caroline and her husband.

"My uncle," he continued, addressing Caroline, "was not aware till yesterday that the Miss Chesterton, who was so anxious to join his *conversaziones* last winter, was a relation of yours by marriage; under your auspices I am sure he will, at any time, be happy to see her; she cannot need a more favourable introduction."

Mrs. Clifford sat actually bursting with vexation at the idea that her deep-blue sister was to be patronised and introduced into society by her despised daughter-in-law; it was necessary, she found, to take some decisive measure which, by inducing her son and his wife to break abruptly with Sir Henry, should prevent a renewal of their acquaintance with the general. The ensuing morning Clifford had fixed to leave town on a visit to an invalid friend, and was not to return for two or three days; accordingly, Mrs. Clifford invited herself to pass the day with Caroline, left "dear Sophy Bennet" at home, and after dinner began her projected attack. First, she dilated on her own good qualities as a mother, and her excessive love for her son; next she enlarged on the good qualities of her son, and told Caroline how grateful she ought to be for such a husband. Caroline echoed her encomiums very coolly, not from indifference towards her husband, but because she felt convinced that her mother-in-law was what is familiarly called, "talking at her." Mrs. Clifford next digressed to the subject of Sophy Bennet, praised her unequalled temper, her steadiness, her humility, her modesty, and her readiness to receive advice with thankfulness, although she so very seldom wanted it; by a quick transition, she at last found her way to the character of Caroline herself, and, after a rapid graphic sketch of a very headstrong, frivolous, flirting young woman, she begged to touch on a particular instance of levity, which had given her great pain, and would have half-broken her heart, had she not made allowances for the very bad example Caroline had received from her mother and the other females of her family; and this levity she set forth to be, her extremely reprehensible encouragement of the attentions of Sir Henry Milner, for whom it was quite evident she felt a much greater partiality than it was proper for a married woman to feel for any one but her husband.

The colour rushed tumultuously to the cheek, brow, and bosom of the outraged girl; she had often, very often, been irritated and mortified since her marriage, but never till now had she experienced positive insult.

And how unprovoked, how uncalled-for did she feel that insult to be! Caroline, it may be remembered I have mentioned, was, even as a young girl, remarkably free from the least propensity to coquetry; her exceeding modesty and reserve had obtained for her the commendation of all the matrons of her acquaintance, and her young friends had often rallied her on her distance and prudery. Her ideas of the correctness, not only of manner but of thought, incumbent on a married woman were scrupulously strict; and had she been united to age and infirmity, she would have felt it alike her duty and inclination to awe every approach to a too familiar admiration in the other sex, by the dignity and propriety of her deportment. Of Sir Henry, as an admirer, she had never entertained the most remote idea; she liked him as an agreeable guest, and she had been pressed by her family to be very civil to him on Gertrude's account; but, so far from feeling any undue partiality for him, she would much have preferred the society of his uncle, the venerable General S———.

Then the taunt, reflecting on poor Mrs. Dornton, cut Caroline to the heart: vain and frivolous her mother might be, but she was a woman of unblemished correctness, her daughters had seen no example of levity in her; the comfort of her husband had been her first consideration during his lifetime, and the interests of her daughters had been the sole subject of her studies ever since. All these thoughts rapidly passed through Caroline's mind, and as she was not yet imbued with the spirit of him, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again," the storm of passion broke forth in a fearful succession of upbraidings and reproaches, which actually terrified her adversary, who shrank from the tempest she had herself raised, and took a hasty and angry leave of her, saying, that she hoped solitude would bring her to her senses. Solitude! O how grateful would Caroline have felt for any human creature to whom she could pour forth the violent passions of her soul! Like most proud-spirited and imaginative persons, she magnified tenfold the affront she had received, and the evil consequences likely to arise from it; her mind had been enervated lately by the perusal of several highly-wrought fictions, representing the innocent as hurled into disgrace by the force of successful calumny, and she imagined nothing less than the total ruin of her character in the eyes of her husband and the world by the cruel accusation of her mother-in-law.

Caroline, however, did Mrs. Clifford injustice; she had much in her composition that was artful and unamiable, but she was not a fiend—she had not the slightest idea of blackening the character of her daughter-in-law—she had not, as has been shown, even accused her to her husband of feeling a reciprocal partiality for Sir Henry; and when she told Caroline that she cared more for him than was proper, she uttered a taunt which she did not believe herself, and would not have expected any one else to believe; but which she hoped would pique her high-spirited young relative into the adoption of such a coldness of manner towards Sir Henry, as would, in conjunction with that of her husband, cause him to cease his visits at the house.

(To be continued.)

THE BONNIE SWEET LAND.

There's a sigh for the friends we have left far away
In the bonnie sweet land o'er the waters of light;
For the roses of youth, and the tresses of gray,
And the song that we heard in those bowers of delight.
We've wept within the stranger's land,
Since Scotia's hills arose to sight,
And long to clasp a brother's hand
In the bonnie sweet land o'er the waters of light.

Farewell to the kirk where our forefathers sleep,
To the arms of affection that cradled our youth;
Farewell to the home that our mem'ries will keep,
In the freshness of feeling, and greenness of truth!
In distant lands our tombs will rise,
And strangers pay the parting rite,
Since cruel fate a grave denies
In the bonnie sweet land o'er the waters of light.

THE MAREMMA.

"Well, have you succeeded in finding a guide and horse for me tomorrow?" said I to mine host of the locanda in Montepulciano, as he came in after supper with a flask of his best wine.

The worthy Boniface, after he had carefully drawn off the oil with some fresh tow at the end of a stick, and taking due care to rinse the neck, by jerking out a few drops of the liquor on the floor—an operation which requires no ordinary dexterity—placed the flask on the table with that air of importance which landlords in all countries know how to assume when they produce their primest article, and answered my question in the affirmative, adding, that the horse was already in the stable. "And, as for the guide, here he comes," said he, pointing to a tall, dark-looking man, who entered the room with the firm step and undaunted mien of a freebooter.

"Are you the guide who is to accompany me through the Maremma?" I hesitatingly demanded, as I eyed him from head to foot with a scrutinizing glance, the sensation produced by the idea of having such a suspicious-looking fellow for a travelling companion, through a country like the Maremma, not being over agreeable.

He no doubt conjectured what was passing in my mind, and replied in a bold tone, as he advanced nearer the table, and placed himself in a corresponding attitude. "Ay, signor, I, even I, am the guide; and pray, what have you to say against me?"

Now I had certainly a great deal to say against the whole appearance of the man, but thought it more prudent to remain silent: besides, there was a certain martial, or rather, bandit-like pride in his bearing, indicative of at least a remnant of noble feeling, saved from a general wreck of character, and which I conceived would be a very good element to work on, in order to render him completely subservient to my will. In fact, I have invariably found that lawless characters of this description make the best and most faithful guides through uncultivated regions, provided the traveller can manage to gain their confidence, and learn to treat them with a becoming familiarity, without appearing to be shocked at their behaviour, or at the deeds of rapine and bloodshed which his condescension may tempt them to relate.

I therefore answered that I had nothing to say against him, except that he perhaps might not be well acquainted with the roads, that I should require an expert guide, it being my intention to ascend the Montamiata, visit the abandoned town of Soana, and afterwards cross over the wildest part of the Maremma to Piombino, and that it would not be very pleasant to have to pass a night in the Macchie, at the risk of catching a fever, owing to a guide being unacquainted with the way.

"Oh!" cried the Italian, "if that be all that you have to say, you may remain perfectly easy; Malvetti knows every foot-path and every bush between Livorno and Terracina. And if you are one of those who go about poking after old walls, I can take you to every place where two stones still remain standing. Or if," he added, casting his eyes on some minerals lying on the table, "you amuse yourself by hammering pieces out of our rocks at the risk of breaking your shins, I am your man, for I know the difference between peperino and travertino, as well as any professor in Pisa."

"Why, in that case," I replied, "you are just the person I want, so drink a glass of this Montepulciano to the success of our journey; and be ready at four o'clock to-morrow morning."

"With your permission," said my adoptive guide, filling himself a second bumper, after he had tossed off the one I had offered him. "This flask is too good to be emptied by one person.

'Montepulciano di ogni vino é il rè,'

as Redi has it. We sha'n't meet with anything like this in the Maremma, so I will wish you a good night in a third glass; and, depend upon it, you shall have no reason to repent having taken Malvetti."

So saying, with a significant nod, he strided out, and I consoled myself on Shakspeare's authority, that, as he appeared to be fond of wine, there must necessarily be something good in his composition.

"A strange kind of guide this you have procured me," said I to the landlord, as I offered him a glass of the renowned beverage—which, if it merit Redi's appellation of the king of wines, must at any rate only claim those of Tuscany for its subjects—"he has more the appearance of a Roman bandit than of an honest Tuscan. Who the devil is he?"

"That is a question which is not very easy to answer," replied the landlord, putting down his glass, and drawing the back of his hand across his lips. "Malvetti will be everything that you may wish him to be. He will hammer rocks for you—work for you—shave you"—(I made a sign that I never trusted my chin to anybody but myself)—"well, will whet the razors at all events—will draw you a tooth—will play the guitar for you, and repeat whole books of poetry, when you are in a humour to listen to him."

"All well and good," I replied; "but when he has that hammer in his hands," I added, pointing to one of the largest sized geological hammers which I had with me, "will he not be tempted to try its effects on my skull, instead of on a rock of peperino?"

"Why, no," said the landlord, "I think there is not much fear of that, because it would be against his interest; otherwise the thing would be likely enough."

"And pray," I exclaimed, somewhat discomposed by the very cool manner in which Boniface discussed the matter, at the same time making an inward vow never to trust the hammer in Malvetti's hands, "why would it be against his interest to break my skull, when by breaking it he might gain a few ducats?"

"Why, for that very reason," answered the landlord: "because he would gain but a few ducats, as he knows very well that a person going on such a journey would only take with him just sufficient to defray the necessary expenses; and if he were to commit such an act, he would be obliged to fly into the Roman States, where he is too well known, or lie concealed in the Maremma during the season of the malaria, and at all events could not sell his medicines in Tuscany any more, and would, consequently, be a loser by the transaction."

"Oh! oh!" I cried; "Malvetti is a doctor, then, as well as a guide—one of the wandering tribe, I presume?"

"Why something of the kind," replied the landlord; "though it must be confessed that he is a very clever fellow in his way. His powders cured my poor wife of a fever last summer, after all the doctors in Montepulciano had given her up, and our curate had administered the last sacrament. He never left her for a month."

"And of course," I added, "the signora is very grateful. I suppose he is a great favourite?"

"Oh! as for that," said the landlord, "Malvetti is a favourite with all of them; though, for my part, I know not what the women can find to admire in such a gaunt, swarthy fellow; but you will see enough of him before you arrive at Piombino, so felicissima notte, signor, and a good journey to you."

And away he hied to the kitchen, in order, I presume, to keep the gratitude of his fair partner within due bounds, as it appeared to be of that kind which is apt to run a little wild now and then.

Next morning, at a very early hour, I mounted a rozinante kind of horse, slung my largest hammer on the high peak of the saddle, in order that it might serve as a weapon of defence in case of need, and was obliged to apply the lash to my sorry jade to keep up with Malvetti, who strode down the hills at a pace which would have done honour to the most wager-walking gentleman who was ever timed by a stop-watch.

Although it was the beginning of May, the morning was cold and windy. I did not exchange many words with my guide; in fact, he kept at too great a distance for conversation, only stopping when he came to a cross-road to beckon me on, like the ghost in Hamlet, and point out the one I was to follow. In this manner we proceeded across a wild hilly country to Radicofani. I frequently lagged behind to examine the nature of the soil. It was on one of these occasions that, on looking round to see what was become of my strange conductor, I perceived him standing on an isolated rock on the borders of a torrent, his cloak thrown over his left shoulder, his long black hair streaming in the wind, and his whole appearance, in short, strikingly picturesque.

"Malvetti," said I, on coming up to him, "I should like to know what countryman you are. Your language is pure Tuscan, or rather, Roman; otherwise, were I to judge from the cast of your features, and your tall sinewy frame, I should be inclined to take you for an Arab. That red shawl, too, round your waist, and that turban-like cap, give you quite an oriental appearance. The only thing Christian about you is your long hair, or else you might pass for a disciple of Mahomet."

"You demand to know my country," replied my guide, stretching out his arm with theatrical pomp. "Know, then, that my country is the world, and that gain is my god: that is the only country Malvetti can claim, and the only god which he acknowledges."

So saying, he sprang from the rock, and I instinctively grasped my hammer; but he hurried on at even a quicker pace than before, neither did he stop until we arrived at Radicofani, where we took up our quarters at an inn, which, although it lies on the high road from Florence to Rome, is not much better than an eastern caravansary.

As I had already examined the ancient volcano on which Radicofani is situated in a former journey, I did not devote much time to it now. We therefore proceeded next morning at an early hour to the baths of San Filippo, celebrated for their sulphureous springs, and for the plaster casts formed by letting the water deposit its sulphate of lime on moulds; by which simple process the finest impressions are easily obtained at a very trifling expense.

After leaving San Filippo, the road passes at the foot of immense rocks of travertine, which have been formed, as others are daily forming, by the waters from the spring. A number of fine chestnut trees grow amongst them, which give them a very picturesque appearance. After ascending the Zoccolino, which commands a very extensive prospect, we crossed the mountain torrent La Rondinaja, and soon found ourselves on volcanic soil. My guide had been more chatty to-day, and before we arrived at Abbadia or La Badia di San Salvatore, where I was fortunate enough to meet with a good bed and supper, we had become tolerably well acquainted.

The next day being destined for the ascent of the Montamiata, we rose at three o'clock, left orders for our horse to be sent round to Bagnoli, and set out on foot through a forest of the finest chestnuts. At five we entered the region of beech, and found the ground covered with snow: we were frequently knee deep in it before we arrived at the summit, which we did not reach until after seven, the snow having rendered the ascent very fatiguing. The cold was intense, the day being very windy: we were therefore glad to find a shelter under the Sasso di Maremma, a huge rock of peperine, which forms the highest point of the mountain. Although the weather was somewhat hazy, the view was truly magnificent. Around us were immense fragments of rocks, intermingled with beech trees, while all Tuscany, with its innumerable olive-clad hills, lay extended like a map at our feet, Radicofani, Montepulciano, and Siena, with the Thrasymene and Volsinian Lakes, forming very conspicuous objects. On one side the horizon was bounded by the Mediterranean and the mountains of Corsica; on the other by the Appenines, reaching in a long line from Carrara to the Abruzzi. A glance at the map of Italy will suffice to show the great extent and variety of this magnificent prospect, and will enable those who have been in the habit of ascending to the higher regions, of the earth, to form an adequate conception of its sublimity. Less favoured mortals must be content with the bare mention of its limits, for no description would ever convey to their minds the impressions which such splendid scenes never fail in producing. There are certainly many points in Italy which afford admirable views over a great extent of country. The Superga near Turin—the spire of Milan cathedral—the tower of St. Mark in Venice—the Euganeian Hills—Fiesole—Mount Albano—the Camaldoli in Naples—are celebrated in this respect. The view from Montepulciano is also particularly fine—that from Castro Giovanni (the ancient Enna) in Sicily peculiarly wild and melancholy. From the heights of Taormina, Ætna may be seen to the greatest advantage, and the splendid panorama which is unfolded to the spectator, placed on the summit of that mighty volcano, is perhaps unrivalled. During a four years' wandering through Italy I enjoyed all these, and numerous other prospects; still I do not hesitate to place the view from the Montamiata amongst the finest I have seen, either in that enchanting land, or in any other country. As this mountain lies so near the high road from Florence, and is not difficult to ascend, especially in summer, when the snow is melted, it is really surprising that none of our travellers should have visited it.

The Montamiata is entirely volcanic, being formed of a pyroxenic lava, known in the country under the name of peperino. This lava is harder and more compact towards the summit, where it resembles porphyry.

It took us three hours to descend to Bagnoli, where we arrived at noon, much fatigued, and loaded with specimens. I was quite satisfied with my guide; he had, in fact, been indefatigable, and I no longer hesitated to trust the fatal hammer in his hands, though I must confess, that the first time I delivered it to him I felt somewhat like the Edda tells us that Thor did when he was deprived of his mighty Miölnir.

At Bagnoli we regaled ourselves on polenta, made by simply boiling the farina di neccio, or chestnut flour, in water, and adding a little salt, to which I joined some butter by way of a luxury, and found the mess to be very palatable. After this frugal meal I again mounted my broken-winded beast, and we proceeded to Santa Fiora, situated on a high rock of peperine. We here took up our night-quarters at a tolerable good locanda, and managed between us to despatch a whole kid for our suppers; in fact, young kid was our chief food during the whole excursion, and it makes no bad dish either, especially when a person sits down with a good appetite.

While I arranged my minerals, Malvetti took up an old guitar, and favoured the company with some of Rossini's best airs. He soon got in the good graces of our handsome landlady, who declared that such a voice had never been heard in Santa Fiora, it outdid the barber's, who was universally acknowledged to be the best singer in the whole country. To this compliment my amorous guide replied in a love ditty, which he particularly addressed to the fair hostess, and I left him quavering on amore and felicità in great style, amidst the plaudits of his surrounding audience.

The next morning I found him in a very good humour. I know not whether it were owing to his having persuaded the good folks to purchase some of his nostrums—a good stock of which he always carried with him in a wallet—or whether it were caused by the kind looks of the landlady, who, at parting, hoped that they or she—I forget which person she used—would soon have the happiness of seeing him again in Santa Fiora: at any rate, he was in his best vein the whole day, and related a number of anecdotes, with a mixture of drollery and bitter sarcasm seldom combined. I observed, too, that he was quite familiar with Tasso and Dante, and could often apply a quotation from Horace with more aptness than some of our M.P.'s. We had now become very good friends, and I placed entire confidence in him, insomuch so, that after we had taken our mid-day's meal in a forest, I slept for an hour under an oak without even dreaming of having my skull broken.

On arriving at a ruined tower, situated on the last eminence, after leaving the woods, we had a fine view of the plain below, with the river Fiora meandering through it to the sea, its right bank variegated by a range of hills, while, towards the east, the horizon was bounded by the detached group of Monte Canino.

It is impossible to travel through the Maremma without a feeling of melancholy, when we see a country to all outward appearance admirably adapted for the abode of man—the vegetation luxuriant, the sky as bright and as serene as in any other part of Italy, the air apparently pure and salubrious,—we are astonished at not meeting with a human being, or a human habitation, except a few deserted towns, and here and there a straggling hut peopled with the most squalid, fever-stricken wretches in existence. During the summer months, the whole coast from Leghorn to Terracina is more or less infected with the malaria. This terrible scourge is owing to two principal causes of a very different nature, and which most writers on the subject have either neglected to specify or have confounded. It is to the emanations from stagnant waters that the Pontine Marshes, the districts of Grosseto and Piombino, and several other places, owe their insalubrity, and it is evident that such districts might be rendered tolerably healthy by a good system of drainage and other remedies of a similar description. But in the greater part of the Tuscan Maremma the malaria is produced by more hidden causes, the principal one being, in all probability, a subterraneous volcanic process which has been in operation for ages, and which, if it continue for a few more centuries, will transform the whole of central Italy, from the Appenines to the sea, into a dreary steppe only habitable, like the present Maremma, in winter. The eruption of a volcano would probably be the only effectual means of restoring these regions to the flourishing state they were in under the Etruscans. The amazing fertility of the Campania Felice is, perhaps, as much owing to Vesuvius as to the benignity of the climate; but for that celebrated volcano it would probably be no better than these desolate districts of Tuscany.

The tract of country now known under the name of the Maremma, though not so highly cultivated as in more ancient times, was still in a flourishing condition during the middle ages, and though Grosseto was in evil repute for its insalubrity even in the twelfth century, it was only in the fifteenth that the population began visibly to decrease. This depopulation was doubtless owing, in the first instance, to the interminable feuds of that stormy period, but as the country became more thinly inhabited and less cultivated, the malaria increased and finished the work which anarchy had begun. When a person died without heirs the land he had held fell to his commune, or parish, until, at length, the whole district was in the possession of the last person whom the scourge had spared; but when this individual also was swept off, the territory, under the name of a "bandita," passed to a neighbouring commune, so that we now frequently find a commune with half-a-dozen of these bandite appended to it. The evil is now become too great to be remedied, and the Maremma in summer is, consequently, abandoned to its fate, every one who can, trying to escape from its pestilential atmosphere. The very birds fly to happier regions, the sparrows quitting the country in spring, and not returning till after the autumnal rains have purified the air, so that their departure is considered as a sign that the malaria has commenced.

In winter the Maremma affords an excellent pasturage for sheep and cattle, which remain in summer on the Appenines. The peasants who accompany them lead quite a patriarchal kind of life. We met a whole family, or rather tribe, of them, as we entered the plains, returning with their flocks and herds to their native mountains. A venerable old man, mounted on a very good horse, who appeared to be the chief of the tribe, being surrounded by at least three, if not four, generations, told me, that they were the last I should meet, the season being far advanced, and he strongly advised me not to remain too long on my journey, and by no means to sleep in the open air, an advice which was repeated by one of his granddaughters, a remarkably handsome young woman of twenty, who was mounted on a mule in the way that ladies used to ride before the invention of side-saddles; and she added with a smile, "You must promise, too, to follow our advice, for it would really be a pity if such a handsome young man (this happened in 1824) were to catch the fever."

I, of course, felt highly flattered at the interest which the fair contadina seemed to take in my fate, and did not fail to make a suitable reply, assuring her, that I was in much greater danger of catching a fever from her fine black eyes, of a nature which, I feared, would be incurable; at which she laughed in the prettiest manner imaginable, looking at the same time very archly at a sturdy young mountaineer, who was walking by the side of her mule, and who did not seem to relish my flirtation with his young bride, for everything indicated that they were either a newly-married couple or on the point of being so: not wishing, therefore, to cause any further jealousy, I bade them farewell, the lively fair one repeating her charitable advice, and promising to remember me in her oraisons to the Madonna.

Fortified by this assurance, we pursued our journey towards the deserted town of Soana, which is situated on an isolated rock, and surrounded by deep glens formed of rocks of a volcanic tufo; and as these rocks are covered with hanging woods, and assume every variety of form, it is altogether one of the most picturesque places I ever saw. Soana was once a flourishing and populous city, but appears to have suffered a good deal in the middle ages during the bloody feuds of the Orsini and Aldobrandeschi. It is now entirely abandoned in the summer season, and most of the houses are in ruins; the cathedral, a venerable gothic edifice of the twelfth century, being alone kept in repair, though the bishop and canons very prudently reside in Pittigliano.

We ascended to the town after having traversed several highly-romantic glens through passages cut thirty feet deep in the rocks, and overhung with foliage. The town-gate was in ruins: we entered a long street; half of the houses were fallen, others were roofless; the ground formerly occupied by palaces had been cleared, and beautiful orchards and vineyards occupied their sites: in some places the exterior walls of a mansion were standing, and the interior, having been cleared, was adorned by a grove of olives: in short, vines, olives, and apple-trees in full blossom, were strangely intermixed with dilapidated edifices and ivy-grown towers, forming the most curious contrast that can possibly be imagined. In the public square we found a miserable, ragged, fever-stricken priest, who, on being asked the way to Pittigliano, pointed towards the ruins of a gothic citadel, and slunk behind the pillars of an edifice that had once served the purpose of a palace of justice, or town-hall. This spectre and an haggard old woman, who might have well represented the chief witch in Macbeth, with a bloated lad, not above ten years old, though apparently a dwarf of fifty, were the only signs of life which we observed in Soana. We again descended into the glens, and traversed them in silence. After ascending the opposite rocks we entered a luxuriant plain, which afforded a fine view of the desolated town. The scenery was beautiful, the plain being interspersed with clusters of trees very much like an English park; a bold semicircular range of hills rose behind the striking ruins of the gothic fortress, beyond which the Montamiata towered aloft in isolated grandeur. The evening was uncommonly fine and serene. I could not quit the spot; the wild and picturesque scenery and ruined edifices of Soana were in perfect unison with my feelings. It is at such times, and in contemplating such scenes as these, that we feel some of the most exquisite sensations of our nature tinged with a pleasing melancholy; the recollections of youth, friends, kindred, country, crowd into the mind; fairy visions of happiness dance before the eyes one moment and the next are destroyed; the deeds of other days then pass before us in succession, and we muse on the changing drama of life until we acquire the sad conviction of its nothingness.

My musing, however, was interrupted by Malvetti hinting that it would not be prudent to remain out too late, otherwise I might find that all my fair advocate's prayers would be unavailing, and that a few hours of night air would probably convert him from a guide to a doctor. "For I trust," he added, "you would place more confidence in me than in any of the asses who are licensed to kill the good folks of Pittigliano." I assured him that, if the case occurred, I would not fail to take his famous febrifuge powders; so we hastened on at a good round pace, wending through the same kind of romantic glens as those we had passed, and managed to arrive at Pittigliano just as the Ave-Maria bell had done tolling.

Pittigliano forms a kind of peninsula, being surrounded by deep glens, except where the fortress is situated on a ledge of rocks which join it to the adjacent plain. It was undoubtedly a strong town in the middle ages, and the inhabitants appear to have been of a very pugnacious disposition, as we frequently read of the mighty wars of the Pittiglianesi and Soanese. However, it is a much healthier place than its fallen rival, the waters which pass through the glens having a sufficient current, though during the heats of summer it is also visited by the common scourge of the country.

Early next morning we left Pittigliano and breakfasted at Sorano, which has a similar situation to Pittigliano and Soana; high rocks of tufo rise on every side, and the road to the town winds through the same picturesque glens.

From Sorano we traversed a desolate and abandoned tract of country to Grosseto, a fortified sea-port town, which may be considered as the capital of the Maremma. The heat was very oppressive; we did not meet with a single human being, scarcely with anything that had life, for the birds had taken their annual flight, and man and beast seemed alike to shun their invidious enemy.

In one of the wildest parts of a macchia, Malvetti stopped before a rude wooden cross, and said, " Ay, this is the spot, sure enough."

" What spot?" I exclaimed.

" Oh, only where old Taddeo was despatched some years ago," he carelessly replied: " poor fellow, he begged hard for his life, but it would have been dangerous to have spared him after easing him of such a sum as he had been collecting; besides, he was a great friend of the gend'armes, and too well acquainted with the country; if the old fool had been more discreet, he might have dreamed on a few years longer."

" You speak so circumstantially," said I, " respecting this bloody deed, that you must necessarily have been present yourself."

" Why, to be sure I was," said Malvetti, with apparent indifference; " you would not have a person of my profession to be absent at a death-scene, would you?"

" But which profession do you allude to, for you appear to have exercised a good many in your life?" said I, emphatically.

" Oh, to the honourable profession of medicine, of course," replied my guide in a sarcastic tone, meant to imply that the medicine which he had administered to the unfortunate Taddeo was the point of the stiletto.

Although I knew that Malvetti's life had been none of the best, and was convinced in my own mind, from the very first moment I saw him, that he had been guilty of bloodshed, still I was not prepared to hear him relate in such a cool, sarcastic way the details of a murder, in which, although he would not avow it, it was evident that he had taken an active part. His character was now laid bare, and I clearly saw that I had an assassin for a guide, and was with him on the very spot where he had committed one of his numerous crimes, and as far from human assistance as his former victim. It would not, however, have been prudent to have let him perceive what was passing in my mind; I consequently replied in as careless a tone as I could command,

" Why, really, Malvetti, you appear to have been a more wicked fellow than I supposed, and but for a certain *point d'honneur* which you seem to possess, I should not feel quite easy in your company."

"Oh!" replied he quickly, "there is nothing to fear in that respect; I have been a sad dog, I must confess; but you will find, when he takes a liking to the person he serves, no one can be more faithful than Malvetti. But it is now noon," he continued, "perhaps the signor would like to dine; we sha'n't find a better place than this before we arrive at Grosseto, as there are a few trees to screen us from the sun, and a brook hard by in which we may cool our wine and dilute it with a little drinkable water."

I did not exactly like the idea of dining on the spot where a murder had been committed; but as he appeared particularly to wish it, and seemed, moreover, to be somewhat affected by the recollections which the place had awakened, I hesitated not to dismount. During our meal he was more silent than usual, and did not seem to relish his cold kid; he also left his flask of wine half full,—circumstances so unusual that I was induced to ask what ailed him.

"What ails me! ay, you may truly ask what ails me," he replied, "why, my whole life ails me. Do you think that Malvetti was always what he is now, an outcast of society, a miserable wretch condemned to gain a pitiful subsistence by the tricks of the mountebank? Oh, no, he has seen other days; he was born in affluence, and enjoyed the fellowship of his equals, until misfortune first showed him their utter worthlessness. Hear my tale, it may interest you; at all events, it will help to wile away an hour, and prevent us from falling asleep in a place where we should probably awaken with the germs of a fever. It is my duty to amuse you; I only claim your attention,—your pity and compassion I require not: should you entertain such sentiments, keep them to yourself, I entreat: when you have learned to know mankind as well as I have, you will also have learned to treat such hollow professions with the contempt which they so justly merit.

"I was born in this glowing clime of Italy, in the land where the passions and feelings acquire their greatest intensity, where virtue and innocence have shone forth in all their purity, and vice and crime perpetrated their most horrible deeds of atrocity: blame me not, therefore, if my life has been as the wild outbreak of the volcano, or the destroying blast of the desert, and do not expect that a man of my fiery temperament will submit to the ill-usages of mankind as tamely as one of your own frigid countrymen. O no, I was not the man to eke out my life in tame submission. I sought an honourable station among my fellow mortals, and was trampled under foot, but I arose in all my strength, and vowed a mighty vengeance on every thing that had life; that vengeance I have wreaked, and my vow is accomplished: neither do I regret what I have done; or if at times a feeling of compunction should arise to upbraid me, it is instantly stifled by the conviction, that human nature is too vile to merit compassion, too contemptible to cause a pang in the breast of one who has dared to set its pretended rights at defiance.

"You are shocked at these sentiments," continued Malvetti, as I was about to interrupt him, "and doubtless regard them with horror. It is but natural that you should do so; the sincerest wish I can form for you, in return for the kind manner in which you have treated me during this excursion, is, that you may never be taught by adversity to regard them otherwise. But to my story—it shall be short. You must know that I was the only son of a gentleman of Umbria; my mother died in giving me birth. I received a good education in the university of Bologna, though my studies were interrupted by the campaigns of Bonaparte; my father, who had a mortal antipathy to the French and to sans-cullotism, having recalled me home when the celebrated female professor, Clotilda Tambroni, was obliged to descend from the Greek chair, which she had filled with such reputation, for refusing to swear eternal hatred against royalty. It was the same year that the short-lived Roman republic was proclaimed, and that French influence became predominant in Italy.

> "Italia, Italia, o tu, cui feo la sorte
> Dono infelice di bellezza, onde hai,
> Funesta dote d'infiniti guai,
> Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte."

"You know the rest. Ay, indeed, Italy will always have to defend her rights by foreign hands.

> "Per servir sempre o vincitrice, o vinta."

"My father," pursued Malvetti after this burst of patriotism, "had for some years been engaged in a law-suit with one of his relations, a villain of an attorney, who took advantage of every quibble in law to prolong the suit in order to ruin a man whom he hated for his noble and unsullied character, which formed too great a contrast with his own. His claims, however, were so unjust, that the suit would undoubtedly have been decided in our favour, had not the scoundrel taken advantage of the popular frenzy to decry my parent for an aristocrat, and a partisan of the pope. This was all that was necessary, in that period of party rage, to turn the scale against him—the democrat judges of course rejecting his suit, and condemning him moreover to heavy costs—in short, through the low arts of this villain we were completely ruined.

"In this state of affairs we went to Rome, where my father flattered himself that he should meet with help and protection from some rich relations with whom he had always lived on the most intimate terms, and who had invariably professed the greatest friendship for him. Alas! he was woefully deceived in his expectations; he found every door shut against him, those, whose professions had been the loudest, being the first to turn their backs on him; gratuitous and unasked-for advice he received from many, real assistance from none. But why dwell on circumstances which are of every-day occurrence? suffice it to say, that the ingratitude of friends, and the coldness of relations, soon brought my honoured parent to an untimely grave, teaching me a lesson which my own experience has amply confirmed, and which may be inculcated in the maxim, that in adversity a man who wishes to retain a particle of esteem for the human character, ought to have as little to do with his fellow mortals as possible.

"I thus found myself alone in the world, without a single friend;

but there was still one being in whom my affections were centered—I had plighted my faith to her who had been the companion of my infancy, who had grown up with me under the same roof, to my father's beautiful and accomplished ward, who, since our misfortunes, had resided with a female relation. We had vowed an eternal fidelity; her vows were renewed at parting, and reiterated in letters apparently dictated by sentiments of the purest affection; but after my father's death these letters were less frequent, and for some months mine had remained unanswered, when I at length received the fatal tidings that my betrothed was on the point of marrying the man who of all others I detested—the self-same villain who had been the cause of our ruin, and who was, moreover, old enough to be her father. Maddened with rage I flew to my native town, but arrived too late; she whom I adored, she whom I had fondly imagined would have remained the same through every change of fortune, had become the wife of him who had been the tacit murderer of her indulgent guardian, and the persecutor of her devoted lover. The last tie which bound me to humanity was thus violently severed, and I found myself completely isolated, with all the burning passions and intense feelings of my fiery temperament concentrated into one deadly, implacable spirit of revenge against the whole human race.

"I roamed about the country as one bereft of reason, until I was met by an old peasant who lived on our family estate, now become the property of the villanous attorney. From this peasant I experienced the first act of kindness I had met with—he took me to his cottage, and attended me during a violent fever which these events had brought on.

"One evening, while I was lying in this state, I heard an altercation at the door, between my honest benefactor and a man who, by the shrill tone of his voice, I instantly knew to be my mortal enemy.

"'I tell you,' said the attorney to the peasant, 'that you must quit this cottage within three days: you are an idle fellow—a partizan of the pope, and were always attached to that old scoundrel, Malvetti, who tried to cheat me out of this estate.'

"'Thou liest, villain,' I exclaimed, rushing out of the house; 'thou liest! hence to the demons who have long been waiting for thee, and may eternal perdition be thine!'

"So saying, I plunged my stiletto in his heart, and exulted in the triumph of my revenge, as he fell writhing in agony at my feet, and expired in all the horrible convulsions of despair.

"After this deed I fled to the mountains, joined a celebrated bandit chief, and soon became one of the boldest of his followers. I had vowed vengeance against my fellow mortals for their selfishness and perfidy, and vengeance I now exercised with unparalleled ferocity. It was in vain that a wretch supplicated for life—it was in vain that he sought to move me to compassion by representing wife and children deprived of their only protector—it was in vain that he offered his whole fortune to purchase a miserable existence—I laughed him to scorn, and vengeance, vengeance only to be appeased by blood, was my only answer.

"Tired at length of this kind of life, I entered a French regiment of cavalry, and followed the fortunes of Napoleon. In all those lawless deeds which war legitimizes, I was foremost: if a village was to be burned—a town plundered—a whole population driven from house and home, Serjeant Malvetti was in his element. The Roman bandit had become the daring soldier, but had retained his former habits of ferocity. After the fatal campaign of Russia, in which I suffered all the calamities attendant on cold and hunger, I returned to Italy. A military life had worn away the deadly hatred which I had borne to everything human—that hatred having gradually subsided into a silent contempt for the miserable animal who vainly styles himself the lord of creation. I had been ruined by his perfidy, I had been revenged to satiety, and I now resolved to live for the remainder of my life on his superstition and credulity. But it is useless to enter into this period of my existence, in which I have played more the part of the buffoon than the hero, so I will empty this flask in honour of all the simpletons whose oracle I have now constituted myself."

I perceived that the recollection of what he termed his "buffonerie" had abated his melancholy; he would not enter into any details respecting them, as he evidently wished to appear in a more elevated light in my eyes than that of a mere charlatan, and though he had confessed having committed most horrible acts, which he moreover had probably exaggerated, still, as he had ascribed them, justly or unjustly, to loftier motives than those which influence the generality of outlaws, he no doubt imagined that his character was entitled to a certain respect. In fact, there was really something good in the man notwithstanding all his faults, and if he had been placed in other circumstances, he might have filled an honourable and distinguished station in society.

But do not untoward circumstances often warp the noblest characters, and give them a false direction, which all the efforts of future years are not able to change? How many, endowed with all the principles of virtue, have, by some mischance, been launched into the career of vice, to which, however repugnant at first, they have by force of habit learned to do homage? Such was the case with Malvetti, who, however deep he might have plunged in crime, had still a slight remnant of noble feeling left in his character, which in his best moments (though such moments were very rare) awakened a pang of remorse in his conscience, and made him despise the part he now acted, rendering him at the same time loath to avow that he was as expert in fraud as he had been daring in deeds of violence.

The next day, a good flask of wine, which we brought with us from Grosseto, and drank amidst the few ruins which still remain of the ancient Etruscan city of Rusellæ, put him in one of his merriest moods; and I learned that among other buffonerie, he had personated the priest, and had actually been curate for some time in one of the villages of the Appenines, situated in the Roman territory. He assured me that he preached against the sins of the world with such unction, that his flock were quite edified, and he was in a very fair way of becoming a saint, but was unfortunately discovered, and thrown into prison; he however managed to make his escape, and after changing his name for the twentieth time, and going through many other similar adventures, had at length taken up the honourable profession of a wandering quack doctor, which, he humorously maintained, was the best way he could make amends for his former misdeeds, as he verily believed that he had already saved more lives than he had ever taken away.

"Not," said he, "that my pills and powders are of any great efficacy, their principal ingredients being *panis et aqua fontana*, but then the signor must be pleased to bear in mind, that if the good folks did not take these innocent simples, they would have recourse to the medical poisons of the village apothecary, which in nine cases out of ten would be sure to send them out of the world; so that I may now," added he, with an arch smile, "justly esteem myself a most useful member of society."

The following day I had an opportunity of seeing him exercise his calling at Massa di Maremma. Before turning my steps towards Piombino, I had decided on visiting the fumaroles of Monte Carboli, and after waiting some time for my guide, went out to look for him, and found him in the market-place, mounted on a bench, declaiming and gesticulating like a Neapolitan.

"Yes, signori," he bawled out, "I tell you that my name has become so celebrated, that an English Milordo sent for me to accompany him through the Maremma; he had heard of the wonderful effects of my febrifuge powders, whose fame, in fact, has extended far beyond the Alps, and wished to have a professional person of my talent and experience by his side, in case anything should happen to him; and he did well, for he would certainly have died in Pittigliano, had I not been with him. He was seized with a violent Maremma fever—all those harpies of doctors pounced on him like so many carrion crows, but he ordered the rascals to be driven out, and said, 'Let no one approach me but Malvetti.' Ay, signori, and Malvetti did approach him, and with only a dozen of these powders—they are invaluable, and yet I only ask a single paolo for them—with only a dozen, I say, rendered him capable of pursuing our journey on the third day. What say you to that? Why, Hippocrates himself could not have performed a greater cure. Milordo gave me this splendid brooch," he continued, taking out a glass trinket, "which he brought with him from the mines of Golgonda—it is a treasure, but I saved his life; and there he is," he exclaimed, with the most unblushing effrontery, as he perceived me among the crowd, "as fresh as a rose, and you would all swear that he had never been ill in his life."

This was too much, so I made my escape, beckoning him to follow me, and saw that every booby, whom he had collected round him, was eager to get a packet of his powders.

"Well, Malvetti," said I, as he came in, rubbing his hands, and making a sign that he had emptied his wallet; "it must be confessed that you can lie with the best grace in the world."

"Oh," said he, laughing, "those were mere professional lies. Every profession has its lies. Do you think the licensed rascals have not theirs? Why, per Bacco, Signor, lies are as essential to a doctor as drugs, and are frequently of much more efficacy."

"At all events," I replied, "do not lie at my cost—at least, so long as you are with me, and, above all, do not dub me a lord, or else our host's bill may be somewhat the heavier."

"True enough," said Malvetti; "but when you are once embarked for Elba, I will make a prince of you:" so saying, he went singing to the stable, to get ready our Rozinante.

Massa is built on a hill of travertine; it has a gothic castle, and an interesting cathedral, in the Byzantico-Pisan style of architecture, with a very curious baptismal font. In the middle ages Massa was the capital of a flourishing republic, and contained thirty thousand inhabitants, which gradually dwindled away to two thousand, the amount of the actual winter population; but in summer not above two hundred persons could be found within its walls, the bishop and canons quitting the place early in spring, along with the sparrows, and every one who can, following, as in duty bound, the laudable example of the worthy divines as speedily as possible.

There is a proverb which says, "Massa, guarda, e passa!" so as I had looked at it enough, I passed on to Piombino, visiting the iron furnaces of Fullonica by the way, or rather, going out of the way to visit them.

Piombino is a miserable hole; the palace of Eliza Bacciochi is now deserted, and is an unpretending edifice for a sister of Napoleon. At Porto Baratto, near Piombino, are still to be seen some noble Cyclopean walls, and a few other remains of the ancient Populonia. I passed a day there very agreeably, dining with the lieutenant of the coast tower, from whom I purchased some interesting anticaglie, which he had found on making an excavation.

At Piombino I embarked for Porto Ferrajo, Malvetti* carrying my luggage to the boat, and, as I stepped in he seized my hand and pressed it to his lips, according to the Italian custom, at the same time wishing, with real or well-affected sincerity, that I might enjoy every happiness "which," said he, significantly, "this vile world can possibly afford." We thus parted, on very good terms, I had had, in fact, every reason to be satisfied with his conduct as a guide, and he, on his side, if he set any value on his own maxim, that gain was his god, had, I am sure, no reason to repent having accompanied me.

As it is my intention, in these reminiscences, only to describe countries which are seldom visited, and of which no account is to be found in any of the numerous works which have as yet issued from the press, I shall not say much respecting Elba. I passed a week there, making the tour of the island with a guide, who was a totally different character from Malvetti. He appeared to be well known in every village we passed through, under the somewhat equivocal appellation of *Il cervello fino*—in fact, his brains seemed to be fine enough, for he was a complete Figaro in his way, and altogether a very droll fellow.

Respecting Porto Ferrajo, Napoleon's villa at San Marino, and the celebrated iron mines of Rio, I shall say nothing, as they have already been described in books of travels. I shall only remark—as it has not been done by others—that some immense blocks of granite which form one of the highest points of the island near Madonna del Monte, assume, at a proper distance, the appearance of a colossal eagle with outspread wings, as if in the act of rising from its aerie to take its flight towards Corsica or France. Napoleon was so struck when he first saw this *lusus naturæ*, that he turned round to his suite, and exclaimed, "Voilà mon aigle qui m'attend." What his thoughts must have been when, seated between the wings of this natural colossus, he beheld the land where he first drew breath rising majestically before him, with its long chain of snow-capt mountains, I will not pretend to divine. I enjoyed the magnificent prospect, undisturbed by visions of glory, or dreams of ambition; and as the eye wandered along the coast of Italy, from Leghorn to Monte Argentaro, and took in the whole of Corsica, and the picturesque isles of the Tuscan Archipelago, I was too much lost in admiration to bestow even a thought on the man, who, perhaps, on this very spot, may have conceived the daring project of again encircling his brows with the imperial diadem of France. How truly pitiful indeed do the most brilliant actions of human beings appear to us, when, placed on the summit of a high mountain, we behold the world, as it were, lying at our feet. We are at first dazzled by the beauty and sublimity of the boundless prospect, and, rapt in delight, enjoy, for a moment at least, the exquisite sensation of feeling ourselves placed above humanity. 'Tis true, that reflection soon steps in, and dispels the fond illusion, by convincing us of our own insignificance; but it teaches us, at the same time, to contemplate the stupendous works around us in the spirit of philosophy; and our admiration is increased in a tenfold proportion, as we think on the immense time which must have elapsed, and the wonderful phenomena which must have taken place, from the period when the huge mass on which we stand was first heaved up from out the dark abyss, amidst the terrible strife of contending elements, to that in which, at length, man found a sojourn on the alluvial plains below, strewed with the remains of a former world of animated beings. The train of thought is then naturally carried on from the effects which we behold, to their hidden and mysterious causes, until we are at last bewildered in a maze of difficulties, and humbly raise our minds in silent adoration, from nature's works to nature's God, by whom alone all our doubts can be cleared, and in whom the weary spirit can alone find a final repose in that uninterrupted happiness, to hope for which here below, is, alas! but a splendid dream.

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* I have given this singular character the name of Malvetti, as I believe that he actually did assume one similar in sound at the time, but I have had such a number of guides since, that I will not be certain, as I write from memory, after a lapse of thirteen years.

AN EPICEDIUM.

BY J. B. WALKER.

'Tis true! 'tis true! that I chaunt no lay
In memory of the dead.
'Tis true that I rarely bend my way
To the green, but lonely mound of clay,
With the grey stone at its head.
Yet oft, as affection's silent tear
Steals on, in its secret flow;
And fleeting dreams of the past appear;
The departed shades will linger near,
To renew each tender vow.

Softly they come, in our midnight hours,
At fancy's inviting call;
To roam with us over sleeping flowers,
When the full moon shines o'er ruined towers,
Or silvers the waterfall.
Sweet time—to forget our earthly pride
In memory's flood of tears:
As the dear, lost forms before us glide,
With floating sounds, like the ocean tide,
The echo of by-gone years.

Say, have ye not seen the rose-leaves shed,
'Neath the balmy autumn's sigh;
And the violet hang its drooping head,
Impearled with dew o'er the narrow bed,
Where slumbering relics lie?
Such fragrant offerings, by nature paid,
When the yellow leaves appear;
Breathe deeper woes than the vain parade
Of man, in his sable pomp arrayed,
O'er luxury's splendid bier.

When last I wandered the graves among,
I stood by the waving tree,
And a redbreast poured his simple song
Unheeded by all the weeping throng,
But its notes were joy to me.
That melody—O 'twas wildly sweet,
Like strains from a purer clime;
Than the dirge of art, more nobly meet;
For the gentle pilgrim's last retreat,
A requiem more sublime.

Leeds, 1836.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LORDS AND COMMONS."

CHAPTER I.—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

AMONG the various public institutions of England, the superior courts of law, next to both Houses of Parliament, excite the most general interest, as they are undoubtedly the most important. Almost every intelligent stranger who visits London makes a point, provided they be sitting at the time, of seeing these courts, and witnessing the proceedings. The judges who preside over the courts of law, to say nothing of the natural anxiety to understand something of the form of procedure, and to see the places in which they meet, are necessarily, of themselves, very great attractions to strangers. They are all men who have previously distinguished themselves at the bar, and attained to the first rank in their profession: and most of them are men who have displayed great talents as judges. Their names have, consequently, without one single exception, been more or less prominently kept before the public for a considerable length of time. Most of them have been well known as men of talent, at least twenty years before their elevation to the bench; and if they were then lions of a certain calibre, they become lions of the first magnitude on their elevation to the bench, especially in those cases in which they acquire a reputation as judges corresponding to what they possessed as counsel at the bar.

Then there are the distinguished counsel at present practising in the various courts. Many of these gentlemen, as I shall afterwards show, at some length, are not only celebrated as lawyers and pleaders, but as literary men. There is scarcely a department, either of science or literature, in which one or more of our present barristers have not distinguished themselves.

Even as a spectacle the courts of law are well worth a visit from a stranger. It is an interesting and somewhat imposing sight to witness the four judges—which, as will afterwards be seen, is the number in most of the courts—seated on the bench, all looking remarkably grave, and made to appear more so than they really are by their huge wigs. Had Dominie Sampson seen one of these wigs on the head of a judge, there would have been no end to his exclamations of "Prodigious!" The robes, too, in which the judges are clothed, are showy in no ordinary degree, while in amplitude they happily correspond with the proportions of their wigs. Then there are the counsel in a tier of seats opposite to their lordships. In some of the courts there are often fifty or sixty counsel at a time—all clothed in their gowns, and each head enclosed in a wig of liberal dimensions. To be sure, three-fourths of the number are briefless; but they are equally useful notwithstanding, in the way of giving effect to the scene, as those who are most extensively employed. There they sit, day after day, brothers in adversity, and keeping each other in countenance. I am not particularly partial to the system of Lavater; but I think it applies with an almost unerring certainty to briefless barristers. There is a longitude about their faces which, as the Duke of Wellington used to say, there is no mistaking. But putting their physiognomies out of the question, they may be generally known from their attempts to kill time by making all manner of pen and ink sketches —men, women, beasts, houses, trees, &c. &c., which are usually most clumsy affairs.

From one cause or other there are always a great many strangers in the courts of law. On those occasions when an important case is expected to come on, the court in which the trial is to take place is crowded to excess. In such cases I have known a guinea to be offered for a seat. Some time ago, when a noble lord was the defendant in a case in which the husband of a literary lady of great personal charms was the plaintiff, five guineas, I believe, were offered by one gentleman for a seat. Fifty, however, would not, after the trial had commenced, have procured the accommodation. I doubt if a greater number of human beings were ever crowded together for an equal length of time, in so limited a space, as on that occasion. In most parts of the court the pressure was so great, that one might almost as soon have tried to break through the walls of Newgate, as to have forced his way through the dense mass of mortality, as some one happily phrased it, which surrounded him. Another instance of an excessively crowded court occurred in December last, in the Court of Exchequer, when the case of the proprietor of a well-known magazine, against an honourable gentleman who had assaulted him, was before it.

It is my intention, in a series of papers, to give sketches of the Judges and of the leading men at the Bar, similar to those which I have given of the Members of both Houses of Parliament in my "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons." But before doing this, it will be proper to give an introductory chapter respecting the origin, constitution, peculiar powers, &c. of the various courts. In this chapter, I trust I shall be able to communicate much information, which will be at once new and interesting.

The courts of law, like the Houses of Parliament, are at Westminster. They are in the immediate neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey, and communicated with the old House of Commons. The only entrance now is at the east end of Westminster Hall, a place which, since its recent fitting up with so much taste, has become a favourite place of promenade for the gentlemen of the long robe, and for strangers who have business at either of the courts. When I say gentlemen of the long robe, I must restrict, in this instance, the application of the terms to those who are well employed. They are glad to get out of court for a few moments, in order that they may enjoy a little exercise, and breathe withal, a little fresh air, after some great forensic effort—great in regard to the time they have been on their legs, if not always in point of brilliancy or eloquence. You never see a briefless barrister walking for five minutes at a time in Westminster Hall; nor, I will answer for it, anywhere else when encased in his long robe. Though literally doing nothing, he wishes it to be understood that he is so completely over head and ears in briefs and business, that he has not a moment to spare in exercising his locomotive powers. The unpractising "practitioners" in the courts are so busy in helping one another to do nothing, that they will not venture out on any account to have a few moments' walk in Westminster Hall.

The word court, as applied to the legal tribunals of the country, is generally understood to have been derived from the circumstance of all important questions having been anciently tried in an apartment of the king's palace appropriated for the purpose, and in his presence. These tribunals thus formed, as it were, a part of the court, and when they were removed from the palace, they still retained the name.

The origin of most of the present courts may be traced back to the latter part of the Norman dynasty. They underwent some modifications at the time of the passing of Magna Charta; but not to such an extent as materially to alter their constitution. They are all Courts of Record, which means, in contradistinction from other courts of inferior powers and importance, that every transaction which takes place in them is written out on parchment, and on receiving the signature of the judges becomes, from that moment, a matter of such sacredness and importance, that its truth must never be called in question, even were a party in a condition to prove it erroneous. All the courts at Westminster can take cognizance of all cases in which the pecuniary business of the question at issue exceeds forty shillings: all matters of less amount must be decided by the inferior courts, in which no records of the nature referred to are kept. The Courts of Record are all supposed to be directly derived from the special authority of the king, represented by the constitution to be the fountain of justice. They are instituted by his letters patent, and have the power, which is peculiar to themselves, of fining and imprisoning those who incur their displeasure.

The courts at Westminster are eight in number. They are, taking them according to their respective localities, as you enter Westminster Hall, the King's Bench—the Bail Court—the Court of Exchequer—the Court of Exchequer Chamber—the Court of Common Pleas—the Vice-Chancellor's Court—the Court of Chancery—and the Rolls Court. The Bench, the Bail Court, and Common Pleas, are severally courts of common law. The Exchequer is both a court of common law and a court of equity. The others are essentially courts of equity, though also possessing the functions of courts of law.

The KING'S BENCH is the supreme court of common law throughout the kingdom. It is the remnant of the Aulia Regia, a court established by William the Conqueror, and which not only sat in his residence to whatever part of the country he removed, but which was presided over by persons chosen from his household for the purpose. The King's Bench, though not held for nearly two centuries at any other place than Westminster and Guildhall, is, in consequence of the locomotive qualities of the institution which it succeeded, still capable of being removed at the pleasure of the king, to any part of the country. In the year of the great plague in London, nearly two centuries ago, the King's Bench was transferred to Oxford, where it sat for a considerable time. When Edward the First conquered Scotland, it followed him to that country, and actually sat at Roxburgh. When thus removed to any other part of the kingdom, it at once absorbs or sets aside all previous commissions for holding assizes in the particular county in which it sits. It proceeds to try the cases *ipso facto*. There is only one exception to this universal power of the Court of King's Bench. By an act passed in the early part of the reign of George the Third, it is provided that any session in the county of Middlesex began to be held on the jail deliveries of Newgate, shall continue to be held until the cases are all disposed of, notwithstanding the sitting of the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, or any other part of the county, at that particular time. In consequence of the King's Bench being liable to be removed to wherever the king shall be pleased to go, all the writs are returnable "wherever we shall then be in England."

The King's Bench derives its name from the circumstance of the king having been in former times, and being still assumed to be, in the habit of sitting in it along with the judges. Some historians tell us that Henry the Third repeatedly sat in the King's Bench during the proceedings in important cases. It is added, that he sat on an elevated bench, the judges being seated on a lower one at his feet. Other historians express doubts as to this monarch having attended in person in the King's Bench. Be the fact as it may, it is established beyond all question, that Edward the Fourth sat there three consecutive days in the second year of his reign. The object of the youthful monarch was the praiseworthy one of a desire to witness the way in which justice was administered. James the First, it is also said, sat for some time on one or two occasions along with the judges in the Court of King's Bench; but as he was not allowed to take any part in the proceedings, that being the province of the judges alone, he soon tired of the thing. That monarch was so strongly addicted to loquacity, that to be prevented from speaking for any length of time, was the greatest punishment which could have been inflicted on him. He and Sir Peter Laurie would never have agreed about the silent system. The former would have deemed it, judging from his own experience on the subject, immeasurably too harsh a remedy for any criminal, whatever the nature, or however great the magnitude, of his offences. The royal Solon was never more in his element than when over head and ears in some theological or other disputation.

By one of those fictions so numerous in the English law, the sovereign is still, as just stated, supposed to be present during the sittings of the King's Bench. The writs which are issued by the court state that the case is to be heard "before the king himself." As this court, as before mentioned, derives its name from the assumed presence of the king during its proceedings, it changes its name to that of the Queen's Bench during the ascendancy of a female. It was so called during the reigns of Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne. The only case of perplexity which ever occurred as to the designation under which it should go was, when Oliver Cromwell assumed the protectorate of England. After a great deal of discussion among the judges and others, and the proposal of various other names, it was agreed to christen it "The Upper Bench."

I have already said that this is the supreme court of common law. Its jurisdiction is universal. A case may be removed to it, by writ of *certiorari*, from any part of England, or it can put an end to the proceedings in any other court in the most arbitrary or summary manner. It has a sovereign authority over all inferior courts, and superintends all civil corporations throughout the kingdom. It enforces the performance of their duties on magistrates, in those cases where the law provides no specific remedy. It can bail parties illegally committed to prison, either by the king and council, or by either house of Parliament; nay, so great are its powers, that it may, if it please, and there are instances on record in which it has done so, bail persons who have been imprisoned according to the most obvious letter and spirit of the law.

It has a special jurisdiction extending not only to all capital offences, but to misdemeanors of every kind of a public nature, where the tendency is to a breach of the peace, or to the oppression of individuals or bodies of persons. It also possesses the discretionary power of inflicting summary punishment in any way that it shall think fit;—whether by fine, or imprisonment, or other "infamous punishment,"—as the clause conferring this power is worded. Nor does its authority rest even here. It has the prerogative of making use of any prison in the kingdom, for the purpose of carrying its views of punishment into effect; so that, in point of fact, any prison in the country is as much its prison as that which goes by its name, and is ostensibly its prison. This was a question on which some doubts at one time existed; and it was tried about a quarter of a century since in the case of Messrs. Hart and White, the proprietors of "The Independent Whig," a well-known liberal journal of that period. These men having been convicted of a libel on the government, the Court of King's Bench sentenced one of them to imprisonment in the Gloucester jail, and the other in the Dorchester jail. The parties appealed to the House of Lords against the right of the court to send them to any prison out of the county of Middlesex; but the sentence of the court was affirmed. No other tribunal in the country can bail a person sentenced to imprisonment in this court.

The Court of King's Bench is divided into two sides, the crown side and the plea side. On the crown side, all criminal causes are tried, from high treason down to the most trifling breach of the peace.* In criminal matters the jurisdiction of the court is so great, that even an Act of Parliament appointing that all offences of a certain class shall be tried before certain judges, does not deprive the King's Bench of its right to interfere and to take the direction of the matter into its own hands; unless, indeed, such Act of Parliament shall specifically denude it of that jurisdiction. On the plea side are tried all actions of trespass, forgery of deeds, conspiracy, cases of fraud, &c. In such cases the actions are called civil, the remedy sought to be obtained being a civil one, though the offences are, in point of fact, of a criminal nature. The number of cases of this class which come before this court is very great.

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* Even actions of debt may, however, under certain circumstances and by the plaintiff having recourse to certain expensive and troublesome forms, be brought before this court, though we never hear of any such cases.

A curious fiction exists with regard to the mode of procedure in civil cases in this court. An action cannot be brought against a party in the same simple way as in the other courts of law. He must be brought up before the court for a supposed trespass committed in the county of Middlesex. If the case be a bailable one, he is assumed to be in the actual custody of the marshal when he has put in bail; if not bailable, he is presumed even to be in the marshal's custody when he has entered an appearance. The plaintiff then may proceed against him in any civil case, the criminal offence with which he was charged being no more heard of. This fiction, a most despotic one in theory, though comparatively, if not absolutely, harmless in practice, had its origin in the dictum of the judges some centuries ago, that a party once brought into that court, either in the actual or supposed custody of the marshal, could not be proceeded against, even in any civil matter, in any other court.

There are only two tribunals in the country to which there lies an appeal from this court; these are, the Court of Exchequer Chamber and the House of Lords, into either of which the case may be removed by writ of error, according to the nature of the suit, and the way in which it has been prosecuted.

In cases of great doubt or difficulty, the judges in the King's Bench, so far from regretting that their decisions may be reversed by a superior tribunal, hesitate to give any decision at all themselves, but refer the case to the judges in the Court of Exchequer Chamber.

In connexion with the Court of King's Bench there is the BAIL COURT. It adjoins the other, and is presided over by one of the puisne judges, by rotation, or by some private arrangement amongst themselves. The Bail Court is to the King's Bench what a chapel of ease is to a church. It assists in disposing of the business which has accumulated in the larger court. It chiefly, however, confines itself to the less important description of business.

The COURT OF EXCHEQUER is the next court to that of the King's Bench in locality, though inferior in point of importance to the Court of Common Pleas. Originally it was held in the king's palace. It is supposed, by many persons, to have derived its name from the circumstance of a chequer-wrought carpet, similar in appearance to a chess-board, having formerly covered the table. Others, again, think the origin of the name may be traced to the fact of the pavement of the court having been chequered; while a third class maintain that the name originated in the circumstance of the accountants in the court having been in the habit of using cheques, or chess-boards, to assist them in their arithmetical computations. But whatever may have been the origin of the appellation, the purpose for which the court was instituted was to hear and determine all causes affecting the rights of the crown and the revenue of the country. It is a very ancient court. It is generally supposed to have been coeval with the reign of William the Conqueror. Its institution, indeed, is usually ascribed to him, and is believed to have been formed on the plan, though with many improvements, of the exchequer in Normandy. It underwent various alterations in the reign of Edward the First, and is understood to be now the same as it was when re-constructed by him. Its chief purpose still is, to decide on all matters affecting the rights and revenues of the crown, though many other causes of a different nature have of late been tried in it. This has been done by parties availing themselves of certain legal fictions which exist. For example, the law recognises the right of any plaintiff to assume that he is the king's "minister," or debtor, and that by the defendant's refusing to pay him the debt he owes him, or having in any way committed an injury, he (the plaintiff) is less able to discharge the debt he owes his sovereign. By this fiction a jurisdiction is assumed by this court over all the private matters between individuals, though neither the plaintiff nor defendant owes a farthing to the king. By means of these fictions, taken in conjunction with the implied provisions of an act passed a few years since for establishing a uniformity of process, actions, in some cases of a strictly personal nature, have been recently brought before this court. The late case of Fraser against the Hon. Grantley Berkeley for an assault committed by the latter, is one in point. Formerly, when the Court of Exchequer restricted itself almost entirely to the hearing of crown and revenue cases, the proceedings possessed but little public interest, and few, therefore, of the daily papers thought of sending a reporter to it. Of late, however, the cases have been so interesting, that all the daily journals have gentlemen on their establishments for the purpose of reporting the proceedings in this court. In all cases where the king's revenue is affected, the Exchequer is the only court where the question can be tried; and its jurisdiction is exclusive, even in personal cases, where the public revenue is concerned.

The Court of Exchequer sustains the double functions of a court of common law and a court of equity. The law side of the court is presided over by Lord Abinger, the Lord Chief Baron, Sir J. Gurney, Sir William Bolland, Sir James Parke, and Sir Edward Hall Alderson. The equity side is held in the Exchequer Chamber. It is always supposed that the Lord Treasurer, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lord Chief Baron, and three puisne barons are present, though none but the Lord Chief Baron, in many cases, is actually so. Formerly there used to be a good deal of business done in the equity side of the Court of Exchequer, a large portion of which consisted of the suits of the clergy for the recovery of their tithes. Of late, however, the business has greatly diminished. This is the proper place for any of the king's subjects to prosecute the Attorney General for any act of injustice which he may have committed. The only appeal from the equity side of this court, is to the House of Lords. The appeal from the law side lies in the first instance to the Exchequer Chamber, whence the party may, if he please, appeal to the House of Lords.

The Court of Exchequer, like the Court of King's Bench, though not having properly any criminal jurisdiction, has the power, and is bound, if required, to exercise it, of discharging or bailing in any criminal cases. This power, however, it never exercises, unless called on to do so, which it scarcely ever is,—the Court of King's Bench, or one of its judges, being the place or the person almost universally applied to in such cases. The judges in the Court of Exchequer go by the name of barons.

The Court of Exchequer Chamber sits in the same place as the equity side of the Court of Exchequer. It is a court of appeal for rectifying the errors of the other courts of law. This court always nominally consists of the judges of the three courts of common law, and occasionally of the Lord Chancellor also. It is usual, however, for the Lord Chief Baron to hear cases alone. This court only sits two days every term. On the first day, which is usually fixed soon after the beginning of each term, the judgments of the other courts of law are affirmed or reversed; on the other day, which is fixed for some time after, that which was left unfinished at the first is completed.

The Court of Common Pleas is an institution, regarding the antiquity of which a diversity of opinion prevails. Gwyn, a well-known writer on legal matters, maintains that it was formed at the time of the granting of Magna Charta. Sir Edward Coke ascribes to it a much more ancient origin. His conviction is, that it existed as a distinct court some considerable time before the Conquest; and says, that it was only recognised, or confirmed, by Magna Charta. Be this as it may, all writers seem to concur in the opinion, that at the granting of the great charter of our liberties, the Court of Common Pleas, which before, like the Court of King's Bench, was a moveable court from one part of the country to the other, was permanently fixed to hold its sittings in London. The purposes principally contemplated by its original institution, were the hearing of all civil actions between subject and subject; but in process of time its jurisdiction began, and still continues, to embrace personal and mixed actions. Over mixed actions, excepting in actions of ejectment, it has an exclusive jurisdiction. Its jurisdiction is also so exclusive over real actions, that were any such suit commenced either in the Court of King's Bench or Court of Exchequer, the whole proceedings, however tedious and expensive they may have been, would be altogether void. The only exception to the exclusiveness of the Court of Common Pleas in real actions, is in the case of the king, who has the privilege of instituting his real or mixed actions in any court he is pleased to name.

The jurisdiction of this court is general. It embraces the whole of England. Though properly it has no jurisdiction in criminal cases, it has, like the Court of King's Bench, and Court of Exchequer, the power of discharging persons illegally imprisoned, which power either of its judges may exercise during the vacation. It has also the power of bailing parties imprisoned; but, as in the case of the Court of Exchequer, neither the court nor any of its judges in vacation time, are scarcely ever called on to exercise this power.

It is a fact which may appear surprising, that notwithstanding the importance and great powers of the Court of Common Pleas, it possesses no original jurisdiction. Its authority is derived from writs issued by the Court of Chancery. The writs so issued are called the king's mandates, for the court to proceed in the cases mentioned. The Lord Chancellor holds the seal of this court.

Previous to 1834, no counsel who had not attained to the rank of a sergeant-at-law, had the right of pleading in the Court of Common Pleas; but by a warrant under the king's sign manual, this exclusive privilege of the sergeants was abolished that year, and the court thrown open to all barristers. It was, however, provided, by the same warrant, that the sergeants who had been previously practising in that court, should rank next after the junior king's counsel. But those who were at any future period to be made, were not to have the same privilege extended to them.

From the decisions of this court an appeal lies to the Court of King's Bench. The right of such appeal, however, is seldom exercised by the losing party.

These are the courts of law. The judges in all these courts, being twelve in number, are what are called the twelve judges of England, to whose decision all difficult matters of importance are referred. The law courts sit about eight months in the year. They have four terms, or four divisions of the year. During term time, actions of a certain nature, involving points of law, are tried by the judges alone; and out of term time, issues bearing on questions of fact are tried, with the assistance of either a special or common jury. The defendant has always the right of deciding whether the question before the court shall be tried by a special or a common jury.

Independently of their duties at Westminster, the judges of the courts of law have to preside at the country assizes. Going these circuits, as the technical phrase is, subjects each of them to an expense varying from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds per annum.

At certain periods of the year, which times vary according to the exigencies of the business before the court, one of the judges sits in what are called chambers, where business of inferior importance is disposed of. And for a few weeks in the course of the year, the courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas sit at Guildhall.

Before being raised to the bench, it is necessary that the embryo judge have attained the rank of a sergeant-at-law. An amusing illustration of this regulation occurred at the elevation of Sir James Scarlet. When the appointment was given him, it was found that he was not then a sergeant-at-law; and the only way by which the difficulty could be obviated, was to raise him in the first instance to that rank. This was accordingly done; and so rapid was Sir James's elevation, that the same day saw him made a sergeant-at-law and a judge. If I remember rightly, he did not enjoy the dignity of a sergeant an hour, before it was swallowed up in that of a seat on the bench.

While in the courts, the judges, as every body knows, look marvellously grave. They have, however, their seasons of relaxed features, like other people. They are asked to dine with the new Lord Mayor every Lord Mayor's Day,—his lordship, attended by a numerous retinue of city functionaries, doing them the honour of waiting personally on them in their respective courts, to invite them. Let anybody only see them at a Lord Mayor's dinner, with their wigs and gowns doffed, and arrayed in one of the exquisite fits of Mr. Willis, or of Mr. Crellin, of St. James's Street, and then say whether he would take them for the same persons. On the first day of term, too, the judges go to the courts in great pomp. The procession is magnificent. It is very different now from what it once was. Before the reign of Queen Mary, they were obliged to ride to Westminster Hall, on term day, on mules; now they go in splendid carriages.

So much for the courts of law. I come now to speak of the courts of equity, but a word or two first, explanatory of the distinction between a court of law and a court of equity. The technical definition of the difference is, that a court of law has jurisdiction over legal rights and legal defences; while a court of equity has jurisdiction over equitable rights, or in other words, has the power of deciding as exclusively according to the strict justice of the case, as if there were no court of law in existence. A court of equity can compel, as will be afterwards seen, the discovery of facts: a court of law cannot. A court of equity usually gives other relief along with damages: a court of law can only award damages for the injury done.

The courts of equity are the COURT OF CHANCERY, the VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURT, and the ROLLS COURT.

Taking these courts, as I have hitherto done, according to their respective localities as you enter Westminster Hall, the Vice-Chancellor's Court is the next I should have to speak of. As it, however, is only a branch of the Chancery Court, the few observations I shall have to make on it, will come with greater propriety after speaking of the parent institution.

The COURT OF CHANCERY is the highest court of judicature in the kingdom next to the House of Lords. It is established for the purpose of moderating the severity, and rectifying the errors, of the other courts. It is essentially a court of equity, but has also the right of acting in the capacity of a court of common law, when that may be deemed expedient. It has no power, however, to try facts between parties, or to summon a jury. When it discharges the functions of a court of common law, its proceedings are said to be ordinary: when sitting as a court of equity, which it usually does, its proceedings are said to be extraordinary. When sitting as a court of equity, or court of conscience, it proceeds by bills, answers, decrees, &c.; and takes every step it thinks most likely to defeat and punish fraud, oppression, breaches of trust, and every kind of injustice. So great are its powers, that it can compel a defendant to discover facts which are against his own cause—a power which no court of common law possesses. It has also the power of repealing the king's letters patent when they are contrary to law, or grounded on unfounded suggestions. The king being supposed incapable of doing wrong to his subjects—as, "God bless him," he doubtless is—it is assumed that he will be quite agreeable, on the representations of the Lord Chancellor, to have his letters patent in such cases repealed. Hence the designation, as applied to the Lord Chancellor, of being the keeper of the king's conscience.

The Court of Chancery is of great antiquity; but the precise time of its institution is not known. It is supposed to have exercised the functions of a court of common law long before it assumed those of a court of conscience or equity. As a court of equity, it is believed to have had its origin in the circumstance of parties appealing from the decisions of the other courts of common law to the king in council, on the assumption that as the proceedings in those courts were grounded on his original writs, he would naturally be anxious to see justice done to his subjects. The king in council is supposed to have referred many, if not all of these appeals, to the Lord Chancellor himself. This is conjectured to have been in the time of our Saxon ancestors. It is certain that the court had a separate jurisdiction as a court of equity towards the latter part of the reign of Edward the Third.

In 1616 a violent dispute arose between the courts of common law and the Court of Chancery, as to whether the latter, in its capacity of a court of equity, had the right of giving relief to a party after or contrary to the judgment of the courts of common law. This contest arose at the instance of Sir Edward Coke—the "Coke upon Littleton," so celebrated at Westminster Hall—then Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. With such a high hand did the law courts carry the matter, and so confident were the judges in those courts that the Court of Chancery had not the power it arrogated to itself, that they proceeded so far as to prefer indictments against the suitors, the solicitors, the counsel, and even against one of the Masters of Chancery, for having incurred a *premunire*, by questioning in a court of equity a decree given in the Court of King's Bench. The matter was eventually submitted to the judgment of the king; but he not being lawyer enough to decide the question, referred it to his council: had it been a knotty point in theology, the royal Solon would have undertaken its decision at once. The king's counsel reported so decidedly in favour of the right of courts of equity, that James at once gave judgment on their behalf. Lord Coke lost no time in intimating his willingness to submit to the decision which had been come to; but the part he had taken in the matter caused him the loss of his place.

It is not strictly necessary that the Lord Chancellor be a lawyer, though he has always been so for a long time past. Some centuries ago there were many instances of non-legal Lord Chancellors. Even so lately as the seventeenth century, Lord Clarendon was appointed to the office twenty years after he had relinquished his practice at the bar. And in the same century the Earl of Shaftesbury was made Lord Chancellor, though he had never practised at all. It is proper, however, to state, that the noble earl had been brought up to the legal profession.

Within the last hundred and seventy years, great improvements have been introduced into the administration of justice in the Court of Chancery. In 1673, Sir Heneage Finch began the work of improvement; and various other Lord Chancellors, though we regret to say not all, have since his time followed in his footsteps. The consequence has been a vast increase of business in this court.

The Lord Chancellor has very extensive powers other than those he possesses while sitting in the Court of Chancery. I will not, however, refer to these, as they do not strictly fall within the objects of this article. He usually presides in the court by himself; but he has the right to call in the assistance of other judges when he pleases. There are twelve Masters in Chancery, who perform the subordinate business of the court. The Master of the Rolls sits for the Lord Chancellor in his absence.

The importance of the Court of Chancery may be inferred, not only from the circumstance of its jurisdiction over the other courts, but from the amount of property sometimes locked up in it. Some years ago, when the doubts and misgivings of Lord Eldon caused a great accumulation of business, the amount of property litigated in that court was little less than 11,000,000*l.* In one case alone, money to the amount of nearly 1,000,000*l.* was locked up.

The slowness of the Court of Chancery in delivering judgment on cases before it, used to be proverbial. It is said that one case was actually in it upwards of a century. Many cases were before it for forty, thirty, and twenty years. Of late there has been greater expedition in disposing of its business. The Vice-Chancellor's court has been of great service in this respect. I shall have occasion to give some interesting statements of the business done in the Court of Chancery when I come to speak of the leading recent Lord Chancellors.

Great reforms have, of late years, been made in the Court of Chancery, chiefly through the instrumentality of Lord Brougham; and never were reforms more needed. It was, for a long period, in a most frightful state. What between its enormous expenses and delays, it has ruined numerous wealthy families who have had the misfortune to enter or be dragged into it. Many a heart has it broken —many a suicide has it been the cause of.

During the proceedings in this court, the great seal is always supposed to be lying on the table before his lordship. This, however, is a fiction: the seal itself is never there: it is carefully locked up in the Lord Chancellor's house: nothing but the bag which contains it, on important occasions, is on the table. This bag is made of a peculiar kind of silk, and has the designs of the seal itself wrought into it. Lord Cottenham is the present Lord Chancellor.

The VICE-CHANCELLOR'S COURT is of recent origin. It was established in the fifty-third year of the reign of George the Third. The reason assigned for its institution, was the great increase in the business of the Court of Chancery. Its jurisdiction is all derived from the latter court. The Vice-Chancellor is completely under the Lord Chancellor. It can hear and determine all cases which the Court of Chancery sends into it,—only that all its decisions are subject to be reversed by that court. Indeed its decisions are not, properly speaking, law, until they have received the signature of the Lord Chancellor.* The Vice-Chancellor is created by the king's letters patent, and must, before his appointment, have been at least fifteen years at the bar. He must sit whenever the Lord Chancellor requires him to do so. As regards rank and precedence, he is next to the Master of the Rolls. The present Vice-Chancellor is Sir Launcelot Shadwell.

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* Or the Lord Keeper, or Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal, when there happens to be no Lord Chancellor.

The ROLLS COURT may also be regarded as a branch Court of Chancery, with this difference, that it is strictly, in practice at least, a court of equity. After the details I have given of the Court of Chancery, it is not necessary to make any remarks explanatory of its powers. The business now done in it is large, and oftentimes cases of very great importance are heard and decided by it. The Master has, on various occasions of late years, presided in the Court of Chancery in the Lord Chancellor's room, when the latter has been unavoidably absent. Lord Langdale lately succeeded Lord Cottenham as Master. All the equity courts sit, with very few and very short intervals, throughout the year. The terms which regulate the sittings of the law courts do not at all affect them. They sit a good part of the year in Chancery Lane.

Such are the leading courts of law. Those who have paid any attention to their proceedings, not by reading the newspapers, for mere reports of the most important cases only appear, but by personal observation, must have been struck with the trifling circumstances out of which many of the causes arise, and the consequent folly of the litigants. The "glorious uncertainty" of the law, as regards the decisions, is proverbial: "the glorious certainty," as to the expense on either side, is equally great. It is a very common thing for the successful party to be out of pocket. How many successful litigants have I known who might, with a peculiar emphasis, say with the general of old after he had gained a battle, "Another such victory and I am lost!" How many have I known to be ruined by one such victory! I have known instances in which, where the sum contested was small, the expenses exceeded that sum five or six times. How often are both parties ruined by litigation! Two such persons may be appropriately compared to the Kilkenny cats, which, on finding themselves tied together by the tails, fought with each other till nothing but their tails was left.

The number of gentlemen belonging to the bar, or, in other words, who are qualified to practise in the courts at Westminster, is nearly 6,000; and yet, notwithstanding this formidable array of barristers, 1,500 of whose names will be found gracing the pages of the Law List, not more, perhaps, than seventy or eighty have anything worthy of the name of a business. The great majority of the cases, indeed, are monopolised by some thirty or forty individuals. Many of these derive princely incomes from their practice. I shall, in a future paper of the series, when I come to speak of the more distinguished members of the bar in their individual capacities, have to mention instances in which such incomes are as high as 5,000*l*., 6,000*l*., 8,000*l*., and even 12,000*l*. The retaining fees given to distinguished counsel in important cases, are often very large. One thousand guineas has, on many occasions, been given; two and three hundred are of frequent occurrence. The largest I ever recollect to have been given was to Mr. Sergeant Wilde, in the Small and Attwood case, a year or two ago. On that occasion, the learned gentleman's services were retained at the enormous price of eight thousand guineas. It is but right, however, to mention, that for the greater part of twelve months, Mr. Wilde might be said to have applied the energies of his mind to that important case almost exclusively; he did so to the refusal of a large portion of other lucrative business which was offered to him while occupied with it.

It can hardly be necessary to say, that the terms on which the leading counsel undertake to appear in cases are not altogether,—though they are in most instances, in a great measure,—according to the demands which such cases make on their time and attention. One thing usually taken into the account, is the pecuniary or other importance of the question at issue, and the circumstances of the litigants.

But it is not from their practice in the courts alone that our leading barristers derive all their professional income. Most of them derive a large portion of it from the fees they receive for opinions delivered in their own chambers on cases and points submitted to their consideration. The amount of these fees varies, of course, with the difficulties which may surround the case, with the importance of the matter at stake, and with the pecuniary circumstances of the parties asking the opinion. Even in those cases which are to their minds so simple as not to require a moment's reflection, the charge, from the poorest person, is never less than one guinea. How far it ascends in the upward scale, I have not the means of stating with confidence. Many barristers who scarcely practise at all in the courts, make a great deal of money in this way, their opinion being generally proved by the events to have been sound. Mr. Chitty is an instance in point: though he is seldom, if ever, heard of in the courts of law, he is in the receipt of a very handsome income which he derives from giving his opinion on points submitted to him.

Everybody who has been in our courts of law must have been struck with the amazing zeal which the counsel manifest for the interests of their clients. There is an earnestness in their manner which could not, in appearance, be exceeded were they engaged in a case which affected the life of their dearest friend. I have always looked on barristers as a species of theatrical actors. Their zeal for their clients is assumed when about to make their speeches, just as a tragedian assumes the character he is about to represent. Were it real; did they actually feel as intensely as they appear to do, they would be the most unhappy beings on the face of the earth. Only fancy Sir William Follett, Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, or any other member having a large practice, feeling so deeply affected as they seem to do, at the alleged wrongs of their numerous clients: why, in such a case, they would literally sink under the heavy load of their sympathetic woes. How lightly, notwithstanding all their warmth and energy in the cause of their clients, they feel for those clients, is a fact which is often proved by their leaving court the moment they have finished their speeches, and never afterwards, perhaps, troubling themselves to inquire into the result of the action. It consists with my own knowledge that this is no uncommon thing, though the result is, of course, communicated to them sooner or later by some means of other. It is related of one of our English kings, James the First, I think, that having, on one occasion, entered a court before his accession to the throne, while a very important case was before it, he was so struck with the zeal and ingenuity the counsel was displaying for his client, that, on his resuming his seat, the prince observed to a noble friend who was with him, that the gentleman who had just spoken not only had the justice of the case clearly on his side, but that he was one of the most humane men he had ever seen. The counsel on the opposite side immediately rose to reply, and had not been a quarter of an hour on his legs when he evinced an equal amount of zeal and ingenuity for *his* client. The justice of the case seemed now to him to be all on the side of the client whose cause the latter was advocating. The young prince was quite confounded, and abruptly left the court, exclaiming, "Rogues all! rogues all!"

When Garrick was, on one occasion, asked by a clergyman how it was that an audience in a theatre was so often melted into tears by the representation on the stage, of matters of mere fiction, while the ministers of the gospel preached sabbath after sabbath, truths of unquestioned reality, and of eternal importance, without producing the slightest impression on their hearers,—when asked this question, the reply of the great tragedian was, "The actors portray fiction as if it were truth, and you clergymen preach truth as if it were fiction." I have often thought, that if our clergy exhibited as much zeal and energy in inculcating the great truths of the gospel, as counsel at the bar do on behalf of their clients, their ministry would be attended with much greater effect than it usually is. The fictions of law, and the sophistries to which counsel must have recourse, are worked up so skilfully, and are uttered with so much animation and energy of manner, that they have, as in the case of stage representations, all the appearance, and often produce in the minds of strangers, all the effect of actual truths.

So singularly successful are many barristers in acting the part they have assumed, that they actually appear to feel more deeply for the alleged injuries of their clients, than their clients do themselves. I myself know several instances in which litigants have shed tears while hearing in court a statement of their injuries, real or fancied, from the lips of their counsel, who never showed the least sympathy with Heraclitus at the contemplation of those injuries before. Not long since a poor fellow burst into tears as his counsel sat down, after a pathetic detail of his injuries, observing, with peculiar emphasis, and sobbing as he spoke, "I never knew I was such an ill-used man until now. So I never did."

Private individuals are allowed to plead their own causes at the courts at Westminster. This, however, is not often done. The most memorable cases in which it has been done of late were those of the late Mr. Hunt, of Mr. Hetherington, and Mr. Cleave. Both the latter were prosecuted at the instance of government, in the Court of Exchequer, for printing and publishing unstamped newspapers; and both addressed the court at considerable length. If I remember right, they severally spoke, without any hesitation or pause, between two and three hours, and so well did they acquit themselves, that had they been decked out in the gown, the bands, and the well-powdered wig, they would have passed off in the view of those who knew no better, for experienced barristers.

The last case in which poor Hunt appeared as his own counsel, was a very curious one. He appeared not as defendant, but as plaintiff. The action was brought against the "True Sun" newspaper, for an alleged libel. I do not now recollect the precise import of the whole of the matter complained of; but the libel chiefly consisted of a word which was appended in the journal in question, to a statement of Hunt's own. That statement, if my memory does not deceive me, consisted of a denial of the truth of a paragraph which had appeared in a provincial paper, to the effect that Hunt had occasioned a row in Preston, one of the results of which was, that his own nose had been bitten off. The "True Sun," after quoting both paragraphs, appended to Mr. Hunt's statement the word, "Fudge!" He contended that the obvious import of the term was "false," and that consequently the proprietors of the paper had been guilty of an atrocious libel on his character, by not only practically accusing him of falsehood, but also of having actually been guilty of causing a row, to the imminent hazard of the limbs, and noses, and lives, of his majesty's lieges. The defendants resisted the action on the ground that the plain meaning of the word "Fudge," was "nonsense," "stuff," "balderdash," &c. The merits of the case therefore turned on the actual signification of the term referred to; and the proceedings accordingly had altogether a lexicographical complexion. Hunt himself spoke nearly for three consecutive hours. The scene from first to last was of the richest kind. The plaintiff, after wading through all the dictionaries of the English language extant, expatiated on the enormity of the crime imputed to him, in causing so serious a row as that one of its effects should have been the loss of his own nose. "My lords," said Hunt, looking singularly grave, and touching his nasal organ with his fore-finger, as if to convince himself anew that it still embellished his frontispiece, "my lords, you see that the libellous paragraph is false, as regards the biting off my nose, and——." Here the manufacturer of "the matchless," as he always called his own blacking, was interrupted by the gentlemen of the long robe, who sat at his back, bursting into a fit of laughter. Turning about his ponderous body, or the "mortal mountain," as Cobbett used to call it, and staring them hard in the face, he exclaimed, "There they go already, my lords! There's an unmannerly interruption, for you. I can assure these gents," again turning his face towards the bench; "I can assure these gents, that it is no joke to have one's nose bitten off. (Renewed laughter from the bar.) I should like to know, my lords, how they would like to have their noses bitten off. Their physiognomies would, in that case, notwithstanding the aid of their powdered and curled wigs, cut a very sorry figure." This was followed by peals of laughter from all parts of a crowded court, in which even the judges themselves could not refrain from joining. The barristers, who had been indulging their merriment at Mr. Hunt's expense, looked quite as crest-fallen as if they had really been doffed of theirf acial protuberances: they offered him no further interruption.

Of the humorous scenes which sometimes occur in our courts of law, I shall have occasion to speak at some length, and to accompany my observations with various instances, when I come to give individual sketches of the bench and the bar. At present, I shall only mention, that courts of law, though always serious matters to the hapless litigants, are often most amusing places to the mere spectator. A good deal of amusement is sometimes afforded by the altercations which take place between the counsel engaged on the opposite sides of the case. I have seen many such edifying exhibitions of forensic gladiatorship. They can abuse each other in very choice phraseology, when it suits their purpose to do so. The poor wights of clients on each side, conclude that all this excellent vituperation of each other, arises from "learned zeal" for their interests; whereas, the fact is, that except in those cases where a private misunderstanding had previously existed, it can scarcely be said to arise from any cause at all: it is a sort of matter-of-course affair. The simple spectator concludes that after such an altercation as any of those to which I have alluded, neither of the parties will ever exchange a friendly word with each other. If he only wait until the court is up, the probability is, he will see them walking up Parliament Street on their way home, arm-in-arm, seemingly as inseparable as the Siamese Twins. Did anybody ever hear of a duel, or of any other serious personal consequences, resulting from professional squabbles? I never did. The squabbles of the gentlemen of the long robe have often reminded me of the sham fights got up by a certain class of persons in the streets, in order that they may have an opportunity of exercising their light-fingered propensities. Some time ago there existed in the east end of London, a club called "The Abusive Club," the object of which was, to qualify the members for pouring out the greatest amount of vituperation, without entertaining the slightest unfriendly feeling towards each other. Practically it is the same with the lawyers, though I have no idea that they have any club or society for perfecting themselves in the art,—if so it must be called. It has often occurred to me, however, that there must be some such club among the cabmen: for every one must have observed, that in the midst of their most abusive and seemingly angry altercations, they raise their fore-finger, and sing out, "Cab, sir?" whenever they see any probable "fare."

My next chapter will be devoted to personal sketches of some of the Judges.

PARIS IN LIGHT AND SHADE.

In the present times, when uncourteous writers abound more than courteous, every country seems expressly monopolized by some popular author; and just as we expect the Venetian views in our gallery to be from the pencil of Canaletti, or our sketches of Flemish boors from Teniers, we expect to find the half-horse, half-alligator race, portrayed by a Trollope, and the Hajjis of Persia by Malcolm or by Morier. But every writer has nibbled at France; and Paris, which is scarcely more than a suburb of London, has been as often and familiarly treated of as Hampstead Heath. Nevertheless, it is no easy matter to afford a correct view of the most versatile and vacillating of nations; and the readiness and the steadiness of hand indispensable to catch in a glance the "Cynthia of the minute," is doubly requisite to produce a satisfactory resemblance of a country which, every half-a-dozen years, affects a total change of rulers, laws, religion, politics, and morality.

Consulate, Empire, Restoration, Jesuitification, and Regeneration, which, during the present and four preceding reigns, have imparted five different orders of characteristics to the country, in the course of a third of a century, afford no data to determine what may be the aspect of France at the expiration of only twelve calendar months. Nay, three weeks before the opening of the Chambers, it is impossible to divine so much as the nature of the king's speech:

> "Perhaps it may turn out a song,
> Perhaps turn out a sermon."

He may have to bewail a fresh attack upon his own life, or to congratulate his faithful lieges upon some remarkable ebullition of loyalty.

In England, all this would exercise a comparatively trifling moral influence over the minds and manners of the people. But, in France, *la chose publique*, as it is called, is the centre of national gravity; and the king—emperor—dictator of the country, under whatever shape or name he may assume the sovereignty, resembles rather a sentry posted on guard beside a powder magazine, than the governor, constituted or hereditary, of a civilized nation. The whole country is at any moment ready for ignition; and whether the explosion be produced by a well-laid train, or by a spark falling from some dandy's cigar, the evil influence, as a public calamity, remains the same.

Such being the character of the people, it is clear that the history of the country ought to appear in monthly parts; with a tolerable certainty that the sketches contained in the December number, would resemble those of the January preceding, much as a sketch of Mexico might afford a likeness to one of Greenland or Kamschatka. The exquisite essays on Parisian life of *l'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, are wholly obsolete in these days, when worsted epaulets figure in the halls of the Tuileries, and a *fils de France* is driven back (in his chariot) by the overwhelming snows of Africa; nor could any notion be formed of the present era of "movement," by those who remember Paris under the dosy-prosy influence of Louis XVIII., a monarch who meant well, and could scarcely be said to do ill, since he did nothing.

Under Louis Philippe, indeed, all is activity and progress. Emulating in his stirring personal habits, those of Napoleon, the King of the French appears to take a warm interest in the improvements of his capital. Setting aside all consideration of the influence of his political government, as foreign to our present purpose, we venture to assert that there is not a metropolis in Europe where, at the present moment, public works are so extensively and successfully carrying on, as in Paris. In England, public improvements are usually the result of private speculation. Our national undertakings are too parsimoniously conducted to produce any brilliant results; but the colossal fortunes of individuals supply the deficiency of parliamentary liberality, and the twin aristocracies of birth and wealth effect, for the adornment of our Sparta, all that the *grands seigneurs* and *fermiers généraux* effected for Paris in the reign of Louis XIV.; Belgrave Square being our Place Vendome, and York House our Hotel de Biron. In modern France, government is the sole designer and sole paymaster; for by public pomps and vanities alone is the vanity of the nation to be propitiated. Paris must be kept quiet either by war and foreign conquest, or peace and triumphal arches.

The pride of the nation has attached itself of late years, indeed, exclusively to public splendours. The limited nature of private property becomes daily more circumscribed by sub-division of inheritance; and even the few colossal fortunes amassed by plunder under Napoleon, or by indemnities and restoration of property to the emigrant nobility, have been dispersed within the last few years by the necessity of entertaining political cabals, and getting up plots and conspiracies against the state. The thunders of a revolutionary atmosphere, moreover, are everlastingly growling over-head; and the prudent, who are really in possession of liberal means, keep their coffers closely sealed, lest they should subject themselves to the pains and penalties of popular suspicion. There is not a single French family in Paris, patrician or parvenu, which affects any extraordinary display. In London, the gorgeousness of such people as the American pursu, Colonel Thorn, or the Spanish stockbroker, Aguado, would be overpowered by numbers, and attract no sort of notice; but in Paris they stand out prominently from the canvas on account of the meagre nakedness of its original texture. The honours of the French capital are, in fact, done *to* foreigners *by* foreigners—by the English, Americans, Spaniards, Prussians, Russians—by the Delmars, Shicklers, Hopes, Tufiakins, Demidoffs, Potockis, Rothschilds, Welles, Schiffs, &c. &c. &c.—and more particularly by the diplomatic residents. Were these exotics exiled from the French capital, the carnival must limit its gaieties to the ill-lighted, unrefreshed soirées of the noble Faubourg, with a glass of sugar and water, and a Carcel lamp to supply the place of the brilliant banquets of the Thorns, the splendid concerts of the Ferraris, and the witty coteries of Madame Graham, or Lady Keith. The least pretending wealthy soirée given by Lady Granville, or by Mesdames Appony, Kilmansegg, Werther, or Schon, is a matter of greater interest to the French, than the best of their own entertainments.

Nor is the anecdote of the English gentleman, who bequeathed his fortune to a French gentleman, "the only fellow who, in the course of a residence of thirty years in Paris, had invited him to dinner," founded upon any extraordinary stretch of imagination. With the exception of public functionaries and speculating bankers, scarcely a French family affects to give dinner parties; and at the mansions of the former of these, (no less than at the palace of the Tuileries,) the dinners given are invariably served by contract, the instability of successive ministries rarely allowing time for men in office to extend their establishments to the calibre of their temporary position. Few of them have sufficient plate or other accessories for a dinner of twenty or thirty persons; and Chevet, of the Palais Royal, is the *entrepreneur général* who "undertakes" the hospitalities of royal, gentle, and simple. It is a common jest at Paris, that Chevet supplies (hot and hot) the dinners of the Kings of Belgium and Prussia; but, jesting apart, most certain it is, that from the palace of the Luxembourg to that of the Tuileries—from the ministerial hotels of the Rue des Capucines to those of the Rue de Grenelle, his casseroles and white nightcaps are in perpetual locomotion. At the great cabinet dinners, such as those of Monsieur Dupin, the two courses and dessert are supplied by different contractors.

The entertainments of the British and other embassies, accordingly, and the dinners given by private personages, such as Lord Pembroke or Princess Bagration, excite the greatest amazement and admiration among the French. In their own secondary class, in which are comprised their rich merchants and thriving professional men, it is the custom to give wedding and christening dinners (the only ones that ever enter into their conjectures) at public *cafés* or *restaurateurs*; at Grignon's, the Rocher de Cancale, or the Frères Provencaux. If compelled to invite a foreigner to partake of a private dinner at their own house, a bottle of tolerable claret is placed exclusively beside his plate, while *vin ordinaire* is provided for the rest of the party; or if the occasion be one of extraordinary magnificence, a single bottle of champagne is perhaps introduced at dessert.

With much to deride in all this parsimony, much that is respectable is connected. The French, with few exceptions, pay for every purchase with ready cash, and are scarcely ever known to exceed their incomes. The system of credit and annual bills prevalent in London, they regard as an evidence of national insanity, resulting from the influence of the national debt; and the sensual epicurism and self-indulgence of the English they hold in contempt and abhorrence. Intemperance is a vice unknown among the higher classes; and their frugality and abstemiousness are equally remarkable. The excesses of the French, indeed, are chiefly those of the tongue!

The Anglomania prevalent in their fashionable circles, from that of the Prince Royal down to the most flagrant tiger of Tortoni's, has served, meanwhile, to naturalize in France (or rather in Paris, which, in point of fashion, constitutes France) a thousand English follies and peculiarities: such as steeple-chases, hurdle-races, pigeon-shooting, ballooning, fox-hunting, horse-racing, whist, sherry, and the jockey club. But there is no downright enjoyment in their adoption of any one of these pursuits. They love to talk about them—to wrangle about them—to fight about them; a challenge in the lobby at the opera, followed by a meeting next morning in the Bois de Boulogne, with all the *cancans* to which the event gives rise, are more gratifying to the French dandy, than the possession of Mameluke or a rubber at the Traveller's Club. For years past, Lord Yarmouth has constituted the model in point of manners, and Hughes Ball in point of dress; not so much out of the admiration they bear to either, as for the purpose of parading and disputing among each other, concerning the comparative merit of their several imitations. If challenged with the obsequiousness of their worship, they reply by citing the influence exercised in similar matters in London by a flashy Parisian who was no prophet in his own country, and whose father they delight to point out walking shabby and unnoticed along the Boulevards. In England, they fancy any clever foreign charlatan, knowing in horseflesh and the dice-box, may command the empire of the West.

The foreigners, on the contrary, who exercise a sway in Parisian society, are those who rule it with a sceptre of gold. By *them* the artists of the day are preserved from starvation, and the fine ladies secured from dying of ennui. While Prince Tufiakin assembles the belles of Paris in his ball-room, Count Demidoff sets a princely price upon the labours of Paul Delaroche or Steuhen; while Colonel Thorn and the Rothschilds constitute a second providence to carvers, gilders, and weavers of gorgeous tissue and brocade. "Solomon's Temple," (as the magnificent hotel erected last year by the *Premier Baron Juif de la Chrétienté* is called by the English,) is covered with gold leaf from the basement to the attic story; the gilding of each door of the salon cost a hundred guineas; and of every arm chair, fifty. No French family could venture on such a display of luxury; or would venture on the fringes of gold bullion, adorning the hearthrugs of the Yankee *bourgeois gentilhomme*; but as the artists of modern times *receive* from their employers the law *given* aforetime by a Benvenuto Cellini, or a Leonardo da Vinci, it is to be regretted that the taste of the day is receiving its tone from the vulgar superficiality of these wealthy *parvenus*. Everything in the domestic architecture of the Parisians, just now, is "decoration." Nothing is majestic—nothing solid—nothing pure—nothing lasting. It is all *cartonnage*. The scene-painters of the opera are employed to produce galleries *à la moyen age*, where nothing is wanting but painting, sculpture, and architecture; and even the showy new church of Notre Dame de Lorette, in one of the richest quarters of Paris, is ornamented with sham cornices of *carton-pierre*.

At a country-seat, on the banks of the Seine, of Boufils, the ex-stockbroker, is a fishing-house of mean appearance, which cost a sum of two thousand pounds, simply because its meanness is a triumph of the decorative art; the apparently bare planks of its walls being the painted *semblance* of bare planks, from the pencil of Ciceri the scene-painter.

To the honour of Louis Philippe be it spoken, that it is chiefly by the good taste of the king, this tendency to the superficial is discouraged. Nothing can exceed the solid magnificence of every public monument, either completed or designed under his auspices. The Temple of the Madeline, the Triumphal arch of L'Etoile, the Ministerial Hotel on the Quai D'Orsay, the *Ecole des beaux arts*, the staircase of the Tuileries, and the modification of the Museum at Versailles, are all in the highest style of national magnificence. To the completion of the last of these, indeed, which would singly suffice to form a noble monument of his reign, his majesty has dedicated more than a hundred thousand pounds out of his private purse; and it is probable that as much more will be required ere the whole design is perfected. Nor is the money voted by the chambers for public improvements, less judiciously employed than that of the royal coffers. New pavements, new bridges, new sewers, new quays, new commercial depôts, new statues in the public gardens, new gardens, (attached to those of the Luxembourg palace and *jardin des plantes*,) new public libraries and museums, new prisons and penitentiaries, attest on all sides, that not a department of the welfare of the metropolis is neglected by government. The last seven years have effected wonders in the cleansing, purifying, and beautification of that Cinderella in brocade—that *fumier praliné*—that Beau Nasty—the dirtiest and most coxcombical metropolis of modern Europe; the asphaltum pavement lately laid down on the Boulevards, rendering the gayest of Parisian promenades enjoyable at all seasons of the year, ought to engage the pedestrian loungers of the West End, (for fashion in Paris, as in London and Vienna, worship the setting sun,) "to lift up their hands and bless General Wade!"

One of the causes tending to fortify the extensive network which overspreads and binds together the vast moral surface of the kingdom of France, is the factitious importance assigned by government, by means of the empty dignity of "*decoration*," to the individuals forming the machinery of its operations. In France, to be a *fonctionnaire public*, is to be something, because a bit of red ribbon dignifies the salary of eighty pounds per annum, which in England would not determine a man of gentle blood to undertake the distasteful duties of an exciseman. But the *employé* in some provincial administration of the *contributions indirectes douane* or *octroi*, is twice as great a man as the merchant's clerk with twice his salary; in the capacity of a *fonctionnaire public*—of a nail or screw in the great machine of the state, he becomes important in his own eyes, and by the inch of ribbon at his button-hole, is rendered so in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen.

A place, or *emploi*, is the grand object of every French father for his son. An *emploi* conveys the same gentility in France which to be the member of a learned profession conveys in England. Neither their church nor their medical faculty is so respectably represented as among ourselves; the emoluments being infinitely inferior, and the social position less honourable; and the law, though leading, as in our own country to senatorial and ministerial distinctions, is usually an hereditary profession. Many families of the "*ancienne robe*" have furnished a regular dynasty of legal dignitaries; and many an eminent physician can boast of ancestors who have been killing or curing for two centuries past. Even the army (untraversed in modern times by royal or noble roads to promotion) is not now composed of the same high-born heroes, who, colonels in their leading strings, tottered through the apartments of Versailles.

Public *employés*, accordingly, the greater number of whom are young men of condition and education, having their time unshackled by the professional studies which, to the labours of the day of a young lawyer, physician, or parson, add the labours of the night, have their evenings at their own disposal; and such is the class which crowds the pit of the French theatres with an intelligent audience, and fills the cafés with jangling politicians. Linked by even the remotest concatenation to *la chose publique*, interest and vanity combine to render the public journals the most important study of these young men. Politics form, in their estimation, a more than religious creed, of which, according to their line of personal interest, Thiers, Guizot, or Molé becomes the infallible pope. The echoes of the echoes of the House of Commons, as conveyed in great letter illustration, fall comparatively unheeded upon the ears of the under-graduates of our universities; while in France, the leading articles of the leading journals, ring changes as full of promise as those of Bow bells in the ears of Whittington, to the infinitesimalities of *les bureaux;* the word *bureaucratie*, be it observed, is exclusively of Parisian origin. The highest employments having been, of late years, attained by the lowest aspirants, every clerk in the post-office, or at the *Mont de Piété*, fancies the career of preferment to lie open before him: the distinctions conferred on Thiers having imparted animation to every atom of Paris mud, or grain of its dust. But it is not every butcher's boy that was born to become a Wolsey.

As characteristic a peculiarity in their private as this love of petty place in public life, is the influence exercised by women in matters of business. Women are entities in France! The law assigns them definite rights, and nature the inclination to maintain them. Their signature being indispensable in all family acts, they are consulted in the administration of matters which English women have as little the power as the inclination to control: and it rarely happens that the state of a man's lawsuits, estates, funds, or speculations, is not better understood by his wife than by himself. Book-keeping in retail trade is invariably the province of the woman; a shopwoman or female clerk, presiding at the desk and receiving the money, while a shopman measures out the ribbon, or enlarges on the texture of a Fernaux shawl! At the theatres, the box-openers are invariably of the feminine gender; and a thousand masculine avocations dependant on the exercise of shrewdness, are executed by females, while scrubbing and rubbing, bed-making and broth-making, are assigned to the males. In Paris, as we once heard an Irish gentleman observe, the footmen are all housemaids.

It may be doubted, however, whether this exemption from hard labour is an enviable distinction. A woman never appears to less advantage than when raising her voice in pecuniary disputes; and the sharpness with which even the youngest and prettiest Frenchwoman looks after the main chance is far from a becoming accomplishment. Instinctively versed in the pecuniary interests of life, they reduce everything to the most matter-of-fact level;—love, matrimony, gallantry, all is matter for arithmetic. A table of interest exceeds in importance the tables of the law; and, just as the chicken emerging from the egg begins to peck about it, as if hatched only to fight and feed, the young and timid French bride, scarcely enlarged from the hands of the governess, starts forth full armed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, able and willing to defend her interests, to bargain, buy, sell, speculate at the Bourse, or discuss the clauses of a lease. A Frenchwoman is taught to regard life in the most positive point of view;—there is not the slightest vein of poetry in their nature.

This love and knowledge of business, (which in the highest class of life assumes the shape of political intrigue,) may perhaps be in some measure attributable to the scantiness of the mental resources supplied them by education. A Frenchwoman's measure of instruction rarely exceeds the useful; and the excess of accomplishments and extensive acquirements of modern languages which diversify the leisure of a well-born Englishwoman, are rarely bestowed on a French girl, unless for professional purposes. Unaddicted to literature, and circumscribed in household occupation, she finds no better employment for her leisure than the care and administration of the property in which she possesses an inalienable interest. Frenchwomen marry young; their duties commence early in life; among the middling classes their children are reared away from home, that maternal cares may not interfere with the active business of life; and constant practice, unsoftened by gentler motives, qualifies a French matron, at five-and-thirty, to overmaster Shylock himself in the items of a bargain! Nor does the narrow scale of private fortunes admit, as in London, of a separate family residence, apart and at a distance from the house of business. The banker's counting-house is usually next to his dining-room; and an attorney's office adjoins the *boudoir* of his lady; there is no Bedford Square,—no citizen's pie, to secure the rich tradesman's fastidious family from the vulgar clamour of trade. The lady of the wholesale dealer of the Rue des Lombards or Rue St. Denis delights, on the contrary, in the hurry and scuffle which offend the nerves of the fine lady of Bishopgate or Cheapside.

It may be observed, however, that housewifery and activity in business, which in England are rarely separable from coarseness of manners, produce no such influence over a Frenchwoman. Business may render unamiable, but rarely vulgar. After performing household duties, executed in an English family by servants alone, or presiding over business in England invariably assigned to a clerk, a Frenchwoman of the middle class walks, elegantly dressed, into her drawing-room, receives her company with good breeding, and converses with intelligence, while one of our countrywomen, arriving out of the kitchen, would inevitably move and talk like a cook.

English people, male or female, are, in truth, less remarkable for their conversational powers than *la grande nation;* the greater part of whose time, from childhood upwards, is spent in talking, and who are emancipated from the drawback of national reserve. Among ourselves, opinions of important interest are seldom frankly discussed, unless in the bosom of our families. A Frenchman argues freely on the most delicate topics, with the whole circle of his friends and acquaintances, while, with those of his kith and kin, he talks only of business! Interest is the great bond of family union in France; knowledge, art, science, religion, politics, are matters to be discussed in any circle of casual visitors, or with an accidental neighbour in a coffee-house. It would be impossible otherwise for the French to satisfy their excessive love of talking. A pause in conversation at table, or in the circle of an elegant *soirée*, is out of the question; it would be a matter of reproach to the lady of the house and of shame to her guests. It is certain that this constant exercise of the colloquial powers produces a certain ease of expression imparting grace to common-places, such as they can never acquire from the shy, hesitating, inelegant, feeble manner and phraseology of an English person of moderate abilities. We can act, we can write, but we cannot talk. In this qualification, indeed, the Irish approach nearer to the French than either English or Scotch.

The frankness of address observable among the French is, in some degree, consequent upon the fusion and confusion of ranks arising from the revolution. There is very little servility in France. In other countries, the aristocracy not only proclaims itself *porcelain*, but the operative classes are equally fond of admitting themselves *clay*. The distance between an English gentleman and his servant is almost as immeasurable as that between the Divinity and the gentleman. But the French gentleman is too buoyant in his nature to keep up the formalities necessary to maintain such distinctions, and the bond of fellowship has, moreover, been too violently agitated of late years by the people of France to admit of any under-valuation of the tie. The top sawyer has been made to confess that his work cannot get on without the co-operation of the fellow at the bottom of the sawpit!

There is one point on which the English, whether travellers or residents in France, are strangely apt to deceive themselves. They fancy that a golden plaster has healed up the wound of national animosity, and are fond of prosing about the destruction of national prejudices effected by the diffusion of knowledge. Now, were every living native of France endowed with the learning of the admirable Crichton, it would not suffice to soften their antipathy to the English. They detest—no!—they admire England and hate the English. They venerate our laws, our institutions, our enlightenment;—they despise our manners and abhor our persons. The feeling breathes out on all occasions;—in literature, arts, trade, policy. They never lose an opportunity of saying a contemptuous thing of an Englishman or doing him an ungracious turn. They have a long arrear of vengeance to discharge, which they pay off by instalments. Unable to make their balance good in one vast sum by a national war, they accomplish something by a trifle paid now and then on account. The feeling is certainly reciprocal, and the vengeance mutual; but we do not derive sufficient advantage from the wanderings or residence in England of the French to make our gibes and jeers an act of ingratitude. In Paris, not content with fleecing the silly English sheep, they throw cold water on his naked sides, and goad him into a thicket of thorns. Instead of tempering the wind for their victim, they delight in witnessing his uneasiness, and pouring vinegar into his bleeding wounds. No!—Do not let us deceive ourselves! The French loathe the very name of Englishman, as completely as when the hero of Agincourt held his court in the château of Vincennes.

It must be owned, that there is something galling to the French in the continual spectacle of the advantages monopolised by our travelling countrymen through their superiority of fortune. All that is best in Paris falls to their share. They have taken possession of the best quarter of the town, and the Rues de Rivoli, Castiglione, and de la Paix, are exclusively inhabited by the great British. Not a Frenchman presumes to show his nose therein, saving as the keepers of shops, maintained by the wealth and prodigality of our absentees. The hospitalities of the royal family are for the English; the best boxes at the Italian and French operas are for the English; the finest wines of Bourdeaux and Champagne are for the English. The English eat their truffled turkies and forced asparagus; the English carry off their opera-dancers; the English make their *bals masqués* too hot to hold them; the English reviews sneer down their popular authors; the English manufacturers seize their inventions and turn them to account. We bring off their engineers to organise our dockyards; nay, we snatch the very balloon out of their hands, and traverse the fields of air over their heads in a machine of their own invention. Can they be expected to forgive all this contumelious treatment?

In literature alone does there seem to exist a fair balance of plunder and pillage between the two countries, or, rather, an exchange of the species, which is no robbery. The English (as all Europe, including their own three kingdoms and three thousand journalists, have united to decree) are not a dramatic nation; and London is accordingly indebted to Paris for the plots and characters of nine-tenths of the pieces produced annually upon our stage. The moment a new lessee assumes the management of a patent or a minor theatre, we hear of him, not summoning Knowles, Bulwer, Jerrold, Sheil, Poole, or Kenny into his council, but setting off for Paris, where the most paltry farce produced at the most paltry theatre of the Boulevards,—the *Gaité* or *Ambigu Comique*,—proves more available to him than the best of indigenous growth. He has only to strip it of the elegance and spirit of its dialogue, and cleverness of its allusions, substituting for every stroke of wit some coarse appeal to the grossness of the galleries, and a few clap-traps in honour of old England or the tight little island, and it is worth a dozen "Ions" or "Wrecker's Daughters." Five guineas' worth of second-rate translation brings thousands into the treasury, and Paris may hug itself in the consciousness of supplying our dramatic market with its most attractive wares.

But as a counterbalance to this triumph, she borrows as largely as she lends. Not a clever article in our periodicals but is instantly translated into her own; not a meritorious book of English hands but becomes speedily classical in the libraries of the French. Of African and Polar discovery, or of Australia and the Polynesian isles, they know nothing except through the enterprising travellers of Great Britain, and even our lighter sketches of European manners, such as those contained in Quin's "Danube," or Head's "Bubbles," are as well known to French as to English readers. But this is not all. At a time when not a single work of fiction in their language is found of a consistency to bear translation into our own, scarcely a day passes that some remarkable English novel does not make its triumphant *début* in Gallic costume. Scott's novels appeared in French simultaneously with their publication in England. The numerous works of Captain Marryat are rated far above those of Paul de Kock, who, though so ridiculously overrated and impertinently puffed in England, is rarely read in Paris beyond the range of the porter's lodge, and stands deservedly at the bottom of their literary lists. Bulwer, too, enjoys a prodigious reputation; and in more than one instance, his novels have been rendered into French by two different hands. "Trevelyan," and the "Marriage in High Life," have succeeded, in the estimation of the *élégantes*, to the exquisite writings of Mesdames de Souza and Cottin; and "Godolphin" is a particularly favourite work among the French, to whose modern novels it approximates more nearly than any other English work. Trelawny's "Adventures of a Younger Son" is characterised by the French critics as one of the most powerful books of the time; and scarcely a single eminent production of our press but is as familiar as Balzac or Sand to the readers of *la jeune France.* The French reproach our novelists, indeed, with being tame, cold, and colourless; just as we would the vaudevilles borrowed by our stage with flippancy, slightness, and immorality; but so long as the system of exchange and barter prevails, we are bound to conclude that each nation finds its account in the traffic.

CUPID SWALLOWED.

"στεφος πλέκων πόθ' εὗρον."—κ. τ. λ.

ONCE as a flowery wreath I wove,
I found among the roses Love;
By both his wings the god I bound,
And in a cup of nectar drowned;
I pledged my fair, and took the cup,
And mad with rapture drank him up:
Ah! ever since on tickling wings
About my throbbing heart he springs!
Julian ex Anthol. lib. vii. fol. 484.

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.[1]

BY E. HOWARD.

The sudden cessation of an undecided contest is always a pause of pain, of repentance, and of fear. It is in this respite, a thousandfold more torturing than the conflict, that the agony of wounds is felt—that grief again dares to utter her piteous wail—that reflection condemns—that remorse wields her scorpion scourge—and that Terror, and his still more abject sister Cowardice, whispers to the beating heart that there is no shame in submission—no dishonour in flight. When the holy mediator had gone forth on his errand of peace, my comrades looked round upon each other despairing and aghast. Their diminished numbers, their gory wounds, and the inequality of the struggle, already prompted them to utter those fatal words—"What shall we do?" which so often means that "we will do nothing but yield."

But this was not the language of all. There were still, among us, a few resolute hearts. Jugurtha seemed like some grim idol, carved in black marble, the emblem of a barbarian god of slaughter; for, during the short interval of the battle, he was stern, motionless, and terrible. My good old father, so unmilitary in his appearance, was calm as the righteous at the point of death, when "the wicked have ceased from troubling." Julien was chafed, impatient of this suspense, and all too eager for the shedding of blood. The rest of the party looked forward with agonized anxiety to the effect of the priest's interference.

All hope from this, however, soon vanished like a good resolve. No sooner had the Spaniards got the ecclesiastic among them, than they hailed it as an assurance of victory—a receiving of a consecrated banner—a divine injunction to rush on and slay. The good man's voice was drowned in "Vivas!" They embraced his knees—they knelt before him—they kissed his garments—but they would not listen to him. How are we fallen when religious fervor can be made the cloak for so many horrible passions, and so many dark deeds! He who had gone forth, as we fondly hoped, the harbinger of peace, became the earnest of homicide. He was good, but weak; and when we saw him conducted, all in tears, most respectfully down the fore-hatchway, as into a place of safety, we had no hope. They began trying the guns near them, but they had all been drawn. They then formed themselves into a compact body, and advanced steadily upon us, on both sides of the deck, at the same time orders were given for a party to take us in the rear, by getting over the taffrail, and entering the cabin windows. This decided our fate. We had now nothing to do but revenge ourselves, and die.

"Life for life!" I shouted to the opposing bodies. "Let every man mark his man. Life for life!"

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[1] Continued from p. 72.

"Two for vun, and carry forrards," said William Watkins, discharging one pistol with good effect upon one Spaniard, and then flinging it among the crowd with great force and precision. "Dot and go three, and vun more makes four," he continued, using his other pistol in the same fashion. "Now if they gets four lives out of me, I'm either a cat or a varmint."

We had discharged all our fire-arms, and they were now but a few paces from us.

"To the cabin!" I exclaimed. We retreated—seized the matches that were burning beside the carronades that Drinkwater had loaded to their very muzzles with grape and canister, and trained forward, and we fired them through the bulkheads directly in the centre of the two columns that were closing upon us. Dire was the yell that followed. Complete and horrible must have been that slaughter, though I looked not upon it. That needless act will sit heavily on my conscience for ever and ever. The echo of that yell from the dying and the mutilated will be loud at my dying hour. But I was wounded, exasperated, mad. Though I consummated that holocaust of murder, yet I provoked not the deadly struggle. The simultaneous report of the two guns, overcharged as they were, and pent up within the cabin, astounded even unto momentary deafness. It was a miracle they had not bursted. It was some seconds before we became conscious of our position, and when our sense of hearing returned, after a silence like that of death, the yell I have before mentioned smote our ears, which was followed by prolonged wailing, groans, and all other sounds, that mark agony, despair, and the fearful grapple of death. But not only before us was heard this complicated dirge of woe—from the after-cabin there came the half-suppressed and feminine shriek of horror. But amidst all this, there arose one shout of triumph. It was from David Drinkwater, who was bleeding away his life among the women.

"Hurrah! glorious!" he exclaimed. "I die like a——" The blood gurgled in his throat, and the word was uttered in eternity. May it be forgiven him if it was a word of wickedness.

Though the devastation of the grape-shot among the Spaniards was tremendous, there were still enough left to revenge it. Yet they paused a full minute ere they rushed upon the few who had worked them such fearful desolation. But, at length, it came. Mightier bodies have hurled themselves upon the foe, but never came a wilder, a more frantic onset. Mantez himself, no longer regardful of his person, though not at the head of, was amidst, the furious group. The doors were not entered, but what remained of the bulkheads were torn down, and the old and classical simile of the wolves leaping into the sheepfold would have strictly applied. They were upon us and amongst us: there was nothing left for us but to yield, to fall down, and simulate death, or to fly. To fly! Whither? but to the clear, cold caverns of the ocean. In those transparent depths, death seemed beautiful to me, very beautiful, in comparison with the gory wounds, the prolonged pangs, embittered by the vindictive exultation of our enemies, that too surely awaited our parting agonies, should I remain in the ill-fated vessel.

Whilst our conquerors were dealing around them, with a maniac thirst of slaughter, their fatal stabbings, I rushed into the after cabin, where I found a scene scarcely less terrible. The carpet was saturated with blood, and groups of females were lying on the deck, with their garments dabbled with the vital stream. I had no time to observe the detail. In my perturbation, I did not even distinguish my mother. There was but one object upon whom I could, for an instant, fix my attention: it was my sister, in the attire of the cabin-boy, kneeling beside the departed Drinkwater, absorbed, enrapt in prayer, her crucifix in her clasped hands. My sudden irruption did not startle her from her holy abstraction. But the moments pressed; I placed my hand upon her shoulder, and expelling my words with the low energy of despair, as if from the depths of my heart, I said, "Come, Honoria."

She looked up, all resignation, and appeared as one who had already passed the precincts of the grave. I thought she smiled. Her gentle answer was, "Whither, O my brother?"

"To die, and escape from dishonour."

"I come."

I dared not look behind me: I rushed through the open windows of the cabin, but scarcely had the parting waters received my falling person than I heard another splash beside me, and another, and another. Honoria, and Jugurtha, and, lastly, my faithful Newfoundland dog, had followed me instantly. There was fear of immediate drowning to no party. Indeed, though Honoria and myself had sought death as a certain refuge, the grim king held not his court for us that day in the regions of the illimitable sea: in truth, we had escaped from the most imminent danger into comparative safety.

I have before mentioned, that the American whaler that made herself, whether we would or no, our consort, marking the deadly strife that was taking place on board of us, and observing, also, that there were several ladies on board, had lowered down her quarter-boat, though all interference from her had been peremptorily refused by the Spaniards. We had not been in the water two minutes before we were in the boat, but they had been sufficient to render Honoria insensible, though Jugurtha had taken every care of her in the water. These two minutes might also have been fatal had it not been for my dog. My wounds, though slight, smarted dreadfully, and I had made but little progression in the art of swimming since my wreck in the brig Jane.

When Mantez and the surviving Spaniards found that Jugurtha and myself had escaped, their fury was boundless. They had no ammunition, or certainly they would have destroyed us by the means of fire-arms. They turned, however, impotently, everything they could lay their hands on into missiles: blocks, marling-spikes, cold shot flew about us as we were hauled into the American's boat, in every direction: fortunately, we escaped unhurt: but their horrible words wounded, nay, almost destroyed me. They assured me that all my family was in the act of being massacred. I shuddered: the appeal that I made to the Americans to attempt a rescue was scarcely articulate; a torpor seemed to enchain all my faculties, and I became helpless as an infant: yet all my perceptions were vivid, strangely vivid.

I lost neither word, accent, nor gesture when I heard Don Mantez cursing me with the deadliest concentration of hate, bid me go to the devil, and there remember that my sister was in his power. This intimation he conveyed to me with a mixture of obscenity and blasphemy disgustingly horrible. I replied not: I looked upon my apparently helpless sister, and then, for a brief space, despair bound me in his icy arms, and I wished her and myself dead.

My swooning sister and myself, amid this dreadful stupor, were handed on board the whale ship, taken into the master's cabin, and Honoria was actually the first who came into the full possession of her faculties. She had the privilege of weeping. She had scarcely recovered ere, bursting into a passion of tears, she flung herself into my arms, and exclaimed, " Dear Ardent, you still are left to me."

Captain Darkins, commander of this South Sea whaler, his surgeon, and his chief mate, were burning with curiosity, standing around us, eager for information as to all the strange appearances that they had witnessed on board the Santa Anna. They had soon discovered that the negro was as dumb as our companion, Bounder, the Newfoundland dog. They had, therefore, nothing left for it, but to await the perfect recovery either of my sister or myself. I do think, that, at that time, I was fast verging towards insanity. I seemed to distinguish everything through a blood-red atmosphere. Yes, everything appeared red, saving the Spanish ship, that I could descry through the starboard port-holes, and she looked to me like a mass of lurid fire. Yet, though my fancy cheated my judgment then as to colour, my perception of outline was correct. I felt giddy, most sick and giddy after two or three attempts to shake off the delusion. At last, fairly exhausted by my useless struggles, I let my head fall upon the table, near which I was sitting, and groaned forth, " Honoria, I am going mad. Everything seems wet and bloody."

Then arose the heroism, the exalted heroism of the feminine soul—she whom I deemed but as a child, not yet sixteen—whom, until so lately, in all my intercourse with her, I had known only as one varying from the laughing to the gentle being, now that I was humbled, she was exalted—now that I was subdued, she stood before me as one created for a conqueror, as an angel, not only of light, but of might also.

" Arouse thee, brother," she exclaimed, with an energy that derived all its strength and power from the pathos of her voice. " Arouse thee, brother—we are orphans, and strangers are looking upon us; good, and kind, and hospitable strangers, I trust; but even these should observe in us no weakness. We cannot help their pitying, let them not contemn us. We are alone in the world, Ardent, and we have much, very much to do. Hitherto I have loved, almost worshipped you as a hero; and now, when we are called upon to suffer, and to do greatly, let us remember that we are alone in the world. Think that I have Spanish blood rioting in my veins. It steals on no more in the smooth current that should be only sufficiently strong to mantle in a blush on a maiden cheek. We have none other but God and ourselves to assist us to our revenge!"

Her words at once recalled me to my natural vision. I looked up into her face sadly. Methought that there was something upon it I had never seen before—it was a shadowing, a darkening—sublime, but not enviable. It offended me, whilst I reverenced it. Her beauty, as I have before described it, was Saxon, and radiant, and sunny, the most remote of any that could be supposed to express a dark passion, yet at the moment of her excitement, there seemed something mysteriously terrible upon it. Yet I could place this expression on no particular feature—and I scrutinized them all—for I was in that state of prostration of intellect, which makes the mind gladly fly from the present, and the crushing evil, to occupy itself in disquisition, foreign to what ought to be its course of action.

Yet this acute perception, that flashed upon me so suddenly, that she, too, had the one black drop in her heart—that she was not altogether saintly and heavenly, recalled fearful images to my mind, and I once more saw before me the beautiful creature, that I had thought it no sin to love. The depravity of the human heart is awful. At this moment, that my parents and my friends were, in all human probability, expiring under the knives of ruthless assassins, my imagination was entertaining ideas that were only not impure. True it is, that, physically and mentally, I was dreadfully weakened; but yet, how forcibly must this proclaim, that man can have no security but in religion—no consolation but on the assurances of faith—no strength but what he derives from God?

Instead of answering to her spirited, and natural, though wicked call for vengeance, I looked up to her sadly, and said to her, "Honoria, I am heart-sick of all this. Since I came to seek you—you—even you—I have found nothing but a never-varying circle of injury and revenge, and revenge and injury. It were happier for us both if we were now to crouch down and die. Man ought not—at least, I cannot—be always embruing my hands in blood, to redeem which the only just One suffered. If I am again roused to any act of energy, it will be to record an oath, that never again will I resent insult or injury, never more lift an angry hand against breathing mortal." I again permitted my head to fall despondingly on the table, and buried my face in my hands.

With passionate grief she exclaimed, "The spirit of his race is gone from him, and even now they are destroying his father and his mother. May my heart break suddenly, or my senses forsake me."

Not one word of this short dialogue was understood by Captain Darkins and the other persons in the cabin, it having been carried on in Spanish. The honest skipper, however, not comprehending much about the sanctity of grief, though he was evidently eager to relieve the violence of it, placing his hand on my shoulder, gave me a gentle shaking, and said, "Halloa, mister, I thought you was a Britisher. I swamp and swear, that was a very particular, pretty considerable fight you ar been making in that hulky craft of your'n; rattlesnakes can't come up to it, I calculate."

"I am more English," said I, "than Spanish," making an effort to rouse myself to exertion, "and my gratitude——"

"Well, well, mister, you may rub that off your log: who is this younker? Why, he is almost as beautiful as a Bostonian—can't be a garlic-cramming Spaniard."

I hesitated one moment, and then said boldly, "We were born in Spain, of an English father and Spanish mother:—he is my brother."

Honoria looked grateful, smiled, and made an action of assentation: "And she consents to duplicity," said my traitor heart—that vile heart that was betraying my immortal soul.

When I had thus far satisfied the American captain, he insisted that we should immediately change our wet clothes, and that I should have my slight wounds looked to, and, much to my relief, he assigned a separate berth to each of us. A still more humble sailor boy's dress now, in some measure, disguised the wondrous beauty of my sister, whilst the respectability of my appearance was but little deteriorated in a full suit of the captain's. We were not long in equipping ourselves, and when we again made our appearance in the cabin, we found the table covered with refreshments, hot water and spirits being very conspicuous, and everybody assembled who could claim the privilege of the *entrée.*

The Mary Ann of Boston, the name of the vessel, still kept running within half-pistol shot of the Santa Anna, which latter vessel began to trim her sails and get things slowly into order. I was now compelled to give a full account of what had so lately taken place on her blood-drenched decks. This sad relation filled them with horror, and called forth shouts of honest execrations, whilst my poor sister listened in convulsions of tears. When I had finished, I besought Captain Darkins, by every entreaty that I could command, to make some attempt to conquer the ship from Mantez, and to save, if not too late, the many victims to his vengeance. But even in this short time, I had already began to gather in the bitter fruits of dissimulation. To keep up the plausibility of my story, I had mentioned that my sister was still on board the Spaniard, concealed in the hold, and the reader is aware thatit was our cabin-boy, disguised in Honoria's clothes, that was in that predicament. The supposed situation of a young, rich, beautiful, and well-born girl, worked strongly upon the sympathies of the honest captain, who seemed to think that the chances in her favour were, that she still might be rescued, but he thought that all interference must be too late to save any of the males of our party. I thought so too, as, when I rushed out of the cabin into the sea, I caught a glimpse of poor Julien, sitting down in a pool of his own blood, perfectly helpless, and with the pallor of death upon his features, and my dear good father was lying extended upon the deck, with the bleeding body of Will Watkins, the cockney sailor, extended over him. Dreading what might be the fate of the ladies, among such a body of miscreants, flushed with the slaughter, I rather rejoiced that there was but little probability that either Don Julien or the old merchant would witness it.

I spoke much of our wealth, and offered the captain and his officers any portion of it, or even all, if they would rescue it from the hands of the pirates. I must, however, do them the justice to say, that the hopes of saving my supposed sister, and of Donna Isabella, seemed to be a greater temptation to them, to make an hostile effort, than that held out to them by riches.

After a brief consultation with his officers, Captain Darkins called his crew aft, and, in a manly, forcible, and short speech, detailed the atrocities that had been committed, and were in all probability committing, on board the ship on their starboard beam, and appealed to them if they were willing to make an effort to rescue so much property, and, above all, so many lives, from the hands of a body of murderers and pirates. They answered with an assenting cheer. We then all armed ourselves; but the principal arm for a naval combat was wanting on our parts—ordnance.

However, Captain Darkins ordered the Mary Ann to edge down towards the Santa Anna, and, in the mean time, whilst the vessels were approaching each other, we consulted together upon the best plan of operations. To judge by appearances, any attempt of ours upon a vessel that I must now designate as our opponent, seemed hopeless enough. We had no great guns wherewith to battle, whilst with those dreadful engines she was amply provided; and I could not doubt but that they had already found the powder that the gunner had stowed away. At all events, there was a great quantity of that necessary article in the cabin, which our party had stored up for their use. To attempt to board a ship so high out of the water as was this old sixty-four seemed but a dangerous, almost a frantic operation. Our only chance, therefore, lay in taking such a position astern of her to annoy her with our musketry, and, if possible, find access into the cabin by the mizen-chains and quarter-gallery.

Indeed, so mentally and physically was I subdued, by a succession of horrors, the most violent exertion, and no inconsiderable loss of blood, that the idea of another combat proved me to be a coward. I certainly was the least animated of the party who were now projecting an attack.

As we closed upon the Santa Anna, the Spanish ensign was pompously displayed at the gaff, as if she anticipated an engagement, and then, with a becoming pride, up went the stripes and the stars, a flag which has never been disgraced, and but rarely conquered on the ocean. Strange situation! I was about to do battle under American colours, upon my own and my father's ship, my parents being on board her, either living or dead. But we were deceived in appearances. The Spaniards were but little apprehensive that we were closing upon them with any hostile intent. They were too much occupied in the perpetration of a horror that could have entered the minds only of barbarians. The two ships were running nearly dead before the wind, to the southward, the whaler gradually closing upon the Santa Anna, which her superior sailing enabled her easily to do. We were well within hail, when the bow gun of the Spaniard was fired, and all on board of us were anxiously listening to the crashing of the timbers, for, at so short a distance, we felt assured that the shot must strike us. When the smoke cleared away, what an object of terror met our eyes. Suspended at the yard-arm, hung the beautiful boy, in my sister's habiliments. He swang to and fro with a wide-sweeping vibration, that made me giddy, and sick at heart. The long black veil streamed with the wind from off his innocent and distorted features, and, at the end of each vibration, the visage, with its bursting eyeballs, turned towards us, and looked down upon our decks reproachfully.

"For me! for me!" my sister shrieked, and fainted. Agonized as I then was, for prudential reasons, I bore her myself to the cabin, nor left her, until I had recovered her, and afterwards saw her in a death-like sleep in the cot provided for her in the berth in the cabin.

This brutal exhibition of impotent revenge called forth a loud and a prolonged yell of execration from the honest-hearted Bostonians, accompanied by a discharge from every man who had either pistol or musket. But this puny and futile warfare seemed to make no impression, and take no effect, on the gigantic adversary; she continued her course, with the body of the poor youth swaying to and fro from the yard-arm. Captain Darkins then employed another weapon, equally powerless with his fire-arms, though it was displayed in an excellent cause, with undaunted courage, and with noble feeling. It was his tongue, strong in vituperation and loud with scorn and horror. Whilst he was thus pouring forth his indignation, though the Spaniard seemed to take everything with a characteristic apathy, and neither moved from her course, nor made answer either by sign or word, certain ominous indications were, however, going on on his main-deck, that made Captain Darkins think it necessary to let fall his foresail, hoist his top-gallant sails, that had been lowered on the caps, and thus forge a-head. On board the Santa Anna first one gun was run in, and then another, and presently a third, till, at length, nearly the whole of her tier on the side next the Mary Ann were fairly inboard. The next proceeding of the pirate showed evident signs of weakness, and the loss of many hands; for, instead of her guns being run out simultaneously, they were thrust forth slowly and singly; and when the first was protruded, the American was so far a-head, that it would not bear upon her, and she was fairly before her in a direct line at least five hundred yards, when the huge lubberly pursuer threw herself into the wind, and thus bringing her broadside to bear, discharged some five or six of her guns in a most straggling manner, and with most wretched aim. Of course, not a shot told. Captain Darkins then set his studding-sails, and quietly continued his course.

Though the Spaniards had found it a task so easy to put their vessel into the wind, the operation was to them much more difficult to put her again on her course. When the American was several miles a-head of her, all things (to use a seaman's phrase) on board of her; appeared at sixes and sevens some sails aback, some shaking in the wind, and the ship coming up and falling off, apparently, just as she pleased. We soon lost sight of her altogether; and, even to the last, when she was hull down, confusion and anarchy seemed to reign on board of her, for even then she had not got her head the right way.

All this latter information I derived from the good American; for after I had conveyed my fainting sister to the cabin, days and weeks elapsed before I sought the deck, or took any interest in what was going on around me. Observing the deep melancholy that had settled upon me, Captain Darkins, with the true spirit of the gentleman, seldom obtruded his company upon me, except when he thought that he could bring me consolation, or afford me amusement; and he sedulously kept every officious person at a distance. Of course, with all his profound respect for my grief, when we took our meals, conversation could not well be avoided, and I honestly made every effort of which I was capable, to meet his spirit of sociality, though I am conscious that I failed miserably. From several of these short conferences, I learned that, after he had seen the person, whom he supposed to be my beloved sister, hanging at the yard-arm, he gave up all hopes of being of service, concluding that, after such an atrocity, every passenger had been murdered, and the vain attempt at relief would have been wholly too late. He also informed me, that he could hardly answer for his conduct to the owners, if he delayed the objects of his voyage, to perform any chivalrous deed, at the probable risk of the lives of his crew; that he was most anxious to reach his fishing ground, being already full late for his whaling operations; but he gave me some hopes, which were never realized, that we might fall in with a man-of-war, either English, American, or French, and that if such were the case, he would put me and mine on board of her, and he felt assured, at my representations, such vessel would certainly go in search of the piratical murderers. Jugurtha and the dog soon made themselves general favourites, and my sister was treated by the crew, from the highest to the lowest, with the deepest respect, they always supposing her to be a beautiful young boy. Every fanciful article of male apparel that could be found was forced upon her, and she having, in a high degree of perfection, the feminine taste in dress, shortly appeared in a costume not less singular than it was becoming.

I could write volumes, and could I give the full expression of my feelings, most eloquent ones, of the tumult of thought that day and night rushed, almost without ceasing, through my distracted brain. I lived only to the intense working of my mind: when I appeared most melancholy and most silent, it was then that, like the fire upon the sacred altar, I was consuming myself by my energies—by the continued action on myself; yet I tremble even now, when I think that the incense of my thoughts ascended not to heaven. When good Captain Darkins, with his weather-beaten and placid countenance, would place himself benevolently near me, crumple up my emaciated hand in his hard, brownish palm, look into my eyes for a corresponding feeling of kindness, and ask me how my fever was, (for wounds of body and mind had thrown me into an obstinate one,) when he would do all this, I shuddered. The assurance was then always heaviest on my mind, that my disastrous presence would bring to him all evil. I felt myself as one accursed—I was almost conscious that there was a finger constantly over me, pointing me out as God-abandoned, warning all men to shun me, and a voice for ever sounding in my ears, calling on me to tell those around me to look up and see the awful beacon that pointed me out as one to be left to perish in the bitterness of solitude.

As yet, since I had left the hospitable roof of the Falckes, in Lothbury, my presence had always brought misery and destruction. Where were all those fellow mortals that had sailed with me in the Jane? All lost, drowned, miserably drowned, save my faithful Jugurtha.

Where were those parents, and those friends, whom I had blasted by my presence at Barcelona? Murdered—savagely, inhumanly murdered. And, on board the Santa Anna, had not my appearance there brought among them strife, desolation, and death? Even to those that remained, what were their dreadful prospects? I felt convinced that the division of the plunder that they had so nefariously gained, would cause bloodshed among them; and, when the tempest came —and come I knew that it would—how would the few worn and wounded survivors be able to manage that huge leviathan of the deep, which, even with the full complement of her crew, had so often spurned their misdirected and feeble efforts. They must die in her and around her—the wave must be their grave, their ship, so long their home, their coffin. Their fate was sealed. I had been on board of her.

Though I would sit the livelong day, with the low fever burning in my veins, in brooding silence, yet at night I would speak. I would pour my complaints over the disregarding waves that danced after the careering vessel, sportively in the merry moonlight. Oh! I grew eloquent then. My woes threw a majesty around me: I arose in the solemn dignity of my grief, and harangued. All nature seemed to listen, and there was a consolation to my breaking heart in the apparent respect of universal silence. When the plaintive voice of my ravings grew loud, and reached the watchful seamen above, they hearkened to them with reverence, and they said to each other in hushed voices, "The Spanish grandee is talking to the ghosts of his father, and of his mother, and of his sister: though all is silent to us, he hears them—he sees them, though we cannot: poor gentleman, he must die, but he will go mad first. I shall pray for him before I sleep." Yes, these toil-worn men felt for me—they had some conception of the magnitude of my sorrows, and a deep respect for them—for I suffered alone, and in mystery.

But my good shipmates deceived themselves. I was neither mad nor like to become so. Such an issue to my sufferings would have been a happiness. Alas! my perceptions were too distinct, my memory too faithful and too accurate, the events of my life too constantly before me, and I reasoned upon them too correctly. Yes, I was accursed. Hour after hour I pleaded for mercy, but it was with a rebellious heart, and the prayer was sternly refused. Often, in these paroxysms of the heart, would I sue for the presence of an angel, that I might confer with him, reason, wrestle with him, as did the patriarch of yore, and prove to him that the burthens laid upon me were more than I could bear. "Where, in what," I would franticly demand, "is my guilt? An involuntary aspiration—an unexpressed thought—an unbidden flushing of the cheek—a tumultuous flashing of the eye—are these imaginative things, so struggled against, and so unreal, are these my crimes? Is it for these that I must walk through my path in the world under the gloomy shadows of the wings of death, whilst my footsteps are uncertain through the slippiness of blood? Is it for these phantoms of the ideal, that my punishment should be so severe—my tortures so real?"

And not always alone would I thus pour forth the accents of my despair. Jugurtha knew that when all those who were not watching on the deck slept, that I arose, and spoke, and played the maniac. I loved his mute company. My complainings were, to my feelings, no less a soliloquy when he listened to them. Listened to them! Nay, he did more; he replied to them, eloquently replied to them, by the speaking attitude—the intense look—the low, inarticulate murmur. He understood me, thoroughly understood me—not so much by my words, or my disjointed and inverted sentences, as by the intercommunion of our sentiments, derived from what we had attempted, and what we had suffered together. He comprehended me thoroughly—his friendship was more than the friendship of man.

One particular night, when my fever was at the highest, when molten lead seemed to be poured through my arteries instead of blood, and my skull the boiling cauldron from which it overflowed, and radiated through my system; on that dire night of anger, the only night, perhaps, in which insanity had mingled with my ravings, I had fairly exhausted myself. Wretched I had long been—I must have now appeared pitiable. I had been standing in the attitude of defiance—my proud spirit was suddenly broken. I could no longer keep myself erect—my limbs collapsed together as if in the death struggle—I sank on my knees—I inclined forward—my head slowly drooped and drooped, until my forehead touched the deck, and the palms of my hands alone prevented my being prostrate. In this humiliating, brute-like attitude, I crouched at the feet of the astonished negro. It bewildered him for a moment. He clasped his hands over me as if in prayer, and his tears, more precious than the costliest ointment, fell upon my debased head.

For a short space all this was incomprehensible to Jugurtha. He had the moment before seen and heard me speaking with force and energy, calling on Heaven for the direst vengeance upon the murderer Mantez, and the next moment he saw me weaker and more helpless than a child. At first, his habitual respect for me prevented his placing his hands on my person; but this, his love overcame, and he lifted me up, and placed me tenderly on the couch in the cabin, and then knelt at my feet. Such attention, such affection, I felt through all my despair. Though my breathing—then all too precious for speech—was an effort that I could scarcely make to prolong life,—that breath, though I thought it would be my last, I was resolved to coin into words, wherewith to repay the love of Jugurtha.

"My friend," said I, "I am dying. Be good, be kind, to my sister."

Jugurtha sobbed convulsively.

"Mantez must not live."

The black started at once on his feet, his eyes shot fire; he was glaring a horrible incarnation of revenge.

"Jugurtha—understand, my friend, he must die by the law. You can now write a little, and talk with your hands. If the seas and the tempest, and God's lightning spare him, hunt him through the world till we are revenged. No—no—you don't understand, Jugurtha; hunt him till he is hung—hung—hung! You will find much honest buckra men to help you."

Jugurtha's countenance fell, and he shook his head, and then came and passed his hand to and fro over my breast. I well knew the meaning of his action, and I replied to it, "No, Jugurtha, there is now no comfort for me;" and, more from physical weakness than disinclination to converse, I relapsed into silence. Yet, this effort at conversation had relieved me—had dispelled, in some measure, the death-like torpor that had been creeping over my body.

Seeing that I spoke no more, the negro quietly withdrew; but very shortly reappeared, with a wine-glass, and a case-bottle of rum. This act, so little in unison with the exalted tone of my feelings—this kind and homely idea of Jugurtha to give warmth and comfort to my heart, almost called a smile to my countenance, but I only replied to the well-intentioned act by a gentle shake of the head. Thus disappointed, he removed it, with a look of great annoyance and incertitude. However, he still stood silently near me, no doubt deeply pondering as to the manner in which he could convey consolation. Unwilling to let him suppose that I was unmindful of his presence, I again addressed him, and using the kindest tone that I could assume, said, "My dear Jugurtha, go sleep—turn into your hammock—I thank you with all my soul, but you cannot bring comfort to me. I shall never know comfort so long as Mantez lives, or myself either."

The last sentence I uttered in a tone so low, that at first I felt assured that my companion could not have heard it; but he replied to it in a manner so singular, and yet so apposite, that I immediately concluded that he had. But I deceived myself greatly.

He drew his long knife from his bosom, and placed it in my hands.

"What am I to understand from this?" said I, taking the deadly instrument, and grasping it eagerly in my hand.

He looked all animation in a moment; and, with his right hand closed, struck himself violently on his left breast, and then pointed eagerly to the sea.

"And does this poor, uneducated negro," I reflected, "reproach me with the want of the Roman virtue? Does he think that it is time for me to die, and that I dare not? Does he hold me coward? The act is easy—the transition gentle—and if I die, in an instant I should know all. Ay, that is the forbidden fruit of knowledge—but forbidden only to the dastard."

And then I fell to perusing the blade with a savage avidity, and scrutinizing the point of the weapon. The action was pleasing to me. I then manœuvred and flourished it, and thrust with it at the empty air. I began to fancy, in my ravings, that Mantez was before me—it was a delightful, yet a perilous, a pernicious pastime. One horrible thought was fast engendering another—my senses again began to reel; and it is probable, in the mere wantonness of my illusions, that I had aimed a blow at my own bosom, for I found my uplifted hand suddenly grasped, and the dagger wrested from me, by Jugurtha. This violent action recalled me at once from my wanderings. I smiled faintly, and said, "I meant myself no harm, Jugurtha; but the knife is as well with you as with me. He shook his head, and put it up carefully in its usual resting-place, in his bosom, and again retired, whilst I fell into a deep fit of abstraction.

He was absent on this mission longer than before; and when he again appeared, he was laden with the huge family Bible of the American captain, the corners of the covers strongly cased in brass, and the massive volume opening with rude iron clasps. He placed it beside me on the sofa with as much awe as if he had been handling one of his fetishes, crossed his arms over his breast, bowed profoundly, and retired.

Who thus taught him to bring the only comforter? But I felt not then the depth of this loving-kindness, nor the beauty of this solemn act. For some moments I even regarded the sacred book with indifference, and when I did touch it, I opened it carelessly and mechanically; but my eyes fell on a line, and a verse, and a chapter, that no person on earth shall ever induce me to indicate. Let it be sufficient to say, that it gave a new direction to my feelings—a new life to my frame—another tone to my character; and the next morning I arose with less fever, but a more obdurate heart.—I should have read on—and would not.

(To be continued.)

FILL THE CUP, AND PLEDGE WI' ME.

Fill the cup, and pledge wi' me
  Distant friends and kindred a';
Sin their smiles we canna see,
  Here's to them sae far awa'!

Strike the lyre o' Scotia's land,
  Gie the song to feeling dear,—
Though unstrung the bardic hand,
  A' his spirit lingers here.*

Scenes to which the soul maun cling,
  Friends like fixed stars o' night—
Breathe in evèry silver string,
  Bringing a' the past to sight.

Cold the heart, that wadna chime
  Wi' a' those chords o' joy and pain!
Wha but, in a foreign clime,
  Sighs to hear his native strain?

Though wi' rosy garlands bound,
  Mirth may light the brows of a',
Joy wad hae a sweeter sound
  Shared wi' them sae far awa'.

* Burns.

EVILS OF THE FACTORY SYSTEM

Demonstrated by Parliamentary Evidence. By C. Wing, Surgeon to the Royal Metropolitan Hospital for Children.

We are not going to give a review of this valuable work, which deserves the attention of every Englishman, or even to write a short commentary upon it. The subject is national, and whilst we have anything like regard to the national honour or the national character, it will, in spite of opposition, be forced upon the general attention, until the foul blot upon our reputation be washed away. The author has brought the case of the factory system fully, in all its bearings, before the reader, and the work will be perused with an all-absorbing attention. He commences by stating his reasons for publishing thus.

> 1. The object of the present publication is to prevent, as far as bringing evidence within the reach of the public can do so, a partial return to the factory system, as it existed previously to the year 1833, since a partial return to that system is in itself an evil, and may be the prelude to a total return. An act was passed in that year, of which the operation was to be gradual, but its ultimate aim was to prevent, from the 1st of March, 1836, any child who had not completed his thirteenth year from working more than eight hours a day. This act contained many provisions, which the manufacturers found exceedingly troublesome and vexatious, and which were consequently observed by the conscientious, and defied or evaded by the less scrupulous. Memorials were sent to the Board of Trade, not seeking the total repeal of the act, but of that part of it which afforded protection to children under thirteen years of age. At the suggestion of the memorialists, the president of the Board of Trade brought in a bill to repeal so much of the act as prohibits the working of children under thirteen years of age beyond eight hours a day, and leaving it in the power of children, from twelve and upwards, to work twelve hours a day. The sole object of bringing forward the bill is said to be to prevent 35,000 children being thrown out of employment, and this object is effected by withdrawing the protection of the act from all those children who are in the thirteenth year of their age, and suffering them to be worked twelve hours a day, exclusive of meal times. The inconsistency of ministers, in bringing forward this bill, is obvious. They threw out Lord Ashley's ten-hour bill at the recommendation of their own commissioners, who gave it as the result of the evidence they had collected, that the labour of children ought to be restricted to eight hours, and that, therefore, a ten-hour bill would not afford them sufficient protection. And now these same ministers would drive back a large portion of these children to twelve hours, that is to say, to the labour of adults, for twelve hours is the usual period of adult labour, though, upon emergencies, it is protracted to thirteen or fourteen hours.
>
> Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
>
> Ministers bring in an inefficient bill, and 35,000 children are to suffer for it. Two thirds, or perhaps three-fourths, of the hands employed in mills, are children or young persons, and their labour is strictly connected with the labour of adults. Ministers, anxious to afford protection to the children, but reluctant that the benefit of this protection should extend to adults, attempted to legislate for the children only. Their own inspectors tell them that the main provisions of the bill, framed upon this principle,

are impracticable. That, in many situations, relays of children, which this bill renders necessary, cannot be procured. Now, as there is a mutual dependence of the hands upon each other, if the children, who are employed principally by the spinner, are dismissed, his work ceases, and the mill is at a stand, so that if children are restricted to eight hours' labour, and relays cannot be procured, the labour of the adult will, in fact, be restricted to eight hours. If, on the other hand, relays can be procured, either the labour of the children must be less than eight hours, or the labour of the adult must be extended to sixteen hours. Though the inspectors call the main provisions of the act impracticable, they must be understood as limiting this assertion to peculiar localities, for they admit that they have found benevolent men who adhere to the very letter of the law. Men act from mixed motives; and though the epithet conscientious seems more applicable to men who observe a law that is easily evaded, and that many do evade, yet we can easily conceive that one great incentive to this conscientious conduct is a repugnance to overwork the children, whatever they themselves may suffer by the law, and therefore they are well entitled to the epithet benevolent. Ministers found themselves in a dilemma; either they must overwork the children, or underwork adults,—and they have got out of the dilemma by determining to overwork the children. In their alarm, they have thrown consistency overboard; and the very same men who declared even ten hours' labour too long for a child in his thirteenth year, would now expose him to be worked twelve hours. The case of the factory children is not a party question; for though Conservatives have been among their most active champions, yet both Whigs and Radicals have fought in the same ranks; and perhaps the present ministry would not be found so lukewarm in their cause, if it were not for the formidable front presented by the manufacturers, some of whom have seats in parliament, and most of whom can make their influence felt at elections. To the credit of this country, I repeat, this has not been made a party question; and I can well conceive that there are many noble minds in the present administration who would gladly have their humane intentions strengthened by the force of public opinion from without, and the main object of this work is to effect that purpose, by affording the public that well-attested information which has not yet been laid before them, and which, without a publication of a similar kind to the present, would obviously not be within their reach.

As to the report of the government commissioners, since it has been acted upon by those whom we are obliged to consider as our opponents, of course they will raise no objections to it: indeed, it appears to be the report of men exercising the utmost, perhaps excessive, candour towards the manufacturers, and compelled, in spite of themselves, to give their verdict against the factory system by the sheer force of truth. For the information of those of my readers who may not have previously acquainted themselves with the subject, I hasten to do what has already been ably done by several of my predecessors, namely, to give a brief historical survey of the factory system, as far as regards the acts of the legislature.

This is fair and candid. We will next proceed to the evidence: but here we are at a loss to select among themany atrocious and prolonged. murders. Some of it is too horrible almost for publication. The victims have been submitted to almost every species of torture to which the human frame is susceptible, their sufferings always terminating, either in rendering them incurable cripples, or, more happily, in premature deaths.

ABERDEEN, CHARLES, age about 53,—examined 7th July, 1832,—a card-grinder in a cotton factory at Salford, in Manchester; apprenticed, when about 12, by the parish of St. James, Westminster, to Douglas and Co., of Hollywell, Flintshire; employed in different factories ever since; discharged by Messrs. Lambert, Hoolé, and Jackson, on the 20th of April, for announcing his determination to support Mr. Sadler's Bill, and for refusing to sign a petition against it.

1. What was the nature of your employment?—I worked in a card-room, when first I commenced working in a factory, spreading cotton.

2. Is it a very dusty apartment of the mill?—Very dusty; but it is superseded by machines; there is no spreading now by boys.

3. But still are there not various apartments of the cotton-mill now where there are many flues, and much dust?—Yes, men that are more lusty than myself, I have seen die daily for want of breath; because they were not allowed to let the fresh air in, and the foul air out.

4. Why so?—They consider that it damages the work; and that by not admitting so much air in the room, it makes a smaller surface on the flies of cotton; and that if they let too much air in, it becomes ouzy.

5. You are aware that it has been frequently asserted that the work-people in the mill have an objection to work in a tolerably cool and ventilated air?—I never heard an objection stated to let the foul air out and the fresh in; but a cry and craving for it.

6. What were the hours of labour in the first mill you were in?—From six in the morning to seven in the evening: carding went on during the day; it was only spinning that went on in the night, while I was an apprentice.

7. What time had you for refreshment?—A whole hour for dinner, none for breakfast, or anything else.

8. During the hour that the moving power was suspended, had you to clean the machinery?—In the dinner hour, I, for one, used to have to clean and oil the machinery, and I could do that in half an hour, and eat my morsel afterwards.

9. Was it the common practice to employ the children in that interval to clean the machinery?—Not the children generally, but the scavengers for the mills were obliged to stop; they were the smallest of the children.

10. Does the business of the scavengers demand constant attention, and to be in perpetual motion, and to assume a variety of attitudes, so as to accommodate their business in cleaning the machinery to its motions?—Yes, to go under the machine, while it is going, in all attitudes, and in a most deplorable dress; perhaps a mantle made of the coarse stuff in which the cotton is brought, called the bagging.

11. Is it a dangerous employment in point of exposing persons to accidents?—Very dangerous when first they come, but by constant application they become used to it.

12. Do you think that the people who worked at night were less healthy than those who worked in the day?—I do.

13. Would the people have preferred to work by day, if they had had their choice?—They would have preferred to work in the day.

14. Do you think that the children who worked through the night took the rest in the day-time that they ought to have done?—I do not think they did.

15. That they were tempted, in point of fact, to play and move about in the day-time, instead of going to bed?—Yes; and in such weather as this, to go a blackberrying, and so on.

16. So that night-work left them without a proper degree of rest, and consequently deprived them of health?—Yes.

17. Could a hand choose whether he would be a day-worker or a night-worker?—If the hand, a male or female, would not come in the night, they would not give them a place in the day; and it has been rather compulsory to make them go to night-work.

18. So as to keep up their stock of night-labourers from those who have been employed by day?—Yes; it has been known that they have discharged persons who have refused to go to night-work often.

19. Are the hours longer or shorter at present, than when you were apprentice to a cotton-mill?—Much the same; especially at the place where I was last discharged. The master that I was last discharged from, had observed the Act of Parliament more than any master that I ever knew; indeed, it was framed, and hung up at the bottom of the factory stairs.

20. You say that the time of labour which is required from the children in those mills is much the same as when you first entered upon that employment; will you now inform the committee, whether the labour itself has increased, or otherwise?—The labour has increased more than twofold.

21. Explain in what way; do you merely mean that a double quantity is thrown off by some superiority in the machinery, or that a greater degree of exertion is demanded from the hands, and to the extent you mention?—The one is consequent upon the other: if the machine is speeded, it will turn off a double quantity; and it requires a double exertion and labour from the child, or from any person that is attending it.

22. Do you think there is double the quantity of labour required from the children that there used to be?—I am confident of it; since I have been working at the firm of Lambert, Hoole, and Jackson, I have done twice the quantity of work that I used to do, for less wages. The exertion of the body is required to follow up the speed of the machine.

23. Has this increased labour any visible effect upon the appearance of the children?—It has, indeed, a remarkable effect; it causes a paleness and a wanness; a factory-child may be known easily from another child that does not work in a factory.

24. Do you think it interferes with their growth, as well as with their health?—I do.

25. Has it had the effect of shortening their lives, do you suppose?—I am beyond supposing it.

26. Are you, then, confident as to that important and distressing fact? —Yes, I am confident of it from what experience I have had; and I think I have had a good deal.

27. What grounds have you for thinking so?—I have seen many instances, but cannot state particularly. I have seen men and women that have worked in a factory all their lives, like myself, and that get married; and I have seen the race become diminutive and small; I have myself had seven children, not one of which survived six weeks; my wife is an emaciated person, like myself, a little woman, and she worked during her childhood, younger than myself, in a factory.

28. What is the common age to which those that have been accustomed from early youth to work in factories survive, according to the best of your observation?—I have known very few that have exceeded me in age. I think that most of them die under forty.

29. Of course, if the period of their death is so much anticipated, a great deal of sickness must prevail before that event takes place?—I suppose there is not a week but what there are persons that are sick, who work in a factory; sometimes there may be ten; sometimes a dozen; sometimes half a dozen.

30. In consequence of their labour?—Not altogether in consequence of their labour, but for want of fresh air.

31. So that you consider that the hardship of the children and young

persons confined to labour in factories does not altogether rest upon the circumstance of their being kept too long hours at their labour, but also has reference to the heated and unwholesome atmosphere which they have to breathe while at their work?—Yes; the friction of the brass, and the iron, and the oil, and the necessaries being in the same room; this all has a tendency to make them look ill.

32. Adverting to the trade, generally speaking, have you heard it as a usual remark and serious complaint, among the hands employed in factories, that their hours of labour were too long for them to endure with any comfort or safety?—I have heard it repeatedly said so by many.

33. What else have you to say with reference to the system?—I have something else to relate respecting the overlookers. They are men that are well paid, and are a great check to an advance of wages; I have known overlookers get 30*s*. a week, and 20*l*. a quarter bounty-money: according to the quantity of work that is thrown off they get the bounty-money; but it is not half so much as they used to have.

34. Have the children any additional wages in proportion to the quantity of work done by their overlookers?—No; this all goes to the overlookers.

35. So that it only operates as an infliction of cruelty upon them?—Yes; those that do the most labour are the worst paid.

36. You have already stated your impressions as to the effect of the factory system, as now pursued, in reference to the health of those who are employed in it; will you state to this committee, whether it has not also a very pernicious consequence in regard to their education; and, first, have they a sufficient opportunity of attending night-schools?—I think they have not.

37. If after those hours of confinement and of labour they were to attend night-schools generally, do you think they are in a proper state, either of body or mind, adequately to avail themselves of the opportunity that might be afforded them under such circumstances?—I do not think they are.

38. Do you think that Sunday-schools are, in themselves, sufficient to obviate the great and manifest evils that must result from a total want of education?—By no means; the young persons, after they have laboured during the whole of the week, are disinclined to attend Sunday-schools.

39. Will you state what, in the mill in which you were employed, according to your observation for the considerable number of years during which you have been engaged in it, is the actual state of morals, as resulting from excessive labour and want of education?—The morals of the children are in a bad state there; if their parents, and the Sunday-schools combined, were to use all their power to teach them morality, the superabundant hours and extreme debaucheries that are practised in factories would entirely choke it.

40 Do you say that from your own knowledge and belief?—From my own knowledge and belief; both debaucheries in words and in actions.

As these depositions are so numerous, and of every variety of horror, our space compels us merely to take the above, which is the first, from an operative. We now give the opinion of a clergyman.

GORDON, the Rev. ABERCROMBIE LOCKHART; examined 8th June, 1832.

1. Are you a minister of the established church of Scotland?—Yes.

2. Residing where?—In Aberdeen.

3. You have the care of one of the parishes of that city?—Yes, the Grey-friars parish.

4. Have you remarked as to the length of the hours of labour in the manufactories of that city, that they interfere with the health, the education, and the morals of your parishioners and others?—With respect to health, I think that young persons employed at the age of eight, nine, or ten years, from six in the morning till eight at night, must be very much injured in this respect, even in the view of the most inexperienced person; but when I consider what medical men have said and written upon the subject, it is decisive upon that point. To myself, although unacquainted with the details submitted to medical men, it is quite apparent, from looking at these children, that they suffer from long hours of labour and confinement in those places; their wan and sickly appearance is sufficient to prove that, in my view.

5. You have the superintendence of a school in which the poorer classes of society are mainly taught?—Yes, the school is one established solely with the view to the young persons employed in the factories. There are other schools, particularly Sunday-schools, in the parish; but this is one I set up with a view to these persons; they come in at eight o'clock; and there are 115, chiefly from the same factory.

6. Will you state the difficulty you have to encounter in consequence of those protracted hours of labour?—The obstacles may be summed up in a few words, and they are these: that the hours are so long, that in general they are unable to attend; and that to get a steady attendance on the part of those who do come is very difficult. At the same time, they are so exhausted, and the period is so short, that very little good is done.

7. What is the general impression of the ministers of religion in the large city of Aberdeen?—I have a document in my hand, signed by the whole of the clergy of Aberdeen, with two exceptions, and they were at the General Assembly at the time.

8. Have the goodness to read it.

"We, the undersigned ministers of the Gospel in the city of Aberdeen and its vicinity, do hereby express our approbation of the bill introduced into Parliament by M. T. Sadler, Esq. for ameliorating the condition of the working classes in manufacturing establishments, in as far as said bill proposes to prevent the employment in mills, or factories, of children under the age of nine years, and to limit the hours of actual labour for youth under eighteen years of age to ten hours a day, that is, allowing the usual and necessary two hours for refreshment and rest, from six o'clock A.M. till six o'clock P.M. We are induced thus to record our sentiments, because we cannot, as Christian clergymen, give sanction to a system such as now prevails; a system by which tender infants are subjected to labour beyond their strength, in a polluted atmosphere, and that too for a longer daily period than the adult felon, or the West India slave. We are further convinced, from our clerical experience, that the present long confinement of young persons in mills and factories, is prejudicial to their morals, inasmuch as religious instruction cannot be adequately obtained; to their mental culture, inasmuch as no regular system of education can be pursued; to their health, inasmuch as constitutional debility and disease are entailed. Given at Aberdeen, this 25th day of May, 1832.

Signed by *James Kidd,* D.D., Minister of Gilcomaton Chapel, &c., and thirty ministers of the Gospel of all persuasions.

Commentary of ours would be superfluous. We have given but a small fraction of the evidence. Parliament must remove this opprobrium from the country, or the people may expect some signal calamity from an avenging Providence.

SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXX.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken treats the ladies.

On the second day after his arrival, Vanslyperken, as agreed, went up to the syndic's house to call upon Ramsay. The latter paid him down one hundred pounds for his passage and services, and Vanslyperken was so pleased, that he thought seriously, as soon as he had amassed sufficient money, to withdraw himself from the service, and retire with his ill-gotten gains; but when would a miser like Vanslyperken have amassed sufficient money? Alas! never, even if the halter were half round his neck. Ramsay then gave his instructions to Vanslyperken, advising him to call for letters previously to his sailing, and telling him that he must open the government despatches in the way to which he had been witness, take full memorandums of the contents, and bring them to him, for which service he would each time receive fifty pounds as a remuneration. Vanslyperken bowed to his haughty new acquaintance, and quitted the house.

"Yes," thought Ramsay, "that fellow is a low, contemptible traitor, and how infamous does treason appear in that wretch! but—I—I am no traitor—I have forfeited my property and risked my life in fidelity to my king, and in attempting to rid the world of an usurper and a tyrant. Here, indeed, I am playing a traitor's part to my host, but still I am doing my duty. An army without spies would be incomplete, and one may descend to that office for the good of one's country without tarnish or disgrace. But this sweet girl! Am I not a traitor to her already? Have not I formed visions in my imagination already of obtaining her hand, and her heart, and her fortune? Is not this treachery? Shall I not attempt to win her affections under disguise as her father's friend and partisan? But what have women to do with politics? Or if they have, do not they set so light a value upon them, that they will exchange them for a feather? Yes, surely when they love, their politics are the politics of those they cling to. At present, she is on her father's side; but if she leave her father and cleave to me, her politics will be transferred with her affections. But then her religion. She thinks me a Protestant. Well, love is all in all with women; not only politics but religion must yield to it; "thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God," as Ruth says in the scriptures. She is wrong in politics, I will put her right. She is wrong in religion, I will restore her to the bosom of the church. Her wealth would be sacrificed to some heretic; it were far better that it belonged to one who supports the true religion and the good cause. In what way, therefore, shall I injure her? On the contrary." And

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[1] Continued from page 121.

Ramsay walked down stairs to find Wilhelmina. Such were the arguments used by the young cavalier, and with which he fully satisfied himself that hew as doing rightly; had he argued the other side of the question, he would have been equally convinced, as most people are, when they argue without any opponent; but we must leave him, to follow Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken walked away from the syndic's house with the comfortable idea that one side of him was heavier than the other by one hundred guineas. He also ruminated; he had already obtained three hundred pounds, no small sum, in those days, for a lieutenant. It is true that he had lost the chance of thousands by the barking of Snarleyyow, and he had lost the fair Portsmouth widow; but then he was again on good terms with the Frau Vandersloosh, and was in a fair way of making his fortune, and, as he considered, with small risk. His mother, too, attracted a share of his reminiscences; the old woman would soon die, and then he would have all that she had saved. Smallbones occasionally intruded himself, but that was but for a moment. And Mr. Vanslyperken walked away very well satisfied, upon the whole, with his *esse* and *posse*. He wound up by flattering himself that he should wind up with the savings of his mother, his half-pay, the widow's guilders, and his own property,—altogether, it would be pretty comfortable. But we leave him, and return to Corporal Van Spitter.

Corporal Van Spitter had had wisdom enough to dupe Vanslyperken, and persuade him that he was very much in love with Babette; and Vanslyperken, who was not at all averse to this amour, permitted the corporal to go on shore and make love. As Vanslyperken did not like the cutter and Snarleyyow to be left without the corporal or himself, he always remained on board when the corporal went, so that the widow had enough on hand—pretending love all the morning with the lieutenant, and indemnifying herself by real love with the corporal after dusk. Her fat hand was kissed and slobbered from morning to night, but it was half for love and half for revenge.

But we must leave the corporal, and return to Jemmy Ducks. Jemmy was two days in the cave before the arrival of the boat, during which he made himself a great favourite, particularly with Lilly, who sat down and listened to his fiddle and his singing. It was a novelty in the cave, anything like amusement. On the third night, however, Sir R. Barclay came back from Cherbourg, and as he only remained one hour, Jemmy was hastened on board, taking leave of his wife, but not parting with his fiddle. He took his berth as steersman, in lieu of Ramsay, and gave perfect satisfaction. The intelligence brought over by Sir Robert rendered an immediate messenger to Portsmouth necessary; and, as it would create less suspicion, Moggy was the party now entrusted in lieu of Nancy, who had been lately seen too often, and, it was supposed, had been watched. Moggy was not sorry to receive her instructions, which were, to remain at Portsmouth until Lazarus the Jew should give her further orders; for there was one point which Moggy was most anxious to accomplish, now that she could do it without risking a retaliation upon her husband, which was, to use her own expression, to pay off that snivelling old rascal, Vanslyperken.

But we must leave Moggy and the movements of individuals, and return to our general history. The Yungfrau was detained a fortnight at Amsterdam, and then received the despatches of the States General and those of Ramsay, with which Vanslyperken returned to Portsmouth. On his arrival, he went through his usual routine at the admiral's and the Jew's, received his douceur, and hastened to his mother's house, when he found the old woman, as she constantly prophesied, not dead yet.

"Well, child, what have you brought—more gold?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, laying down the one hundred and fifty guineas which he had received.

"Bless thee, my son—bless thee!" said the old woman, laying her palsied hand upon Vanslyperken's head. "It is not often I bless—I never did bless as I can recollect—I like cursing better. My blessing must be worth something, if it's only for its scarcity; and do you know why I bless thee, my Cornelius? Because—ha, ha, ha! because you are a murderer and a traitor, and you love gold."

Even Vanslyperken shuddered at the hag's address.

"What do you ever gain by doing good in this world? nothing but laughter and contempt. I began the world like a fool, but I shall go out of it like a wise woman, hating, despising everything but gold. And I have had my revenge in my time—yes—yes—the world, my son, is divided into only two parts, those who cheat, and those who are cheated—those who master, and those who are mastered—those who are shackled by superstitions and priests, and those who, like me, fear neither God nor devil. We must all die; yes, but I sha'n't die yet—no, no."

And Vanslyperken almost wished that he could gain the unbelief of the decrepid woman whom he called mother, and who, on the verge of eternity, held fast to such a creed.

"Well, mother, perhaps it may be you are right—I never gained anything by a good action yet."

Query. Had he ever done a good action?

"You're my own child, I see, after all; you have my blessing, Cornelius, my son—go and prosper. Get gold—get gold," replied the old hag, taking up the money, and locking it up in the oak chest.

Vanslyperken then narrated to his mother the unexpected interview with Smallbones, and his surmise that the lad was supernaturally gifted. "Ah, well," replied she, "those who are born to be hung will die by no other death; but still it does not follow that they will not die. You shall have your revenge, my child. The lad shall die. Try again; water, you say, rejects him? Fire will not harm him. There is that which is of the earth and of the air left. Try again, my son; revenge is sweet, next to gold."

After two hours conversation, it grew dark, and Vanslyperken departed, revolving in his mind, as he walked away, the sublime principles of religion and piety, in the excellent advice given by his aged mother. "I wish I could only think as she does," muttered Vanslyperken, at last; and as he concluded this devout wish, his arm was touched by a neatly-dressed little girl, who curtsied, and asked if he was not Lieutenant Vanslyperken, belonging to the cutter. Vanslyperken replied in the affirmative, and the little girl then said that a lady, her mistress, wished to speak to him.

"Your mistress, my little girl?" said Vanslyperken, suspiciously; "and pray who is your mistress?"

"She is a lady, sir," replied the latter; "she was married to Major Williams, but he is dead."

"Hah! a widow; well what does she want? I don't know her."

"No, sir, and she don't know you; but she told me if you did not come at once, to give you this paper to read."

Vanslyperken took the paper, and walking to the window of a shop in which there was a light, contrived to decipher as follows:—

"SIR;

"The lady who lived in Castle Street has sent me a letter, and a parcel, to deliver up into your own hands, as the parcel is of value. The bearer of this will bring you to my house.

"Your very obedient,

"JANE WILLIAMS."

"*Two o'clock.*"

"Where does your mistress live, little girl?" inquired Vanslyperken, who immediately anticipated the portrait of the fair widow set in diamonds.

"She lives in one of the publics on the hard, sir, on the first floor, while she is furnishing her lodgings."

"One of the publics on the hard; well, my little girl, I will go with you."

"I have been looking for you everywhere, sir," said the little girl, walking, or rather trotting by the side of Vanslyperken, who strided along.

"Did your mistress know the lady who lived in Castle Street?"

"O yes, sir, my mistress then lived next door to her in Castle Street, but her lease was out, and now she has a much larger house in William Street, but she is painting and furnishing all so handsome, sir, and so now she has taken the first floor of the Wheatsheaf till she can get in again."

And Mr. Vanslyperken thought it would be worth his while to reconnoitre this widow before he closed with the Frau Vandersloosh. How selfish men are!

In a quarter of an hour Mr. Vanslyperken and the little girl had arrived at the public-house in question. Mr. Vanslyperken did not much admire the exterior of the building, but it was too dark to enable him to take an accurate survey. It was, however, evident, that it was a pot-house, and nothing more, and Mr. Vanslyperken thought that lodgings must be very scarce in Portsmouth. He entered the first and inner door, and the little girl said she would go upstairs and let her mistress know that he was come. She ran up, leaving Mr. Vanslyperken alone in the dark passage. He waited for some time, when his naturally suspicious temper made him think he had been deceived, and he determined to wait outside of the house, which appeared very disreputable. He therefore retreated to the inner door, to open it, but found it fast. He tried it again and again, but in vain, and he became alarmed and indignant. Perceiving a light through another keyhole, he tried the door, and it was open; a screen was close to the door as he entered, and he could not see its occupants. Mr. Vanslyperken walked round, and as he did so, he heard the door closed and locked. He looked on the other side of the screen, and, to his horror, found himself in company with Moggy Salisbury, and about twenty other females. Vanslyperken made a precipitate retreat to the door, but he was met by three or four women, who held him fast by the arms. Vanslyperken would have disgraced himself by drawing his cutlass, but they were prepared for this, and while two of them pinioned his arms, one of them drew his cutlass from its sheath, and walked away with it. Two of the women contrived to hold his arms, while another pushed him in the rear, until he was brought from behind the screen into the middle of the room, facing his incarnate enemy, Moggy Salisbury.

"Good evening to you, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, not rising from her chair. "It's very kind of you to come and see me in this friendly way—come, take a chair, and give us all the news."

"Mistress Salisbury, you had better mind what you are about with a king's officer," cried Vanslyperken, turning more pale at this mockery, than if he had been met with abuse. "There are constables, and stocks, and gaols, and whipping-posts on shore, as well as the cat on board."

"I know all that, Mr. Vanslyperken," replied Moggy, calmly; "but that has nothing to do with the present affair: you have come of your own accord to this house to see somebody, that is plain, and you have found me. So now do as you're bid, like a polite man; sit down, and treat the ladies. Ladies, Mr. Vanslyperken stands treat, and please the pigs, we'll make a night of it. What shall it be? I mean to take my share of a bottle of Oporto. What will you have, Mrs. Slamkoe?"

"I'll take a bowl of burnt brandy, with your leave, Mrs. Salisbury, not being very well in my inside."

"And you, my dear?"

"O punch for me—punch to the mast," cried another. "I'll drink enough to float a jolly-boat. It's very kind of Mr. Vanslyperken."

All the ladies expressed their several wishes, and Vanslyperken knew not what to do; he thought he might as well make an effort, for the demand on his purse he perceived would be excessive, and he loved his money.

"You may all call for what you please," said Vanslyperken, "but you'll pay for what you call for. If you think that I am to be swindled this way out of my money, you're mistaken. Every soul of you shall be whipped at the cart's tail to-morrow."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am not a respectable person, sir?" said a fierce-looking virago, rubbing her fist against Vanslyperken's nose. "Smell that."

It was not a nosegay at all to the fancy of Mr. Vanslyperken; he threw himself back, and his chair fell with him. The ladies laughed, and Mr. Vanslyperken rose in great wrath.

"By all the devils in hell," he exclaimed, whirling the chair round his head, "but I'll do you a mischief."

But he was soon pinioned from behind.

"This is very unpolite conduct," said one; "you call yourself a gentleman?"

"What shall we do, ladies?"

"Do," replied another; "let's strip him, and pawn his clothes, and then turn him adrift."

"Well, that's not a bad notion," replied the others, and they forthwith proceeded to take off Mr. Vanslyperken's coat and waistcoat. How much further they would have gone it is impossible to say, for Mr. Vanslyperken had made up his mind to buy himself off as cheap as he could.

Be it observed, that Moggy never interfered, nor took any part in this violence; on the contrary, she continued sitting in her chair, and said, "Indeed, ladies, I request you will not be so violent, Mr. Vanslyperken is my friend. I am sorry that he will not treat you, but if he will not, I beg you will allow him to go away."

"There, you hear," cried Mr. Vanslyperken; "Mrs. Salisbury, am I at liberty to depart?"

"Most certainly, Mr. Vanslyperken; you have my full permission. Ladies, I beg that you will let him go."

"No, by the living jingo, not till he treats us," cried one of the women; "why did he come into this shop, but for nothing else? I'll have my punch afore he starts."

"And I my burnt brandy." So cried they all, and Mr. Vanslyperken, whose coat and waistcoat were already off, and fingers very busy about the rest of his person, perceived that Moggy's neutrality was all a sham, so he begged to be heard.

"Ladies, I'll do anything in reason. As far as five shillings——"

"Five shillings!" exclaimed the woman; "no, no—why, a foremast man would come down with more than that. And you a lieutenant? Five guineas, now, would be saying something."

"Five guineas! why I have not so much money. Upon my soul I hav'n't."

"Let us see," said one of the party, diving like an adept into Vanslyperken's trousers' pocket, and pulling out his purse. The money was poured out on the table, and twelve guineas counted out.

"Then whose money is this?" cried the woman; "not yours on your soul; have you been taking a purse to-night? I vote we sends for a constable."

"I quite forgot that I had put more money in my purse," muttered Vanslyperken, who never expected to see it again. "I'll treat you, ladies—treat you all to whatever you please."

"Bravo! that's spoken like a man," cried the virago, giving Vanslyperken a slap on the back which knocked the breath out of his body.

"Bravo!" exclaimed another, "that's what I call handsome; let's all kiss him, ladies."

Vanslyperken was forced to go through this ordeal, and then the door was unlocked, but carefully guarded, while the several orders were given.

"Who is to pay for all this?" exclaimed the landlady.

"This gentleman treats us all," replied the woman.

"Oh! very well—is it all right, sir?"

Vanslyperken dared not say, no: he was in their power, and every eye watched him as he gave his answer; so he stammered out "Yes," as, in a fit of despair at the loss of his money, he threw himself into his chair, and meditated revenge.

"Give Mr. Vanslyperken his purse, Susan," said the prudent Moggy to the young woman who had taken it out of his pocket.

The purse was returned, and, in a few minutes, the various liquors and mixtures demanded made their appearance, and the jollification commenced. Every one was soon quite happy, with the exception of Mr. Vanslyperken, who, like Pistol, ate his leek, swearing in his own mind he would be horribly revenged.

"Mr. Vanslyperken, you must drink my health in some of this punch." Vanslyperken compressed his lips, and shook his head. "I say yes, Mr. Vanslyperken," cried the virago, looking daggers; "if you don't, we quarrel—that's all."

But Vanslyperken argued in his mind that his grounds of complaint would be weakened, if he partook of the refreshment which he had been forced to pay for, so he resolutely denied.

"Von't you listen to my harguments, Mr. Vanslyperken?" continued the woman. "Vell, then, I must resort to the last, which I never knew fail yet." The woman went to the fire and pulled out the poker, which was red hot, from between the bars. "Now then, my beauty, you must kiss this, or drink some punch;" and she advanced it towards his nose, while three or four others held him fast on his chair behind; the poker, throwing out a glowing heat, was within an inch of the poor lieutenant's nose: he could stand it no more, his face and eyes were scorched.

"Yes, yes," cried he at last, "if I must drink, then, I will. We will settle this matter by-and-bye," cried Vanslyperken, pouring down with indignation the proffered glass.

"Now, Susan, don't ill-treat Mr. Vanslyperken; I purtest against all ill-treatment."

"Ill treat, Mrs. Salisbury! I am only giving him a lesson in purliteness."

"Now Mr. What-the-devil's your name, you must drink off a glass of my burnt brandy, or I shall be jealous," cried another; "and when I am jealous I always takes to red-hot pokers." Resistance was in vain, the poker was again taken from between the bars, and the burnt brandy went down.

Again and again was Mr. Vanslyperken forced to pour down his throat all that was offered to him, or take the chance of having his nose burnt off.

"Is it not wrong to mix your liquors in this way, Mr. Vanslyperken?" said Moggy, in bitter mockery.

The first allowance brought in was now dispatched, and the bell rung, and double as much more ordered, to Vanslyperken's great annoyance; but he was in the hands of the Philistines. What made the matter worse, was, that the company grew every moment more uproarious, and there was no saying when they would stop.

"A song—a song—a song from Mr. Vanslyperken," cried one of the party.

"Hurrah! yes, a song from the jolly lieutenant."

"I can't sing," replied Vanslyperken.

"You shall sing, by the piper who played before Moses," said the virago; "if not, you shall sing out to some purpose;" and the red hot poker was again brandished in her masculine fist, and she advanced to him, saying, "Suppose we hargue that point?"

"Would you murder me, woman?"

"No; singing is no murder, but we ax a song, and a song we must have."

"I don't know one—upon my honour I don't," cried Vanslyperken.

"Then we'll larn you. And now you repeat after me."

"'Poll put her harms a-kimbo.' Sing—come, out with it." And the poker was again advanced.

"O God!" cried Vanslyperken.

"Sing, or by Heavens I'll shorten your nose. Sing, I say," repeated the woman, advancing the poker so as actually to singe the skin.

"Take it away, and I will," cried Vanslyperken, breathless.

"Well, then, 'Poll put her arms a-kimbo.'"

"'Poll put her arms a-kimbo,'" repeated Vanslyperken.

"That's saying, not singing," cried the woman. "Now again. 'At the admiral's house looked she.'"

"At the admiral's house looked she," replied Vanslyperken, in a whining tone.

Thus, with the poker staring him in the face, was Vanslyperken made to repeat the very song for singing which he would have flogged Jemmy Ducks. There was, however, a desperate attempt to avoid the last stanza.

"I'll give you a bit of my mind, old boy,
Port Admiral, you be d——d."

Nothing but the tip of his nose actually burnt would have produced these last words; but fear overcame him, and at last they were repeated. Upon which all the women shouted and shrieked with laughter, except Moggy, who continued sipping her port wine.

"Your good health, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, drinking to him.

Vanslyperken wiped the perspiration off his forehead, and made no reply.

"You call yourself a gentleman, and not drink the health of the lady of the house!" cried virago Mrs. Slamkoe. "I'll hargue this point with you again."

The same never-failing argument was used, and Mr. Vanslyperken drank Mrs. Salisbury's health in a glass of the port wine which he was to have the pleasure of paying for.

"I must say, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy, "it was very hard for to wish to flog my poor Jemmy for singing a song which you have just now been singing yourself."

"Did he want to flog your Jemmy for that?"

"Yes, he did, indeed, ladies."

"Then as sure as I stand here, and may this punch be my poison, if he sha'n't beg your pardon on his knees. Sha'n't he, girls?" cried Mrs. Slamkoe.

"Yes, yes, that he shall, or we'll poke him with the poker."

This was a dreadful threat, but the indignity was so great, that Vanslyperken attempted to resist. It was, however, in vain; he was forced to go on his knees, and ask Mrs. Salisbury's pardon.

"Indeed, ladies, I do not wish it," said Moggy; "no, pray don't. Well, Mr. Vanslyperken, pardon granted; so now kiss and make friends."

Mr. Vanslyperken, surrounded now by furies rather than Bacchanalians, kissed Mrs. Salisbury.

"What in the world would you have me do, you she devils?" cried he at last, driven to desperation.

"This is language for a gentleman," said Mrs. Slamkoe.

"They shall make you do nothing more," replied Moggy. "I must retire, ladies, your freak's up. You know I never keep late hours. Ladies, I wish you all a very good night."

"Perhaps, Mr. Vanslyperken, you would wish to go. I'll send for the woman of the house that you may settle the bill; I think you offered to treat the company."

Vanslyperken grinned ghastly. The bell was rung, and while Mr. Vanslyperken was pulling out the sum demanded by the landlady, the ladies all disappeared.

Vanslyperken put up his diminished purse. "There is your sword, Mr. Vanslyperken," said Moggy; who, during the whole of the scene, had kept up a *retenue* very different from her usual manners.

Vanslyperken took his sword, and appeared to feel his courage return—why not? he was armed, and in company with only one woman, and he sought revenge.

He rang the bell, and the landlady appeared.

"Landlady," cried Vanslyperken, "you'll send for a constable directly. Obey me, or I'll put you down as a party to the robbery which has been committed. I say, a constable immediately. Refuse on your peril, woman; a king's officer has been robbed and ill-treated."

"Lauk-a-mercy, a constable, sir. I'm sure you've had a very pleasant jollification."

"Silence, woman; send for a constable immediately."

"Do you hear, Mrs. Wilcox," said Moggy, very quietly, "Mr. Vanslyperken wants a constable? Send for one by all means."

"O! certainly, ma'am, if you wish it," said the landlady, quitting the room.

"Yes, you infamous woman, I'll teach you to rob and ill-treat people in this way."

"Mercy on me, Mr. Vanslyperken, why I never interfered."

"Ay, ay, that's all very well; but you'll tell another story when you're all before the authorities."

"Perhaps I shall," replied Moggy, carelessly. "But I shall now wish you a good evening, Mr. Vanslyperken."

Thereupon Mr. Vanslyperken very valorously drew his sword, and flourished it over his head.

"You don't pass here, Mrs. Salisbury. No—no—it's my turn now."

"Your turn now, you beast!" retorted Moggy. "Why, if I wished to pass, this poker would soon clear the way; but I can pass without that, and I will give you the countersign. Hark! a word in your ear, you wretch. You are in my power. You have sent for a constable, and I swear by my own Jemmy's little finger, which is worth your old shrivelled carcase, that I shall give you in charge of the constable."

"Me!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Yes, you—you wretch—you scum. Now I am going, stop me if you dare. Walls have ears, so I'll whisper. If you wish to send a constable after me, you'll find me at the house of the Jew Lazarus. Do you understand?"

Vanslyperken started back as if an adder had come before him, his sword dropped out of his hand, he stood transfixed.

"May I go now, Mr. Vanslyperken, or am I to wait for the constable? Silence gives consent," continued Moggy, making a mock curtsy, and walking out of the room.

For a minute, Vanslyperken remained in the same position. At last, bursting with his feelings, he snatched up his sword, put it into the sheath, and was about to quit the room, when in came the landlady with the constable.

"You vants me, sir?" said the man.

"I did," stammered Vanslyperken, "but she is gone."

"I must be paid for my trouble, sir, if you please."

Vanslyperken had again to pull out his purse; but this time he hardly felt the annoyance, for in his mind's eye his neck was already in the halter. He put the money into the man's hand without speaking, and then left the room, the landlady curtsying very low, and hoping that she soon should again have the pleasure of his company at the Wheatsheaf.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In which Snarleyyow again triumphs over his enemies.

But we must return to the cabin, and state what took place during this long absence of the commander, who had gone on shore about three o'clock, and had given directions for his boat to be at the Point at sunset. There had been a council of war held on the forecastle, in which Corporal Van Spitter and Smallbones were the most prominent; and the meeting was held to debate, whether they should or should not make one more attempt to destroy the dog; singular that the arguments and observations very nearly coincided with those made use of by Vanslyperken and his mother, when they debated how to get rid of Smallbones.

"Water won't touch him, I sees that," observed Smallbones.

"No. Mein Gott, dat was to trow time and de trouble away," replied the corporal.

"Hanging's just as natural a death for a cur," observed Spurey.

"Yes," observed Short.

"I'm afeard that the rope's not laid that's to hang that animal," observed Coble, shaking his head. "If water won't do, I'm persuaded nothing will, for did not they use, in former days, to lay all spirits in the Red Sea?"

"Yes," quoth Short.

"But he ban't a spirit yet," replied Smallbones; "he be flesh and blood o' some sort. If I gets fairly rid of his body, d——n his soul, I say, he may keep that and welcome."

"But then, you know, he'll haunt us just as much as ever—we shall see him here just the same."

"A spirit is only a spirit," observed Smallbones; "he may live in the cabin all day and night afore I care; but, d'ye see, there's a great difference between the ghost of a dog, and the dog himself."

"Why, if the beast ar'n't natural, I can't see much odds," observed Spurey.

"But I can feel 'em," replied Smallbones. "This here dog has a-bitten me all to bits, but a ghost of a dog can't bite anyhow."

"No," replied Short.

"And now, d'ye see, as Obadiah Coble has said as how spirits must be laid, I think if we were to come for to go for to lay this here hanimal in the cold hearth, he may perhaps not be able to get up again."

"That's only a perhaps," observed Coble.

"Well, a perhaps is better than nothing at all," said the lad.

"Yes," observed Short.

"That depends upon sarcumstances," observed Spurey. "What sort of a breakfast would you make upon a perhaps?"

"A good one, perhaps," replied Smallbones, grinning at the jingling of the words.

"Twenty dozen tyfels, Smallbones is in de right," observed Jansen, who had taken no part in the previous conversation. "Suppose you bury de dog, de dog body not get up again. Suppose he will come, his soul come, leave him body behind him."

"That's exactly my notion of the thing," observed Smallbones.

"Do you mean for to bury him alive?" inquired Spurey.

"Alive! Gott in himmel—no. I knock de brains out first, perry afterwards."

"There's some sense in that, corporal."

"And the dog can't have much left anyhow, dog or devil, when his brains are all out."

"No," quoth Short.

"But who is to do it?"

"Corporal and I," replied Smallbones; "we be agreed, ban't we, corporal?"

"Mein Gott, yes!"

"And now I votes that we tries it off-hand; what's the use of shilly-shally? I made a mortal vow that that ere dog and I won't live together—there ban't room enough for us two."

"It's a wide world, nevertheless," observed Coble, hitching up his trousers; "howsomever, I have nothing to say, but I wish you luck; but if you kill that dog, I'm a bishop—that's all."

"And if I don't try for to do so, I am an harchbishop, that's all," replied the gallant Smallbones. "Come along, corporal."

And here was to be beheld a novel scene. Smallbones followed in obedience by his former persecutor and his superior officer; a bag of bones—a reed—a lath—a scarecrow; like a pilot cutter a-head of an Indiaman, followed in his wake by Corporal Van Spitter, weighing twenty stone. How could this be? It was human nature. Smallbones took the lead, because he was the most courageous of the two, and the corporal following, proved he tacitly admitted it.

"He be a real bit of stuff, that 'ere Phil Smallbones," said one of the men.

"I thinks he be a supernatural himself, for my part," rejoined Spurey.

"At all events, he ar'n't afeard of him," said another.

"We shall see," replied Coble, squirting out his tobacco juice under the gun.

"Come, men, we must go to work now. Shall we, Mr. Short?"

"Yes," replied the commanding officer, and the conference broke up.

In the meantime the consultation was continued between Smallbones and the corporal. The latter had received instruction to take on shore Mr. Vanslyperken's dirty linen to the washerwoman, and of course, as a corporal, he was not obliged to carry it, and would take Smallbones for that purpose. Then he could easily excuse taking the dog on shore, upon the plea of taking care of it. It was therefore so arranged; the dog would follow the corporal in the absence of his master, but no one else. In a few minutes the corporal, Smallbones, Snarleyyow, and a very small bundle of linen, were in the boat, and shoved off with as many good wishes and as much anxiety for their success, as probably Jason and his followers received when they departed in search of the Golden Fleece.

The three parties kept in company, and passed through the town of Portsmouth. The washerwoman lived outside the Lines, and there they proceeded; Snarleyyow very much in spirits at being able to eat the grass, which his health very much required. They walked on until they arrived at a large elm tree, on the side of the road, which lay between two hedges and ditches.

"This will do," observed the corporal solemnly. "Mein Gott! I wish it was over," continued he, wiping the perspiration from his bull-forehead.

"How shall we kill him, corporal?" inquired Smallbones.

"Mein Gott! knock him head against de tree, I suppose."

"Yes, and bury him in the ditch. Here, dog—Snarleyyow—here, dog," said Smallbones; "come, a poor doggy—come here."

But Snarleyyow was not to be coaxed by Smallbones; he suspected treachery.

"He wont a-come to me, corporal, or I'd soon settle his hash," observed Smallbones.

The corporal had now got over a little panic which had seized him.

He called Snarleyyow, who came immediately. Oh! had he imagined what the corporal was about to do, he might have died like Cæsar, exclaiming, "Et tu Brute," which, in plain English means, "and you—you brute."

The corporal, with a sort of desperation, laid hold of the dog by the tail, drawing him back till he could swing him round. In a second or two Snarleyyow was whirling round the corporal, who turned with him, gradually approaching the trunk of the elm tree, till at last his head came in contact with it with a resounding blow, and the dog fell senseless. "Try it again, corporal, let's finish him." The corporal again swung round the inanimate body of the dog; again, and again, and again, did the head come in contact with the hard wood; and then the corporal, quite out of breath with the exertion, dropped the body on the grass. Neither of them spoke a word for some time, but watched the body, as it lay motionless, doubled up, with the fore and hind feet meeting each other, and the one eye closed.

"Well, I've a notion that he is done for, anyhow," said Smallbones, "at last."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal. "He never get on he legs again, be he tog or be he tyfel."

"Now for to come for to go for to bury him," said Smallbones, swinging the dog by the tail, and dragging him towards the ditch. "I wonder if we could get a spade anywhere, corporal."

"Mein Gott! if we ask for a spade they will ask what for, and Vanslyperken may find it all out."

"Then I'll bury him and cover him up, any how; he'll not come to life again, if he does may I be knocked on the head like him, that's all." Smallbones dragged the body into the ditch, and collecting out of the other parts of the ditch a great quantity of wet leaves, covered the body a foot deep. "There, they won't find him now, because they won't know where to look for him. I say, corporal, I've a notion we had better not be seen here too long."

"No," said the corporal, wiping his forehead, putting his handkerchief in his cap, and his cap on his head; "we must go now."

They went to the washerwoman's, delivered the bundle, and then returned on board, when the whole crew were informed of the success of the expedition, and appeared quite satisfied that there was an end of the detested cur; all but Coble, who shook his head.

"We shall see," says he; "but I'm blessed if I don't expect the cur back to-morrow morning."

We must now return to Vanslyperken, who left the public-house in a state of consternation. "How could she possibly know anything about it?" exclaimed he. "My life in the power of that she devil!" And Vanslyperken walked on, turning over the affair in his mind. "I have gone too far to retreat now. I must either go on, or fly the country. Fly, where? What a fool have I been!" but then Vanslyperken thought of the money. "No, no, not a fool, but I am very unfortunate." Vanslyperken continued his route, until it at last occurred to him that he would go to the Jew Lazarus, and speak with him; for, thought Vanslyperken, if all is discovered, they may think that I have informed, and then my life will be sought by both parties.

Vanslyperken arrived at the Jew's abode, knocked softly, but received no answer; he knocked again, louder; a bustle and confusion was heard inside, and at last the door, with the chain fixed, was opened a couple of inches, and the Jew stammered out, "Wot vash there at this late hour of the night?"

"It is me, the lieutenant of the cutter," replied Vanslyperken. "I must speak with you directly."

The door was opened, several figures, and the clatter of arms, were heard in the dark passage, and as soon as Vanslyperken had entered, it was relocked, and he was left in the dark.

In a minute the Jew, in a woollen wrapper, made his appearance with a light, and led Vanslyperken into the room where he had been shown before. "Now then, Mishter Leeftenant, vat vash de matter?"

"We are discovered, I'm afraid," exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"Holy father Abraham!" exclaimed the Jew, starting back. "But tell me vy you shay sho."

"A woman told me this night that she knew why I came to your house—that I was in her power."

"Vat woman?"

"A hell-cat, who hates me as she does the devil."

"A hell-cat vould not hate de divil," slowly observed the Jew.

"Well, perhaps not; but she will ruin me if she can."

"Vat vash her name?" said Lazarus.

"Moggy Salisbury."

"Paah! is dat all? vy, my good friend, she is one of us. Dere, you may go vay—you may go to bed, Mr. Vanslyperken."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean dat she laughed at you, and frighten you—dat she is one of us, and so is her husband, who vas in your chip. Ven you hang, she and I vill all hang together; now you comprehend?"

"Yes," replied Vauslyperken, "I do now; but how could you trust such people?"

"Trust such people, Mr. Vanslyperken! If you prove as true as those peoples, vy all de bitter; now go avay—go to bed—you have vaked up all the peoples here. Good night, Mr. Leeftenant;" and the Jew led the way to the door, and let Vanslyperken out.

"So then," thought Vanslyperken, as he pursued his way down to the Point, "that woman and her husband are—damnation, but I've a great mind to discover all, if it's only to hang them." But on second thoughts, Vanslyperken thought that it was not worth while to be hanged himself, just for the pleasure of hanging others. It was a great relief to his mind to know that there was no fear of discovery. The tip of his nose itched, and he rubbed it mechanically: the rubbing brought away all the skin. He remembered the hot poker—the money he had been forced to pay—his being made to sing and to beg pardon on his knees; and he cursed Moggy in his heart, the more so, as he felt that he dared not take any steps against her.

When he came to the Point, he stood on the shingle, looking for his boat, but the men had waited till twelve o'clock, and then presuming that their commander did not intend to come at all that night, had pulled on board again. He was looking round for a waterman to pull him off, when something cold touched his hand. Vanslyperken started, and almost screamed with fear. He looked, and it was the cold nose of Snarleyyow, who now leaped upon his master.

"Snarleyyow, my poor dog! how came you on shore?"

But the dog, not being able to speak, made no answer.

While Vanslyperken was wondering how the dog could possibly have come on shore, and what Corporal Van Spitter could be about to have allowed it, the small casement of a garret window near him was opened, and a head was thrust out.

"Do you want to go on board, sir?" said a tremulous voice.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken.

"I will be down directly, sir," replied the old boatman, who in a minute or two appeared with his sculls on his shoulder.

"Not easy to find a boat at this time of the morning, sir," said the man; "but I heard you speaking, for I've had such a toothache these two nights, that I can't shut my eyes."

The old man unlocked the chain which fastened his wherry, and in a few minutes Vanslyperken was on the deck of the cutter, but he found there was no one to receive him,—no watch kept.

"Very well," thought he, "we'll talk about this to-morrow morning. Short or Coble, I wonder which of the two—pretty neglect of duty, indeed—report to the admiral, by heavens."

So saying, Mr. Vanslyperken, with Snarleyyow at his heels, went down into the cabin—undressed in the dark, for he would not let any one know that he was on board. It being about three o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Vanslyperken being well tired with the events of the day, he was soon in a sound sleep. There will be no difficulty in accounting for the return of the dog, which had a skull much thicker than even the corporal's. He had been stunned with the heavy blows, but not killed. After a certain time he came to himself in his bed of leaves, first scratched with one paw, and then with another, till his senses returned; he rose, worked his way out, and lay down to sleep. After he had taken a long nap, he rose recovered, shook himself, and trotted down to the beach, but the boat had shoved off, and the cur had remained there waiting for an opportunity to get on board, when his master came down with the same object in view.

But as every soul is fast asleep, we shall now finish the chapter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Listeners never hear any good of themselves.

Vanslyperken was awoke three hours after he had fallen asleep by the noise of the buckets washing the decks. He heard the men talking on deck, and aware that no one knew that he was on board, he rose from his bed, and opened one of the sliding sashes of the skylight, that he might overhear the conversation. The first words he heard were from Bill Spurey.

"I say, Coble, I wonder what the skipper will say when he comes on board, and finds that the dog is gone?"

"Hoh! hoh!" thought Vanslyperken.

"I ar'n't convinced that he is gone yet," replied Coble.

"Smallbones swears that he's settled, this time," replied Spurey.

"So he did before," replied Coble.

"Smallbones again," thought Vanslyperken. "I'll——Smallbones him, if I hang for it."

"Why, he says he buried him two feet deep."

"Ay, ay; but what's the use of burying an animal who's not a human creature? For my part, I say this, that the imp belongs to his master, and is bound to serve him as long as his master lives. When he dies, the dog may be killed, and then——"

"Then what?"

"Why, with the blessing of God, they'll both go to hell together, and I don't care how soon."

"Kill me, you old villain!" muttered Vanslyperken, grinding his teeth.

"Well, anyhow, if the dog be not made away with, no more be Smallbones. He ar'n't afeard of the devil himself."

"No, not he; I'm of opinion Smallbones wa'n't sent here for nothing."

"He's escaped him twice, at all events."

"Then they knew it," thought Vanslyperken, turning pale.

"Ay, and I will take you any bet you please, that the skipper never takes that boy's life. He's charmed, or I am a gudgeon."

Vanslyperken felt that it was his own suspicion, and he trembled at the idea of the lad being supernatural.

"Out of the way, Coble, or I'll fill your shoes," cried out one of the men, slashing a bucket of water.

"That's not quite so easy, 'cause I've got boots on," replied Coble. "However, I'll take up another berth."

The men walked away, and Vanslyperken could hear no more; but he had heard quite enough. The life of the dog had been attempted by Smallbones, it was evident. Mr. Vanslyperken, after a little agitation, rang the bell.

"By all that's blue, the skipper's on board!" exclaimed the men on deck.

"When the devil did he come?"

"Not in my watch, at all events," replied Coble. "Did he come in your's, Short?"

"No," replied Short.

"Then it must have been in the corporal's."

"The corporal never called me, nor was he on deck," replied Coble. "I've a notion he never kept his watch."

The ring at the bell particularly concerned two people, the two culprits, Smallbones and Corporal Van Spitter.

The latter made his appearance; but previous to his answering the bell, Mr. Vanslyperken had time to reflect. "So they think my dog is supernatural," said he; "so much the better. I'll make them believe it still more." Mr. Vanslyperken called the dog, and pointed to his bed. The dog, who was fond of a warm berth, and but seldom allowed to get on the bed, immediately jumped up into it when invited, and Mr. Vanslyperken patted him, and covered him up with the bed-clothes. He then drew the curtains of the bed, and waited to see who would answer the bell. Corporal Van Spitter made his appearance.

"Corporal, I came on board very late, where have you put the dog? Bring him into the cabin"

Here the corporal, who was prepared, shook his head, smoothed down the hair of his forehead, and made a very melancholy face.

"It was all my fault, Mynheer Vanslyperken; yet I do for the best, but te tog be lost."

"How is that, corporal?"

The corporal then stated that he had taken the precaution to take the dog on shore, as he was afraid to leave it on board when he went to the washerwoman's, and that he was not long there, but while he was, the dog disappeared. He had looked everywhere, but could not find it.

"You took Smallbones with you," said Vanslyperken.

"Yes, mynheer, to carry de linen."

"And where was he when you were at the washerwoman's."

"He was here and dere."

"I know that it was he who killed and buried the dog, corporal."

Corporal Van Spitter started; he thought he was discovered.

"Kilt and perryed, mein Gott!" said the corporal, obliged to say something.

"Yes, I overheard the men say so on deck, corporal. He must have taken the opportunity when you were in the house counting the linen."

Now the corporal had time to recover himself, and he argued that anything was better than that he should be suspected. Smallbones was already known to have attempted the life of the dog, so he would leave the lieutenant in his error.

"Mein Gott! he is von d——n kill-dog feller," observed the corporal. "I look everywhere, I no find te tog. Den de dog is dead?"

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, "but I'll punish the scoundrel, depend upon it. That will do, corporal; you may go."

As Snarleyyow remained perfectly quiet during this conversation, we must give Vanslyperken great credit for his manœuvre. The corporal went to Smallbones, and repeated what had passed. Smallbones snapped his fingers.

"He may keelhaul, or hang me, for all I care. The dog is dead. Never fear, corporal, I won't peach upon you. I'm game, and I'll die so—if so be I must."

Vanslyperken sent for Smallbones. Smallbones, who was worked up to the highest state of excitement, came in boldly.

"So, you villain, you've killed my dog, and buried it."

"No, I ar'n't," replied Smallbones. "I knows nothing about your dog, sir."

"Why, the men on deck said so, you scoundrel, I heard them."

"I don't care what the men say; I never killed your dog, sir."

"You rascal, I'll have your life!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

Smallbones grinned diabolically, and Vanslyperken, who remembered all that the men had said in confirmation of his own opinion relative to Smallbones, turned pale. Smallbones, on his part, aware from Corporal Van Spitter, that the lieutenant had such an idea, immediately took advantage of the signs in the lieutenant's countenance, and drawled out, "That's—not—so—easy!"

Vanslyperken turned away. "You may go now, sir, but depend upon it you shall feel my vengeance;" and Smallbones quitted the cabin.

Vanslyperken finished his toilet, and then turned the dog out of the bed.

He went on deck, and after he had walked a little while, sent for Corporal Van Spitter to consult as to the best method of ascertaining what had become of Snarleyyow. Having entered apparently very earnestly into the corporal's arrangements, who was to go on shore immediately, he desired the corporal to see his breakfast got ready in the cabin.

It so happened that the corporal went into the cabin, followed by Smallbones; the first object that met his view, was Snarleyyow, sitting on the chest, scratching his ragged ear as if nothing had happened.

"Gott in Himmel!" roared the corporal, turning back, and running out of the cabin, upsetting Smallbones, whom he met in the passage, and trotting like an elephant right over him. Nor was Smallbones the only one who suffered; two marines and three seamen were successively floored by the corporal, who, blinded with fear, never stopped till he ran his head butt against the lining in the fore peak of the cutter, which, with the timbers of the vessel, brought him up, not all standing, in one sense of the word, for in his mad career his head was dashed so violently against them, that the poor corporal fell down, stunned to insensibility.

In the meantime Smallbones had gained his feet, and was rubbing his ribs, to ascertain if they were all whole. "Well, I'm sure," said he, "if I ar'n't flattened for all the world like a pancake, with that ere corporal's weight. One may as well have a broad-wheel wagon at once go over one's body; but what could make him come for to go to run away bellowing in that ere manner? He must have seen the devil; or, perhaps," thought Smallbones, "that imp of the devil, Snarleyyow. I'll go and see what it was, anyhow."

Smallbones, rubbing his abdomen, where the corporal had trod hardest, walked into the cabin, where he beheld the dog. He stood with his mouth wide open.

"I defy the devil and all his works," exclaimed he, at last, "and you be one of his, that's sartain. I fear God, and I honour the king, and the parish taught me to read the bible. There you be—resurrectioned up again. Well, it's no use, I suppose. Satan, I defy you, anyhow, but it's very hard that a good Christian should have to get the breakfast ready, of which you'll eat one half; I don't see why I'm to wait upon the devil or his imps."

Then Smallbones stopped, and thought a little. "I wonder whether he bee'd dead, as I thought. Master came on board last night without no one knowing nothing about it, and he might have brought the dog with him, if so be he came to again. I won't believe that he's haltogether not to be made away with, for how come his eye out?

Well, I don't care, I'm a good Christian, and may I be swamped if I don't try what he's made of yet. First time we cuts up beef I'll try and chop your tail, anyhow, that I will, if I am hung for it."

Smallbones regained his determination. He set about laying the things for breakfast, and when they were ready he went up to the quarter-deck, reporting the same to Mr. Vanslyperken, who had expected to see him frightened out of his wits, and concluding his speech by saying, "If you please, sir, the dog be in the cabin, all right; I said as how I never kilt your dog, nor buried him neither."

"The dog in the cabin!" exclaimed Mr. Vanslyperken, with apparent astonishment. "Why, how the devil could he have come there?"

"He cummed off, I suppose sir, same way as you did, without nobody knowing nothing about it," drawled out Smallbones, who then walked away.

In the meantime the corporal had been picked up, and the men were attempting to recover him. Smallbones went forward to see what had become of him, and learnt how it was that he was insensible.

"Well, then," thought Smallbones, "it may have been all the same with the dog, and I believe there's humbug in it, for if the dog had made his appearance, as master pretends he did, all of a sudden, he'd a been more frightened than me."

So reasoned Smallbones, and he reasoned well. In the meantime the corporal opened his eyes, and gradually returned to his senses, and then for the first time, the ship's company, who were all down at their breakfast, demanded of Smallbones the reason of the corporal's conduct.

"Why," replied Smallbones, "because that ere beast, Snarleyyow, be come back again, all alive, a'ter being dead and buried—he's in the cabin now—that's all."

"That's all," exclaimed one. "All!" cried another. "The devil!" said a third.

"I said as how it would be," said Obadiah Coble—"that dog is no dog, as sure as I sit here."

The return of the dog certainly had a strong effect upon the whole of the ship's company. The corporal swore that he was not in the cabin, and that Mr. Vanslyperken had arranged for his going on shore to look for him, when all of a sudden the dog made his appearance, no one knew how. Smallbones found himself so much in the minority, that he said nothing. It was perfect heresy not to believe that the dog was sent from the lower regions; and as for any further attempts to destroy it, it was considered as perfect insanity.

But this renewed attempt on the part of Smallbones, for Vanslyperken was convinced that an attempt had been made, although it had not been successful, again excited the feelings of Mr. Vanslyperken against the lad, and he resolved somehow or another to retaliate. His anger overcame his awe, and he was reckless in his desire of vengeance. There was not the least suspicion of treachery on the part of Corporal Van Spitter in the heart of Mr. Vanslyperken, and the corporal played his double part so well, that if possible he was now higher in favour than ever.

After a day or two, during which Mr. Vanslyperken remained on board, he sent for the corporal, determining to sound him as to whether he would make any attempts upon Smallbones; for to such a height had Vanslyperken's enmity arrived, that he now resolved to part with some of his darling money, to tempt the corporal, rather than not get rid of the lad. After many hints thrown out, but not taken by the wily corporal, who was resolved that Vanslyperken should speak plainly, the deed and the reward of ten guineas were openly proclaimed, and Vanslyperken waited for the corporal's reply.

"Mein Gott, Mynheer Vanslyperken! suppose it vas possible, I not take your money, I do it wid pleasure; but, sir, it not possible."

"Not possible!" exclaimed Vanslyperken.

"No, mynheer," replied the corporal, "I not tell you all, tousand tyfil, I not tell you all;" and here the corporal put his hand to his forehead and was silent, much to Vanslyperken's amazement. But the fact was, that Corporal Van Spitter was thinking what he possibly could say. At last a brilliant thought struck him—he narrated to the lieutenant how he had seen the ghost of Smallbones, as he thought, when he was floating about adrift on the Zuyder Zee—described with great force his horror at the time of the appearance of the supernatural object, and tailed on to what he believed to be true, that which he knew to be false, to wit, that the apparition had cried out to him, that "*he was not to be hurt by mortal man.*" "Gott in Himmel," finished the corporal, "I never was so frightened in my life. I see him now, as plain as I see you, mynheer. Twenty tousand tyfils, but the voice was like de tunder—and his eye like de lightning—I fell back in one swoon. Ah, mein Gott, mein Gott!"

So well did the corporal play his part, that Vanslyperken became quite terrified; the candle appeared to burn dim, and he dared not move to snuff it. He could not but credit the corporal, for there was an earnestness of description, and a vividness of colouring, which could not have been invented; besides, was not the corporal his earnest and only friend? "Corporal," said Vanslyperken, "perhaps you'll like a glass of scheedam; there's some in the cupboard."

This was very kind of Mr. Vanslyperken, but he wanted one himself, much more than the corporal. The corporal produced the bottle and the glass, poured it out, made his military salute, and tossed it off.

"Give me another glass, corporal," said Vanslyperken, in a tremulous tone. The lieutenant took one, two, three glasses, one after another, to recover himself.

The corporal had really frightened him. He was convinced that Smallbones had a charmed life. Did he not float to the Ower light and back again?—did not a pistol ball pass through him without injury? Vanslyperken shuddered; he took a fresh glass, and then handed the bottle to the corporal, who helped himself, saluted, and the liquor again disappeared in a moment.

Dutch courage is proverbial, although a libel upon one of the bravest of nations. Vanslyperken now felt it, and again he commenced with the corporal. "What were the words?" inquired he.

"Dat he was not to be hurt by mortal man, mynheer. I can take mine piple oath of it," replied the corporal.

"Damnation!" cried Vanslyperken; "but stop—mortal man—perhaps he may be hurt by woman."

"Dat is quite anoder ting, mynheer."

"He sha'n't escape if I can help it," retorted Vanslyperken. "I must think about it. Vanslyperken poured out another glass of scheedam, and pushed the stone bottle to the corporal, who helped himself without ceremony. Mr. Vanslyperken was now about two-thirds drunk, for he was not used to such a quantity of spirits.

"Now, if I had only been friends with that—that—hell-fire Moggy Salisbury," thought Vanslyperken, speaking aloud to himself.

"Mein Gott, yes, mynheer," replied the corporal.

Vanslyperken took another glass—spilling a great deal on the table as he poured it out; he then covered his eyes with his hand, as if in thought. Thereupon the corporal filled without being asked; and as he perceived that his superior remained in the same position, and did not observe him, he helped himself to a second glass, and then waited till Vanslyperken should speak again; but the liquor had overpowered him, and he spoke no more.

The corporal, after a few minutes, went up to his superior; he touched him on the shoulder, saying, "Mynheer," but he obtained no reply. On the contrary, the slight touch made Mr. Vanslyperken fall forward on the table. He was quite insensible.

So the corporal took him up in his arms, laid him in his bed, then taking possession of the lieutenant's chair, for he was tired of standing so long, he set to work to empty the bottle, which, being large and full at the time that it was produced from the cupboard, took some time, and before it was accomplished, the Corporal Van Spitter had fallen fast asleep in the chair. Shortly afterwards the candle burnt out, and the cabin was in darkness.

It was about three o'clock in the morning when Mr. Vanslyperken began to recover his senses, and as his recollection returned, so were his ears met with a stupendous roaring and unusual noise. It was to his imagination unearthly, for he had been troubled with wild dreams about Smallbones, and his appearance to the corporal. It sounded like thunder, and Mr. Vanslyperken thought that he could plainly make out, "*Mortal man! mortal man!*" and, at times, the other words of the supernatural intimation to the corporal. The mortal man was drawn out in lengthened cadence, and in a manner truly horrible. Vanslyperken called out, "Mor—tal—man," was the reply.

Again Vanslyperken almost shrieked in a perspiration of fear. The sound now ceased; but it was followed up by a noise like the rattling of glasses, tumbling about of the chairs and table, and Vanslyperken buried his face under the clothes. Then the door, which had been shut, was heard by him to slam like thunder; and then Snarleyyow barked loud and deep. "Oh! God forgive me!" cried the terrified lieutenant. "Our Father—which art in heaven—save me—save me!"

Shortly afterwards the corporal made his appearance with a light, and inquired if Mr. Vanslyperken had called. He found him reeking with perspiration, and half dead with fear. In broken words he stated how he had been visited, and how the same intimation that no mortal man could hurt Smallbones, had been rung into his ears.

"It was only one dream, Mynheer Vanslyperken," observed the corporal.

"No—it was no dream," replied Vanslyperken. "Stay in the cabin, good corporal."

"Yes, mynheer," replied the corporal, drawing the curtains of the bed; and then quietly picking up the various articles on the floor, the table and chairs, which had been overturned.

Alas! Fear is the mate of guilt. All this horrid visitation was simply that Mr. Vanslyperken had heard the corporal's tremendous snoring, as he slept in the chair, and which his imagination had turned into the words, "Mortal man." The first exclamation of Mr. Vanslyperken had awoke the corporal, who, aware of the impropriety of his situation, had attempted to retreat; in so doing he had overturned the table and chairs, with the bottles and glasses upon them.

Fearful of discovery upon this unexpected noise, he had hastened out of the cabin, slammed the door, and waked up Snarleyyow; but he knew, from the exclamations of Vanslyperken, that the lieutenant was frightened out of his wits; so he very boldly returned with a candle to ascertain the result of the disturbance, and was delighted to find that the lieutenant was still under the delusion.

So soon as he had replaced everything, the corporal took a chair, and finding that he had fortunately put the cork into the stone-bottle before he fell asleep, and that there were still one or two glasses in it, he drank them off, and waited patiently for daylight. By this time Vanslyperken was again asleep and snoring; so the corporal took away all the broken fragments, put the things in order, and left the cabin.

When Vanslyperken awoke and rang his bell, Smallbones entered. Vanslyperken got up, and finding the cabin as it was left the night before, was more than ever persuaded that he had been supernaturally visited. Fear made him quite civil to the lad, whose life he now considered, as the ship's company did that of the dog's, it was quite useless for him, at least, to attempt, and thus ends this chapter of horrors.

(To be continued.)

NONE THEIR END OBTAIN.

The miser has his anguish,
  The merchant weary pain,
The lover long doth languish,
  Yet none their end obtain.

The toiling farmer soweth,
  The reaper reaps the grain:
The traveller forward goeth—
  Yet none their end obtain.

The miser leaves his money,
The merchant all his care;
The lover—gall and honey—
For thus it is they fare.

The farmer in death's furrow,
Is buried like his grain;
The labourer on the morrow
From labour doth refrain:
All pay the life they borrow,
For *all that end* obtain.

They lie them down to slumber
Beneath the churchyard stone
With all the woes they number,
Their destiny unknown.

And what thus could they follow,
With such continued quest?
What flitting dream and hollow
Thus robbed them of their rest.

Power, wealth, or love, or leisure,
Alone could not be sought;
Beyond must be some treasure,
Some phantom of the thought.

The sought, thus truth confesseth,
But, erring, failed to find,
What heaven alone possesseth—
The calm and happy mind!

Richard Howitt.

A SUPPOSED INCIDENT.

"There was he often found sitting in the front of his house, in the morning sun, and enjoying the fresh air."—Life of Milton.

A blind old man, in simple, grave array,
Sat in the cheerful sun; when by there past
A youth, on him disdainful looks who cast,
A courtier smooth, in courtly garments gay,
Who pausing, muttered in the public way,
"The wretch thou art who loudest blew the blast
Of civil strife; and guerdon fit thou hast,
Left lonely thus to darkness and decay."
Courtier, pass on! greater is he than kings—
Though old, and blind, and dimmed with daily care:
Even *then* he heard the rush of angel wings;
Or talked in Eden with the happy pair;
Or, raised above all sublunary things,
Breathed in the heaven of heavens ambrosial air.

Richard Howitt.

SOME REFLECTIONS UPON THIS NEW "PLAGUE," THE "PLAGUE OF PAPERS."

BY THE EDITOR.

Yes, these "papers" have lately appeared darkening the literary atmosphere almost as suddenly, and as numerously, as the "plague of locusts." All the periodicals now abound with "these papers," or "those papers," or the "other papers," the last set of "papers" being always more extravagant than those immediately preceding them. Of their brilliancy, of their moral effect, of their tendency to purify or elevate the public taste, we shall say nothing;—of their success, that those whom Shakspeare has ceased to please, can still grin at the low absurdities of Punch and his helpmate: their utility, however, we will laud,—for all kinds of purposes, mechanical and domestic.

But it is of no use to rail against a prevailing fashion. A wise man will not—he will adopt, and, if he be able, improve it. Has any one fully and maturely considered the terminations of a modern fashionable dress-coat? If the wearer would condescend for a short time to stoop so far forwards as almost to go upon all fours, and the tails of his coat were at all stiff, he would make no bad resemblance of one of the most impudent of animals without its wings, a St. James's Square cock-sparrow. Yet, notwithstanding the absurdity of this fashion, that has so long prevailed, what sensible man would think of strutting into a drawing-room tailless? Not ourselves, certainly. We would neither try to pin them up behind, nor draw them before us in the manner of the wings of a saluting seraph, but wear them, as all others do, fairly and decently hanging behind us. Now, the genius of literature (periodical of course) had, till lately, his own becoming costume. If he were in his graver moods, he attired himself in the dignified robes of the Roman, Grecian, or English muse; if in his gayer temper, he would have on a tight fit, with a many-coloured jacket. In this equipment he would leap you his fourteen yards with the freest air imaginable. But these fashions have gone by; he has become thoroughly cockney. The popular authors of the day have clapped *tails to his jacket.* He steps along the metropolitan pavement delicately, or, at best, but goes, for a short time, and but for a little way out of town, makes sweet confusion with his w's and v's—fraternizes with ostlers, "and such small gear," and, is employed most of his time in clapping vulgarity into a clean shirt, with a frill upon it. O these "papers," these "papers!" these tails to our coats! We must get some, however.

Full of these reflections, we repaired to the greatest literary character of the day. Truth. Every *author* who reads this, will deny the assertion, saying that *he* has no recollection of our calling upon him; and all other persons must know that this "greatest writer of the day," must be one of about five or six who have not yet given the world their "papers." Being full of our subject, though short of tails, we asked him if he could not furnish us with a pair for the metropolitan vestment. It was some time before he fully understood us, and, when he did, he was somewhat offended, asking us rather coolly, if we ever thought that a genuine Yorick, "who had set the table in a roar," could be, by any means, induced to grin through a horse-collar for a gold-laced hat, or if we wished to see so vile a degradation.

We confess that this remark was hard upon us, but we appeased him a little by saying, that as horse-collars were now become the vogue, we only requested him to lend us one to grin through, in common with our contemporaries, and that even the name of the furnisher need never transpire. Seeing him a little mollified, we thus proceeded. "Now, sir, name your own price—two guineas a page—anything—your 'papers,' my dear sir—your 'papers.'"

"You are over eager, my good friend. I should not succeed."

"Not succeed! In what quarter of Europe—of the civilised world, has not your eloquence resounded, your pathos moved, and your wit delighted? You, who have wrestled with and overcome that many-armed giant, public opinion, cannot you catch me a cockchafer, stick a pin through it, and thus make a little innocent mirth for the entertainment of the readers of '*funny papers?*' For once, put off your Attic state, and clap tails to your coat. I'll answer for it, that, thus disguised, nobody will know you. Now for your papers."

"Indeed," said the genius, rubbing his rather long, thoughtful, and pleasing features with his delicate forefinger. "You half persuade me to become a 'paper-maker'—but what title should I give them?"

"Anything. Call them *general* papers, if you will. I know that if you make them up, they will never become what those are with which we are about to contend, *cornet* papers. The grocers will not benefit by them."

But this compliment to the unborn gave birth to no agreeable sensations to him for whom it was made. After a longer silence than was agreeable, he spoke to me with a decision that showed plainly that his resolution was taken. "My good friend, this rage for risible rascality, and vulgarity made humorous, cannot last. One jest is good, ten consecutive jests, tiresome, and a jest book, or a book full of jests, a horror. A man of real wit may, at times, condescend to be droll, but what name would you give him that strove to create a reputation by drudging at drollery? I cannot, Mr. Editor, furnish you with papers similar to those which you require, at any price. Will you lunch?"

"But the incognito?" Not that we wished it—but the very contrary. We were smoothing our way.

"I could not preserve it—I should either write above the mark, and betray myself, and that would not answer my purpose—or below it, and betray my dulness, which would not answer your purpose. Come, an anchovy sandwich?"

Seeing our friend so obstinate and so antithetical, we began to despair: no doubt, our despondency was visible enough on our countenance, and we were about to retire with the sorrowful conviction, that for the next number of the Magazine we should have nothing better to offer the public, than an olio of genuine and various literature, both prose and poetry, from some of the best living authors, when a smile mantled over the face of the distinguished writer, that gave us some faint indications of hope.

"It is singular," said he, "that this conversation did not before call to my recollection, that I have by me some few papers—documents I mean, that, by a little trouble on your part, and some few alterations on mine, might answer your purpose."

All exultation, we hurriedly exclaimed, "By yourself! by yourself! by the celebrated author of——"

"O no, no, no," he replied, with a most Delphic shake of the head.

"Yes, yes," said we, "physically as well as morally, the man of the present day, though bearing the same name, and claiming the same identity, is not the man of seven years past—but these papers, though you now renounce them," and we took them up and caressed them lovingly, "yet you will edit them; we may tell the world in our title-pages and in our advertisements—what are they called? Ah, I see, '*Trismegistian Records*,' edited by——"

"I will by no means consent to it—decidedly not. To oblige you, I will make a few alterations in these records; but, my name must never appear in connexion with them. Upon that understanding alone, shall they pass into your hands. Not a word. I am inexorable. Upon these conditions they are at your service."

"Exalted as is your genius, I fear me, without your name, the service that they can do us will be but trifling."

"But may not these records be full of low humour, and practical jokes, and domestic drollery; and how know you that they are deficient in slang?"

"To parody Shakspeare, 'where the virtue of a name is, all these but serve to make more virtuous;' but, without the gilding of a name, these best of attributes will but cause the 'Records' to be pronounced as 'shocking low.'"

"But really, the humour of these papers is not low—as far as I can judge of it, it is dry, caustic, grotesque, and Quixotic, sometimes misanthropical."

"We are eager for these 'Records.' Though you disown them, probably they will not disown you. Some faint shadowings, perhaps, of the juvenile fevers of your own brain."

"Come, come, Mr. Editor, though no one can accuse you of riding a high horse, you ride a most marvellously swift one, and a good leaper too, for you jump at a most far-fetched conclusion. Speculate as you will, but be silent. I will go through a few of the records to-morrow morning, but my name must not appear; I tell you, sir, my name must not appear."

"I truly regret it—but—a delicate subject—hum—the mention of the thirty-two guineas a sheet, was, you know, conditional; my duty to the proprietors—hah—but—as these records must appear anonymously—and yet, it seems absurd to mention such a thing—but really, as such, had Shakspeare furnished the poetry, Rabelais the wit, and Milton the diction—anonymously—you understand, they would only be worth to us—about, about, a penny a line—or a little under."

"Ha, ha, ha! you could not have paid me a greater compliment. I now fully understand the value of my reputation. Don't let your duty to your proprietors cause you any uneasiness. As I will give these "Records" no value by lending them my name, I have no right to expect to receive anything of value from them."

"Anonymous as they must be, if two or three of the weekly prints, that plume themselves upon criticism, would abuse them, they might then perhaps rise to be of some value."

"Indeed! Then if their abuse is so valuable, at what do you estimate their eulogy?"

"That requires an explanatory answer. There are two sorts of eulogy, and two sorts of abuse; and of these four categories, one only is truly of value to a literary production. I do not say an author; for the conductors of weekly scurrility will be valiant over a work, and quail before a name. We will take the noxious qualities first. If an author have not previously a well-established reputation, unmeasured and outrageous praise will prove the worst infliction that he can smart under. Even when a really good production is 'sickled o'er with the weekly slaver' of hebdomedal critical laudation, the poor thing much resembles a fly in a treacle-pot, it must clear itself of the pestilent sweets, ere it can take a tolerable flight."

"No, no—this will never do. Panegyric cannot hurt a good work, and may, for a time, uphold even a bad one."

"You are deceived, my good sir. I could, instanter, mention twenty tolerable books that have been first panegyrized into contempt, and ultimately puffed into oblivion, by sixpenny sanguine assurers of success. Mind, I speak only of first, or of anonymous, productions. When the author is known, the tactics of these would-be distributors of renown are different. If the author be so fortunate as not to belong to any political party, his critics will, in spite of him, class him in some particular school of writing, and thus, either as a politician or a *littéraire*, he will be ultra-lauded by one set, and particularly well d——d by twenty others."

Our highly-gifted friend winced at this remark, as if he felt there was more truth in it than he was willing to allow; for though he now stands much too high for the peltings of paltry criticism, and that neither the "stings or the arrows of outrageous weekly impotence" can reach him, yet, in the early part of his career, he was tolerably well "mobbed;" which is the best expression that we can use to describe the clamorous and vulgar ordeal through which he had to pass. After a few pacings up and down the apartment, he stopped abruptly, and as abruptly exclaimed, "Pray, in what consists the power of these contemptible assailants?"

"'In iteration, iteration,' as Shakspeare hath it, 'damnable iteration.' 'The Times,' which is now so patriotically employing its energies, knows the value of this engine. The drop of water and the stone. Bring but a poet's heart, or call it his reputation, which is to him his heart of hearts, bring this but under the dripping-stone of calculating, persevering, and systematic abuse; and speak, shades of a thousand worthies, and tell the unheeding world how soon your hearts crumbled under the death-cold operation."

"True, most true. Happy am I that, from station, circumstances, and other accidents, I so soon removed myself from under it."

"Among those accidents, enumerate exalted merit."

"Well," continued the author, "I shall shortly be *au fait* at all the methods of spinning these dirty webs, though I confess, that at present, I cannot see, as respects these 'Trismegistian Records,' how all these remarks apply."

"You will find that they all converge to one point—and which point I hope I shall carry. I have shown you the effect of outrageous laudation, and iterated defamation. We will now again speak of unknown authors and anonymous works, for these are the usual prey of the periodical press. Faint abuse and faint praise, the staples of its criticism, is either of them highly injurious; and the disgust that is excited by reading the vapid critique is generally extended to the unread work that is criticised. The unfortunate reader endeavours to forget both as fast as he can."

"Naturally, naturally—my most excellent editor and writer of periodical critiques!"

"Not weekly ones; but we have yet to touch upon the most amusing phase of the whole; that of violent and frantic abuse—which is almost sure to render the author most essential service."

"Instance, instance—one inch of instance is worth a mile of assertion."

"There is a furious radical weekly paper of great literary talent; honest, we think, in principle, and of the most unswerving consistency, we are certain, but of a strange infirmity in its critical notices. Two of Captain Marryat's novels the reviewer attached to this paper, dismissed with a brief, yet bitter and rancorous condemnation; consequently, yes, consequently, in some measure, they became universal favourites, not only in England and America, but all over Europe, in the various continental languages."

"But did not others abuse them too?"

"Yes, others of the same stamp. It did them good, for every window in a street will be thrown up, and every gossip will thrust her head out as far as she can, to get a glimpse at the person whom the fools are hooting at. A very humorous spectacle is puzzled and angry ignorance.

"It is, indeed."

"We will relate to you a little anecdote *à-propos* of this subject. We were one day sauntering, in our usual lack-a-daisical manner, along the green sward that lined the high road that led to a considerable market-town, when there came blowing and floundering along it, upon a hard-trotting horse, a farmer, very honest, I presume, and very careless; for he neither noticed a yelping cur that was snapping at his horse's heels, or the fall of a heavy leathern bag from his own person. The man was out of sight in a short time; for when we shouted after him, and the word 'purse' met his ears, he pushed his steed into a hard gallop, in order to save that which he had just lost."

"Well, give us the moral of that, after the manner of editors."

"We can see in the farmer's action the conduct of the movement party; the faster they go, the faster they leave all that is worth preserving behind. But we ask pardon of your whiggery, and will get on with our anecdote. The leathern purse, well tied up, was on the ground, the owner and everybody else out of sight, excepting the cur. He seized it with his teeth, he touzled it, and scratched it, and flung it about his head, and grew quite furious upon the subject, and howled over it bitterly; indeed, so fiery had become his rage, that I dared not approach him. At last, after many efforts, and a great expenditure of froth, he so much loosened the string, that he got at its contents; and, when he found that they were nothing but pure gold, he clapped his tail between his legs, and ran dismayed to the nearest ditch, where, a moment after, we saw him supremely happy over the carcass of a drowned cat."

"Well, another version of Æsop's fable of the Cock and the Jewel."

"No—for in this ill-favoured cur we saw the type of the whole race of small critics. We pictured to ourselves one of them employed by the * * * * *, with an excellent work before him, even the drift of which he could not, at first, understand; and when, at length, after much labour, he began to catch a glimmering of the author's meaning, and found that it was a treasure he could not appreciate, we saw him growling a vulgar oath over it, and leave it to go and batten upon and praise the last new fashionable work by a lady of quality. The cur, the purse of gold, and the dead cat."

"The last image that you have conjured up is so revolting, that we must dispel it with another glass of wine. Now for the application of all this to the subject matter between us."

"Simply this—that you should, by attaching your name to these forthcoming Records, hush all the small critics either into silence, or excite them into praise. Because we may be strong, there is no heroism in offering ourselves to the stings of reptiles if we can avoid them. Let us persuade you—attach your name to them either as author or editor."

We at first thought that we had made the impression upon the great man that we had wished. He begged for a little time to consider on the subject, said he would think of it seriously, and we finally took our leave under the persuasion that all we sought for would be gained.

But these glorious anticipations were not to be realised. As, the next day, we were sitting in our office in a pleasing reverie, and dwelling with a glow of satisfaction upon the glories of our forthcoming advertisements, a person brought to us the first portion of the "Trismegistian Records," with a polite, but most peremptory letter from the author, that, if used, not the slightest allusion must be made to him. We have read this portion with the greatest delight; but we dare not make use of it, and dread to return it. We must take another month to think over the matter.

We assure our friends, that all that we have stated above, is substantially, and, for the most part, literally true. It may, with apparent justice, be asked of us, "If you know these 'Records' to be good, why refuse, under any circumstances, what is good to the public?" To this we must answer—supposing that a lady possessed a real brilliant of the greatest value, would she wear it at a party in which she was sure of meeting every other lady decorated with paste of the same pretensions as her genuine diamond? She would not, without the superiority of her ornaments were fully acknowledged. This is the feeling that restrains us from publishing them at once, backed by the hope that we may be able to overcome the scruples of the author. May we succeed, and be able in April to tickle the public palate, not only with wholesome and excellent aliment—but with a *name* also.

MARCH OF HARRY THE FIFTH TO AGINCOURT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

> "Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
> No king of England, if not king of France!"
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

THE trumpet sounds to arms!
At glory's call,
Leave bower and hall,
And beauty's charms.

From woman's pleading eye,
From the social hearth,
And the board of mirth,
We fly—we fly.

By England's hallowed towers,
By the sod that owns
Our fathers' bones,
France shall be ours!

That day shall never be,
When Britons quail
To her ensign pale,
On land or sea.

By the God that hears me vow!
By the crown I wear,
And the brand I bear,
Proud France shall bow!

One cup before we go,
To the friend we prize,
And the maid whose eyes
Look sweet in woe.

And one for England fill!
While the world shall stand,
May her conquering hand
Grasp freedom still!

The trumpet sounds to arms!
At glory's call,
Leave bower and hall,
And beauty's charms!

THE BENCH AND THE BAR.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LORDS AND COMMONS."

Chapter II.—Late Judges.

LORD ERSKINE—LORD ELLENBOROUGH—MR. BARON GRAHAM—LORD TENTERDEN—LORD ELDON.

Let not my readers be alarmed. I am not about to give such a latitude of interpretation to the word "late," as will take them back to the days of Sir Thomas More, Lord Bacon, the Earl of Clarendon, Sir Matthew Hale, or indeed to any of those other distinguished judicial characters who flourished at much more recent periods. I shall confine myself to men who have presided in our courts of law since the beginning of the present century, and shall only cursorily advert to such even of them as have been, by some means or other, brought prominently before the public. I may just premise, that in the series of sketches of the "Bench and the Bar," which I am now commencing, my observations and anecdotes will be strictly original in every instance in which there is nothing stated which would imply any obligations to other authorities.

I do not know that I could begin with a more appropriate name than that of Mr. Thomas, afterwards Lord Erskine. Mr. Erskine was for many years without an equal at the English bar, and perhaps he has never, taking all in all, had a superior, as counsel, in our courts of law. He affords one of the many instances in the annals of the bar in which a man suddenly rises from obscurity into the full blaze of popularity. Until employed as counsel for a Captain Bailie, who was the defendant in an action before the court, he was altogether unknown at the bar, though he had been some short time called to it. The effect which his speech on that occasion produced, and the impression it made even on the minds of attorneys, who are not always remarkable for their appreciation of the loftiest order of eloquence, was so great, that no fewer than thirty of these attornies put retainers into his hand before he left the court. Indeed, I am inclined to think, from the accounts I have heard of the sensation his speech produced, though of course there can be no means of ascertaining the thing exactly, that every attorney in court, who had a disengaged case in hand, retained Mr. Erskine in it. This was about the year 1780. His fame as a barrister was so completely established by this brilliant forensic effort, that, in a few months afterwards, he was chosen to appear at the bar of the House of Commons as counsel against a bill of Lord North's, the object of which bill was to restore to the universities the monopoly in almanacks. Here, again, he made a speech, the brilliancy of which electrified the House of Commons, though at that time some of the most distinguished speakers who have ever adorned it, were in the habit of nightly pouring forth their eloquence within its walls. What added to Mr. Erskine's reputation as an advocate, was the fact of the Bill being lost by a large majority. His fortune as a barrister was now made. He could not accept one half of the briefs that were offered to him. I have it from one who had it from his own lips, that his practice averaged annually sixteen thousand pounds for many years afterwards. He appeared in every case of importance for the next quarter of a century, during which he practised as counsel, before his elevation to the Bench; but the case in which, of all others, he most distinguished himself, was that of Mr. Thelwall, Mr. Horne Tooke, Mr. Hardy, and, I believe, nine others, all arraigned for high treason. This was in 1794. Mr. Thelwall, who, I may here mention, only died about eighteen months ago, was the person singled out from the others for trial; it following, as a matter of course, that his acquittal would be followed by the acquittal of all the others, or his conviction, by theirs. The trial lasted nineteen days, and ended in the acquittal of the parties. Some time before Mr. Thelwall's death, he and I had some conversation on the subject, and though then about seventy years of age, his eye lighted up at the very mention of Mr. Erskine's name. He described to me, in terms of animation, scarcely inferior to the well-known ardour of his temperament in his youthful years, the extraordinary zeal which Mr. Erskine showed, the almost superhuman exertions he made, and the unrivalled talent he displayed on that occasion. Mr. Erskine was a man whom no fee, however large, could ever induce to appear in any case in which any great principle of justice could be compromised by his acceptance of such fee. When he undertook any case involving the liberty or lives of his fellow-subjects, the amount of remuneration he would receive for his services, never entered into his thoughts for a moment. He was aroused to exertion by an overwhelming feeling of the injustice which was threatened to be committed; and hence his whole soul was bent on the acquittal of the defendant. It is worthy of observation, that all the greatest triumphs he achieved in the courts of law, were in the character of counsel for the defendant.

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[1] Continued from p. 195.

I have already mentioned the case of Captain Bailie, the first in which he appeared on being called to the bar. It was followed by his triumphant defence of Lord George Gordon, accused of constructive treason, for the part he took in the memorable riots of 1780. The same holds true of his defence of the Dean of St. Asaph—in that of Stockdale, the publisher—in that of Perry, then proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle"—all charged with libels; and, to give no more instances, in that of Mr. Thelwall and his associates. It was not that he manifested a burning zeal, or made great exertions for the accused, while examining witnesses or addressing the jury: the interest he felt in the result was equally great, and was displayed in an equally striking manner, out of court. I use no hyberbolical or exaggerated expression, when I say, that his anxiety for the fate of the prisoners was with him an absorbing feeling, apart from all pecuniary considerations, and even from that of his own forensic fame,—though both these things, the latter especially, must in ordinary circumstances have operated to a certain extent on his mind, as they do on the minds of other men. For about four weeks—this includes several days immediately preceding the commencement of the trial; for about four weeks his mind was exclusively engrossed, without the intermission of a moment, with matters connected with the proceedings. Mr. Thelwall himself, than whom no one, of course, could be a better judge, assured me that during that time Mr. Erskine scarcely enjoyed one hour's sound repose. Indeed he could scarcely be said to have slept at all. His time being occupied in court all day, a large portion of his nights was spent with Mr. Thelwall, the other prisoners, the junior counsel, Mr. Gibbs, and with the witnesses for the defence, in making preparations for the following day. Altogether, perhaps, the amount of labour, anxiety, and fatigue, which Mr. Erskine underwent on that occasion, is quite unparalleled in the annals of the English bar. I doubt if it has many parallels in the history of mankind. No mere professional zeal, great as I know that zeal oftentimes to be, could have borne him up under the accumulated pressure. Nothing but the fact of his whole heart and soul being embarked in the enterprise of procuring the acquittal of the prisoners; nothing but the most sincere and warmest sympathy, grounded on settled principle, with the persons arraigned, could have sustained him.

But what places the sincerity and ardour of Mr. Erskine's zeal for his clients, on this occasion, beyond all question, is the fact, that he was in the habit, ever after, when he could snatch a moment from his professional avocations, of visiting them at their own houses. When his retirement from public life gave him ample opportunities of being in their society, there was scarcely a day in which he did not visit some one of them. A friend of mine, who was intimately acquainted with the late Mr. Hardy, says he has met Lord Erskine at Mr. Hardy's house four or five times in one week.

Mr. Erskine was an orator in the strictest meaning of the term. His matter was always excellent. He often wandered from the subject, but his audience were so charmed with the richness of his fancy, the sublimity of his sentiments, and his happy illustrations of the positions he sometimes laid down in his erratic flights, that they were seldom conscious of his digressions. He occasionally indulged in declamation: only, however, when he had, after a careful examination beforehand, come to the conclusion that it was likely to be more serviceable to his client than close and continued argument. There was nothing turgid or meretricious in his diction; he was no clap-trap orator. His style combined the rare qualities of being easy and terse. His sentences flowed from him so naturally, that it never appeared to cost him an effort to speak. He was happy in concentrating all the powers of his mind, and in bringing them to bear on any particular emergency that might arise in the course of the trial, the moment that emergency did arise. Nothing seemed to take him by surprise: no circumstance, however adverse or unexpected, that might occur in the course of the proceedings, deprived him, for an instant, of his self-possession. In the sustained brilliancy of his eloquence, it is doubtful if he ever had—he certainly has not now—an equal at the bar. His manner, too, was excellent. He had an intelligent eye, remarkably expressive of the ardour with which he had embarked in the cause of the client on whose behalf he was addressing the jury. The tones of his voice were clear and sonorous; and his action was energetic, without verging on that extravagance which is unpleasant.

But I must not shut my eyes to the defects of Mr. Erskine. His knowledge of law was neither varied nor profound. He often committed egregious blunders from this cause, though the splendour of his parts as an orator, diverted attention from them. Mr. Thelwall stated to me, that the junior counsel, Mr. Gibbs, was immeasurably Mr. Erskine's superior, both as a lawyer and logician: indeed, Mr. Thelwall thought the latter gentleman unequalled in those respects by any of his then contemporaries at the bar, though he never afterwards rose to any distinction. He was one of the many instances which occur in every profession, and in every walk of life, of merit not meeting its due reward.

Such was Mr. Erskine at the bar. Would that I could stop here. He entered the House of Commons soon after attaining the meridian of his distinguished reputation. There he displayed great talent; but nothing which could stand a moment's comparison with that which he evinced at the bar. In 1806, on the formation of the Grenville administration, he was made Lord Chancellor. Alas! for the sake of his own reputation that he ever was so. Never was the common observation, that a good advocate makes a bad judge, more strikingly proved than in his case. His decisions were the derision of the whole bar: the merest tyro in the study of the law could not but detect their unsoundness, and his errors in regard to those authorities and reasons on which he grounded them. A volume of his lordship's judgments in the Court of Chancery has been published; but it has never been referred to either by his successors in office, or by the bar. Were a counsel, indeed, to quote the decision of Lord Erskine in support of his own view of any case, it would make him the laughing-stock of the profession, and prove ruinous to his legal reputation.

Lord Erskine did not retain the great seal for any length of time. He retired with the ministry who raised him to the high office, and their tenure of place did not much exceed six months. He remained in town for many years, and then returned to Scotland, his native place, where he lived till his death, about twelve years since, in retirement. He never was the same man after he left the bar. It was his proper sphere. Before he quitted London for Scotland he got careless, to some extent, in his person, and to a still greater extent as to the individuals with whom he associated. I may mention, as an illustration of the change which his mind had undergone in this respect, that when a number of the "Morning Chronicle," containing some wood-cuts relative to the murder of Weare by Thurtell appeared, he went to the office himself, and purchased six copies of the paper, evincing by his conversation with the publisher, and in other ways, that he felt as great an interest in the affair as the lowest and most ignorant portion of the community could have done. On the following day he quitted London with his cook, whom he made his second wife. His last days were embittered by pecuniary embarrassments, aggravated by unpleasant circumstances of a domestic nature. He was an inveterate egotist: he never could relate any anecdote in which he himself was not the principal character. In his egotism he resembled old Cobbett—with this difference, that his egotism was generally pleasant, and not injurious to other parties.

The name of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, late Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, is one with which the public are still familiar. He was chiefly brought into prominent notice by the circumstances attending the trial of Mr. Hone in 1817. Of that trial, and those circumstances, I shall presently have to speak very briefly. He was the son of Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle. For a long time after he was called to the bar he had but little employment. His prospects first began to assume somewhat of a bright complexion on the marriage of his sister with Sir Thomas Rumbold, whose connexion with influential noblemen and gentlemen who had been in India, procured him employment as one of the counsel in the celebrated trial of the Marquis of Hastings. His talents at the bar were nothing more than respectable; but he was remarkable for the boldness of his manner—the fearlessness of his attacks on an opponent—and the galling, withering sarcasms, which the violence of his temper, and a considerable fluency of language, enabled him, at all times, to level at those on the adverse side of a case. These were recommendations of sufficient weight to procure for him, in 1801, the office of Attorney-General on the formation of Mr. Addington's administration. In a year afterwards, the death of Lord Kenyon paved the way for his elevation to the Chief Justiceship of the King's Bench, with the appendage of a peerage. His singularly rapid good fortune only tended, as Sir Egerton Brydges, in his Autobiography observes, to puff him up still higher—"it puffed him unto the skies." It would have been well had the ebullitions of his hot and haughty temper been confined to his ordinary intercourse with his fellow men; but they were unhappily too often exhibited on the seat of justice. No man, so far as I am aware, ever imputed to Lord Ellenborough a disposition to employ the important powers with which the crown had vested him, in any way which could interfere with the administration of justice: all that ever was said against him was, that the warmth and violence of his temper often made him arrive at certain conclusions, which, had he possessed the qualities of coolness and patience, he never would have come to.

Sir Egerton Brydges, who knew him well when at Cambridge, says, that the ungovernable temper which he evinced till the last moments of his life, was often exhibited by him when a boy. As a judge, the same author represents Lord Ellenborough to have been "impatient, hasty, vituperative, and by necessary consequence, sometimes incorrect in his authorities, arguments, conclusions, and opinions." Sir Egerton goes on to say, that there is some advantage to the public, though not to the suitors, in such a mind and temper as Lord Ellenborough's; for, he adds, "it makes despatch of business, as it cuts or tears asunder what it cannot untie." In this opinion few men will concur; for I question if there be a more unseemly spectacle in the world, or one whose effects are more injurious to society, than that of a judge betraying such a temper on the seat of justice.

Lord Ellenborough's infirmity of temper, as might have been expected, often brought him into unpleasant collision with counsel at the bar. The scenes which were sometimes exhibited on such occasions, were not calculated to add to the dignity of the proceedings in a court of justice. But the only instance in which any squabble with the person addressing the court seems to have made any permanent impression on his own mind, was the trial, in 1817, of Mr. William Hone, at that time a well-known vender of political pamphlets. Mr. Hone had been indicted on three several informations for sedition and blasphemy. Mr. Justice Abbott, afterwards Lord Tenterden, presided on the trial of Mr. Hone on the first information. To the infinite surprise of Lord Ellenborough, and I believe of the government also, at whose instance, as a matter of course, the informations had been brought, the defendant was acquitted. Lord Ellenborough conceiving the case to be so clear against Mr. Hone, that no jury, if the law and the facts were brought fairly before their minds, could hesitate to convict, said, immediately on hearing of the acquittal on the first information, "I'll go down," meaning to the Court of King's Bench at Guildhall, "I'll go down and preside myself to-morrow." His lordship did so, and the trial on the second information proceeded. The court was crowded to suffocation, the case having excited the deepest interest. Mr. Hone defended himself in person. Regarding himself as, in some measure, a martyr to his opinions, and encouraged by the sympathies of a crowded court, the defendant evinced the greatest self-possession throughout the proceedings; and being naturally a man of great readiness in replying to any observation made against him, he made some exceedingly happy remarks when Lord Ellenborough interfered with the manner in which he was conducting his case. Such remarks almost invariably elicited simultaneous bursts of applause from the spectators, which very naturally irritated the temper of Lord Ellenborough,—as they were no doubt unbecoming the solemnity of a court of justice. His lordship, losing all patience, sent for Mr. Sheriff Desanges and his colleague; and on their entering the court, he addressed the former in most indignant tones, in these terms:—"I have sent for you and your colleague, sir, as there is an absolute necessity for your presence. There have been most unseemly disturbances in the court, you are the persons who are responsible, and you *shall* be responsible; and, therefore, you will use your utmost activity in apprehending any persons who dare to interrupt the course of justice." In a very short time after this, Lord Ellenborough, who had a little before refused to allow Mr. Hone to retire for a moment from the court, though very unwell, refused him permission to read some extracts from a newspaper which he thought essential to his defence; on which he, with peculiar emphasis, exclaimed, "My lord! my lord! your lordship is not on your trial—I am." A member of the bar, who was present on the occasion, once mentioned to me that he never witnessed anything produce such an effect. It acted with the simultaneousness of electricity on the audience. A peal of applause, which lasted for some time, showed the response which their bosoms gave to the felicity of the remark. When silence had at length been obtained, Lord Ellenborough again adjured the sheriffs, in angry tones, to do their duty. They replied they could not fix on any particular individual, as they had been confounded by the instantaneousness and universality of the applause. On this Lord Ellenborough, worked up into a paroxysm of rage, and as if scarcely knowing what he said, exclaimed, "Open your eyes and see; stretch out your hand and seize the offender!" The trial went on amidst various other similar interruptions, and the defendant was again acquitted. It was thought the third information would, under these circumstances, be abandoned. Such was not the fact. Lord Ellenborough took his seat next day on the bench, and the Attorney-General proceeded with the case against the defendant. The court was again, and to a greater extent, the scene of similar exhibitions; and the result of the proceedings was, as before, the acquittal of the defendant. When the verdict of "Not Guilty" was pronounced, the applause was absolutely deafening. Lord Ellenborough was the same evening heard to say to a friend I will not name, "I must bend down till the storm blows over." This was the first time he had ever been known to utter any expression indicative of yielding to the pressure of circumstances. He never was himself again. He died in about twelve months afterwards of a broken heart. Such, at any rate, was the general opinion. In person he was about the middle size, and rather stout. His complexion was florid, and the expression of his countenance corresponded with the irritability of his temper. He had a fine sonorous voice, and was considered a good speaker.

Mr. Baron GRAHAM, who died a few years since, was well known for his eccentricities before his retirement from the Court of Exchequer. As a barrister, before being raised to the Bench, he displayed respectable talents, and had a fair share of business. As a judge, he was also respectable; but by no means distinguished above his brethren on the bench. It is, therefore, chiefly on account of certain peculiarities about his character that I make a brief allusion to him. I believe there are not many instances on record in our courts of law, of any judge having discharged the judicial functions so long. He was upwards of thirty years a judge; and as during a great part of his judicial career crime was very prevalent in the provinces, and capital punishments were then the order of the day, he earned for himself the unenviable reputation—if reputation it must be called—of having sentenced more unfortunate human beings to death than any other judge who ever presided at the country assizes. One of his peculiarities of character was a sort of antiquated politeness, which he practised under all circumstances, and to the very latest period of his life. He even carried it with him to the bench: hence the unhappy prisoner at the bar was often deceived into a belief that the rigours of the law would be somewhat abated in his case. What will appear still more extraordinary, Mr. Baron Graham invariably exemplified his peculiar notions of politeness, even in the very act of sentencing poor creatures to death. His manners, on such occasions, would often have been laughable, but for the deeply affecting circumstances under which the unhappy prisoners stood. A very singular instance of the baron's excessive and ill-timed politeness occurred, on one occasion, after the close of the trials at a country assize. Nine unhappy men were all appointed to receive sentence of death for burglary, highway robberies, and other offences. It so happened, however, that in entering the names of the unfortunate parties, after being convicted, on his own slip of paper, Baron Graham omitted one of them. The nine men were brought up to receive judgment, and the eight, whose names were on his paper, were severally sentenced to death. They then quitted the bar. The ninth stood in mute astonishment at the circumstance that no sentence was passed on him. The clerk of the court perceiving the mistake, immediately called aloud to his lordship just as he was opening the door to leave the court, that he had omitted to pass sentence on one unfortunate man. Turning about, and casting a look of surprise at the unhappy prisoner, he hurried back to the seat he had just vacated, and taking a pinch of snuff—for he was one of the most inveterate snuff-takers that ever lived—and putting on the black cap, he addressed the prisoner in the following strain, giving at the same time a profusion of bows:—"My good man, I really beg your pardon for the mistake: it was entirely a mistake—altogether a mistake, I assure you. The sentence of the court on you is, that you be taken to the place whence you came, thence to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck until you are dead. And the Lord have mercy on your soul. I do beg your pardon: I'm very sorry for the mistake, I assure you." So saying, he made another low bow to the unhappy man, and then quitted the court.

In personal appearance Baron Graham was tall and gaunt. One of the greatest objects of his ambition was to have his wig of the largest dimensions it could conveniently be made, and as stiffly curled as possible. He always displayed a bunch of frills, which were equally prominent from their unusual size, and the ebony aspect they exhibited from the immense quantities of snuff he consumed, but of which not more than the one-half found its way into his nasal apertures; the other half was spilled in the act of being taken, on his frills, which, from their prominent protuberance, necessarily caught the greater part of the powder which slipped through his fingers, in its downward journey. Out of court he always wore a three-cornered hat, and a black coat remarkable for the antiquity of its cut. His waistcoat was made to match. He always rejoiced in knee-breeches, while his shoes, or shods, as he used to call them, were invariably ornamented by the huge buckles which were so fashionable about a century ago. Lady Graham fully sympathised with the baron in his notions as to dress. She also invariably appeared in the costume which was fashionable among the ladies in the early part of the last century. They both used to walk out, after he had retired from his judicial duties, regularly at a certain hour every fine day, when they excited much curiosity from the singularity of their dress. The place they chose for their promenade was always Oxford Street; and what is worthy of mention is, that on no account could they ever be induced to walk on the south side of the street. Sheridan once made a wager with Fox, that on both walking up Piccadilly he would see more cats lying in the window than the other. Fox accepted the offer: and each went from one end of Piccadilly to the other. When they had finished the journey, it turned out that Sheridan had seen no fewer than eight cats in the windows, while Fox had not seen one. The thing appeared unaccountable to the latter, until Sheridan explained that he had taken the sunny side of the street, as cats are fond of sunning themselves in the windows of shops. Whether the marked predilection of the Baron and Lady Graham for the north side of Oxford Street, arose from a similar fondness for basking in the sun, I have no means of learning.

Among the late judges in our courts of law, there are few whose names are better known than Lord TENTERDEN. No man who ever sat on the bench was more respected, and no man ever better deserved the respect with which he was universally regarded. His lordship rose to the distinction of Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, from the humblest origin. He was the son of a barber, of the name of Abbott, in Canterbury, at the free grammar school of which place he received his education. He was induced to select the law as a profession, in consequence of the advice of the late Mr. Justice Buller, to whose son he had been, for some time, a tutor. He had not been long at the bar, when, chiefly through the influence of friends, he got into one of the largest and most lucrative practices at that time in the profession. His income, from his practice, was understood to have been ten thousand pounds a-year. In 1816 he was appointed to a puisne judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas. In a few months afterwards he was made one of the judges in the Court of King's Bench, on which occasion he was knighted; and in less than two years afterwards he was raised to the dignity of Lord Chief Justice of that court. In 1827 he was made Baron Tenterden. As a barrister, he never distinguished himself. He was known by the profession to be an excellent lawyer; but he wanted those more flashy qualities necessary to give a man any general reputation at the bar. He had no imagination: neither did he possess that dexterity or tact in addressing a jury, so necessary to success. His manner was cold and inanimate, and his speeches were monotonous and tiresome to all who heard them. It was doubted, under these circumstances, whether, on his being raised to the bench, he would make a good judge. Many of his former acquaintances at the bar, confidently predicted he would not. The event showed they were wrong. He had not long occupied a seat on the bench, when to the surprise of most persons, and to the confusion of his enemies, of whom, from feelings of wounded jealousy, he had a great many, he gave promise of proving one of the greatest ornaments a court of justice ever had. He saw the essential points of a case as if by a sort of intuition, and mastered with a singular ease and facility all its difficulties. Nor was he less happy in communicating his views, on such occasions, to the jury or to his brother judges. He was remarkably clear in all his statements; and his summings up were distinguished for their perfect impartiality, as well as for their luminousness. He showed, with wonderful precision, the law he was called to administer, in all its bearings, on the case before the court. And such was the extent of his legal knowledge, that he could at once refer to any previous case in the records of the Court, which bore on the case under consideration. He was a man of great mildness and urbanity of manner on the Bench, as well as in private life. He was never known to betray the least violence; nor to be a party to any unseemly squabbles with the bar. He was also a man of highly cultivated mind, in a literary sense. Sir Egerton Brydges, who was his intimate friend from his boyhood until the time of his death, thought highly of him both as a man and a gentleman of literary taste. I have lately had an opportunity of seeing a large quantity of Sir Egerton's unpublished manuscripts, and nothing could exceed the terms of eulogy in which he speaks of Lord Tenterden in all the relations of private and public life, and also as a man of intellectual capacity.

Lord Tenterden's personal appearance was extremely prepossessing. The principles of Lavater held true as applied to him. His countenance indexed the mildness of character of which I have spoken. There was something approaching to feminine softness about it. He had a fine eye, and a prominent, well-formed forehead. His face inclined to rotundity. It was allowed, on all hands, to be so handsome, that not even his large wig could disfigure it. His person was of the middle size, and well made.

His Lordship had one infirmity of mind. He was ashamed of that in which he ought above all things to have gloried. He never could recur to the fact of his humble origin, without feeling mortified. On one occasion circumstances led him to make some remarks in the House of Lords on the antiquity of that House and its peculiar privileges, and on the consequent veneration in which it ought to be held. While expatiating on these topics, he overheard a noble lord who sat beside him whispering into the ear of another noble lord, evidently in a very sarcastic manner, the observation, that it was a decidedly good joke to see a barber's son stand up, and, identifying himself with the noble and ancient families who belonged to that House, dilate on its antiquity, high privileges, and so forth. The circumstance cut him to the quick. He very rarely, if ever, spoke on any subject afterwards.

The circumstances attending his dying hour were very remarkable. "The ruling passion strong in death," is in everybody's mouth. History abounds with striking illustrations of it. Addison, who had long laboured to convert an infidel friend in his life, sent for him in his expiring moments, in the hope that his death-bed scene would do that which all other arguments had failed to accomplish. "See," said Addison, seizing his infidel friend by the hand, "see in what peace a Christian can die," and then expired. The infidel was converted by the scene. Jean Gordon, a plain countrywoman, whose name is still well known in the South of Scotland, having been thrown into the river Tay by the mob, because of her attachment to the Pretender, exclaimed each time her head rose above the water, "Prince Charlie yet—Prince Charlie yet!" These were her last and only words from the time she was thrown into the river until she sank to rise no more. Pitt, whose attachment to his country was so marked through life, died with the prayer on his lips, "O save my country, Heaven!" Not to mention other instances, most persons are aware of the striking exemplification of the ruling passion strong in death, afforded in the last moments of Nelson and of Sir John Moore. Lord Tenterden's death afforded another instance, though under somewhat different circumstances. The last trial at which he presided, was the memorable one of the Bristol magistrates, for the riots in that city. This was in 1832. He was observed, for some months before, to have been gradually getting weaker and weaker. His altered looks clearly showed that his health had been seriously affected; and his friends did everything they could to dissuade him from undertaking to preside at a trial which must, of necessity, involve so much mental anxiety, and subject him to so much physical fatigue. Still he would preside. In the course of the proceedings every one saw how unfit he physically was for the task. He fainted several times on the bench; and at last, nature gave way to such an extent, that he was no longer able to maintain a sitting posture. He was taken home; but he insisted every day, until the case was finished, on seeing the notes of the other judges. These he examined carefully, and made remarks on the various circumstances which transpired in the court, as they appeared in those notes. He grew gradually worse, and for a short time before his death, which took place in ten days after he had been taken out of the court, he was partially insensible. A few minutes before he expired, his reasoning powers returned to him. He conversed a short time with his friends; and after a momentary pause, said, "Gentlemen of the jury, you may retire." These were his last words—he died in a few seconds after he had uttered them. This circumstance shows how completely the trial in question had engrossed his thoughts, until seized by the temporary unconsciousness. And the case returned with his returning consciousness. At the moment he gave utterance to the words quoted, he, no doubt, fancied himself sitting in the court, and addressing the jury.

Lord **Eldon**'s name is not now very often heard in public. Among the profession, however, it is still the subject of frequent conversation; and until within the last few years, no man was better known, either as a politician or lawyer, than his lordship. His history furnishes one of the many remarkable instances of the distinction to which talent, without any adventitious aid, will raise a member of the English bar. It is worthy of observation, that the first important act of his life, was to do that which he was afterwards most forward to denounce. He eloped with his wife, and called in the aid of the celebrated high priest of Hymen who has so long presided in the temple of Gretna Green. Pennyless himself, and his bride as portionless as the greatest fortune hater could wish—for there are persons who pride themselves on choosing wives without a farthing in the world—both came, as most poor people in a certain rank of life do, to London, where, after much meditation as to what employment he should betake himself, to earn the means of subsistence for himself and his wife, he determined to apply himself to the study of the law. He did so with an intensity of application which, perhaps, has never been surpassed. From morn to night, and frequently from night to morn to the bargain, did he, in a dark garret, pore over the musty records of legal antiquity, scarcely seeing a human being, or being seen by a fellow mortal for weeks at a time. When called to the bar, he of course emerged physically from the obscurity of his garret, but professionally he was as obscure as before for several years, during which he had gone the northern circuit regularly. The luxury of a single brief was one which John Scott—for that was his then name—had not enjoyed all this time. At length, under purely accidental circumstances, which it would take too much space to detail, he was employed in a case; and though he had not been engaged above an hour or two before he was called on to address the jury on it, he so distinguished himself by the clearness and soundness of his views, and the vast stores of profound legal knowledge which he brought to bear on the point at issue, that he was at once seen to be a man of no ordinary talents. From that time, aided soon afterwards by his brother, the late Lord Stowell, he rose from one degree of distinction to another, until he was made Attorney General, and eventually Lord High Chancellor of England.

As a barrister, Mr. Scott was by no means distinguished for anything showy. Eloquence, in the true acceptation of the term, was a thing which never fell from his lips. He never electrified an audience; he never touched the heart, or worked on the feelings. Indeed, he never sought to appeal to the passions. His great, indeed his only object, was to convince the judgment by a lucid statement of the facts, and a masterly exposition of the law of the case. And few men at the English bar have been more successful in these respects. His law and his logic were always so good, and were brought so clearly before the minds of the jury, that it was impossible, where he had the right side of the question, that any dexterity, however great, on the part of the counsel on the opposite side, could mystify the jury. In his speeches there was little animation: his action was never violent. Still there was an earnestness in his tone and about his manner, which was well adapted to produce a favourable impression on the minds of a jury. His style was plain, but generally terse: it was always clear. He indulged in no flights of the imagination: indeed, I have no idea that he ever, even in his youthful days, could soar into the regions of fancy. He was a matter-of-fact, and matter-of-law man. He knew that here his strength lay, and he had the wisdom not to step out of that path in which alone he could distinguish himself.

His political opinions were always of the most Ultra-Tory character. They were not assumed to serve a purpose. They were not taken up with a view to promote his personal interests. A more sincere or conscientious man never, perhaps, appeared on the political stage. He would not, I am satisfied, have been induced to abandon his Toryism had Liberalism been then in the ascendant, for any price which could have been offered him. I have not a doubt that even at the time he was the briefless John Scott, not knowing many a day where or how he was to get a dinner, the most honourable and lucrative office any government could have at its disposal, would not have proved a sufficient temptation to make him profess Liberalism. He abhorred the bare idea: the very abstraction was odious to him. And the ardour of his youthful Toryism suffered no diminution as he advanced in years. It rather increased with every successive step he took in life. Many were the political changes he witnessed in his friends. He saw others shaping their creed so as best to quadrate with their own interests: his principles, ay, and his conduct too, were always the same. Though every one else, from the king on the throne down to the humblest subject in the land, had abandoned Toryism, Lord Eldon would have clung to it with all the tenacity and with all the fondness with which he would have clung to life. Had it found a resting-place nowhere else, it would have been a welcome and fondly-cherished inmate in his breast. However much men may differ from his lordship as to the soundness of his political creed, no one could, for a moment, doubt his sincerity; and no one could withhold his admiration of the undeviating consistency he has evinced through a long and most eventful public life.

I have spoken of Lord Eldon's great legal attainments when practising at the bar as plain John Scott. When elevated to the Lord Chancellorship, they shone with peculiar lustre. No man, perhaps, who ever sat in a court of law, ever examined a case more thoroughly in all its bearings, and no man's decisions ever gave more universal satisfaction. The only ground of complaint that ever existed against him as a judge, was the great length of time he took before giving his judgments. When a case was once put into the Court of Chancery, when he presided in it, it was quite uncertain whether it would be decided in the lifetime of either of the parties, supposing they were to live for upwards of a quarter of a century. In most instances, the delay arose from the slowness of the progress towards that stage of the case in which it came before him for decision. He seems to have acted on the maxim, in his judicial capacity of Lord Chancellor, of "slow and sure." His doubts on almost every case which came before him were of almost interminable duration. It sometimes seemed as if he would never make up his mind at all. The result often was, that both the litigants were ruined in fortune by the expenses, as well as broken in spirit by the anxiety, consequent on the procrastination.

It is a curious fact, and one which furnishes another to the already innumerable proofs of the anomalous constitution of the human mind, that although Lord Eldon was so inveterate a doubter on the bench, no man was ever more prompt in his decisions in political matters, or in those which daily occur in the ordinary relations of life. In such cases, instead of taking years to make up his mind, he required not a moment. He saw what he conceived to be a right view of the matter the instant it was presented to his mind. The ghosts of many thousands of pheasants—if departed pheasants have ghosts—can bear testimony to this. Lord Eldon always was, and is still, notwithstanding his being in his eighty-fifth year, what, in sporting phraseology, is called "a good shot." No doubt or misgiving ever crossed his mind when he saw one or more birds within reach of the contents of his fowling-piece. On such occasions, he invariably made up his mind at once to fire. His feathered victims never observed anything doubtful or hesitating about him.

His lordship's maxim as a judge before adverted to, of "slow and sure," was a glorious one for the chancery lawyers. He was, out of sight, the best friend they ever had. Sir Charles Wetherell, Sir William Horne, and the other leading counsel in the equity courts, are under everlasting obligations of the greatest magnitude to him. And if they have a particle of gratitude, or the slightest sense of honour in their bosoms, they will erect a statue to his memory when he has crossed the "bourne" of Shakspeare—a bourne from which no lawyer or judge, any more than "traveller," ever returns. He played into their hands at a fine rate; and yet he never seemed to be aware of it. Often would counsel of the first rank charge their clients forty or fifty guineas for having risen in their seats to remind him that he had a certain case before him, and to express a hope—which hope, however, if one could imagine it in such circumstances to have been sincere, stood no chance of being one hour sooner realised on that account—to express a hope that he would do something in it at his earliest convenience. This the counsel called moving in the case: the poor clients only found it was moving, in so far as it moved some handsome sum out of their pockets. Lord Eldon was a judge quite after the lawyers' own hearts: he was the man for enabling them, as some of themselves used jocularly to say, to pocket "refreshers." He was the only person on whom I ever saw Sir Charles Wetherell deign to bestow a smile or a look of benignity. Lord Eldon had a perfect horror at the bare idea of reforming the Court of Chancery. He held that its constitution and practice were perfection itself. When any attack was made in Parliament by Michael Angelo Taylor, or others, he literally used to shed tears; and on one occasion he actually intimated his decided intention of resigning, should even a committee of inquiry into its alleged abuses be granted. To attack himself personally was nothing compared with an attack on the court in which he presided. The first was a trivial sin: the latter was an unpardonable offence.

Lord Eldon's sterling integrity of purpose insured the attachment of all who knew him. Among his greatest personal friends was the late king, George the Fourth. That sovereign, it will be remembered, made him a magnificent present, as a proof of his private friendship, immediately after the noble earl ceased to be Lord Chancellor through a change of ministry. His late Majesty, however, used, when Prince Regent, to have many harmless jokes at his lordship's expense. One of the best of these—at any rate, the best of several which have been communicated to me—was played off on him soon after his elevation to the chancellorship. That was in the early part of the present century, when the Prince was in the meridian of life, and passionately fond of fun and frolic. Having previously instructed all the subordinate performers in the parts they were to play, the Prince and Sheridan one evening engaged a hackney-coach, and went down to the House of Lords to await the rising of their lordships. The House having risen, the Prince desired one of his servants, whom he had brought with him for the purpose, to intimate to his lordship, as he quitted his robing-room, that he was waiting in his carriage opposite Westminster Abbey for him. Lord Eldon, having informed the servant that he would be with the Prince presently, hurried down stairs immediately afterwards, and was with him nearly as soon as the servant himself. The night was unusually dark, and the streets were then but very imperfectly lighted. These circumstances, added to that of having just left the brilliantly lighted House of Lords, very naturally account for his lordship stepping into the vehicle without discovering that instead of the Prince's own carriage, it was only a common hackney-coach. On going inside, Lord Eldon found Sheridan with the Prince. The latter mentioned to his lordship that he was anxious to get his opinion and advice on some matter of personal importance to himself; and that for certain reasons, which he mentioned, they would go to some neighbouring hotel, instead of to the palace, to talk over the matter.

"Most certainly, your Highness; wherever your Highness pleases," said his lordship, with that thorough devotion to royalty for which the noble lord ever was through life, and still is, distinguished.

After what the coachmen call a three or four minutes' ride, Lord Eldon found the coach stop, and in a few moments afterwards he was conducted by the Prince and Sheridan into a handsome apartment up one pair of stairs. The Prince, in the first place, asked a few commonplace questions of the Lord Chancellor, as to the proceedings in the House that evening, and then introduced some other topics of general conversation. "Eldon," said the Prince, suddenly stopping short in the midst of a rather lively confabulation; "Eldon, I'm sure you'll excuse me for a few minutes."

"O, most certainly, your Highness."

"Sheridan will amuse you with something or other till I return," said the Prince, rising from his seat, and quitting the room as he spoke.

Sheridan forthwith called his singularly-excellent conversational powers into full play, in order to prevent Lord Eldon from suspecting that any trick was about to be practised on him.

Only about ten minutes, however, had elapsed, when his lordship, notwithstanding the wit of Sheridan, began to express a longing for home. "I wish," said he, "the Prince were returned, as I have some matters to attend to of pressing emergency at home."

"I'm surprised—quite surprised, that he has not been with us before now," observed Sheridan.

"I wonder what's the nature of the business about which he wishes to consult me; because if it's not of immediate importance, I could see him some other time on the subject," said Lord Eldon.

"I do not know what it is," answered Sheridan; "but I know it is of the most pressing kind: for he has repeatedly said so to me."

"It's very odd that he has not returned; it's full ten minutes since he left us," observed Lord Eldon, moving back his chair, and giving what Sheridan called an "immense" yawn.

"Perhaps I had better go out and see whether I can learn anything of him."

"I should feel particularly obliged to you if you would, Mr. Sheridan," answered his lordship.

Sheridan took up his hat and quitted the apartment.

His lordship was now alone in his glory, but was not suffered to remain long in his solitary state. A remarkably ugly-looking female, about forty years of age, entered the room about half a minute after Sheridan had left it, and advancing towards his lordship, inquired, with something between a grin and a smile, how he did.

"How do you do?" growled his lordship, looking the damsel, with a most marked expression of sternness and astonishment, in the face.

"Your friends have left you, dear," said the nymph, seating herself on a chair beside his lordship, and looking him, in her most coaxing manner, in the face.

He suddenly pushed back his chair, and without uttering a word, stared at her hard as if he had meant to say, "Who are you?"

"Perhaps you'll take my company instead of that of your friends who have left you," observed the female, suddenly seating herself on his knee.

"Get out, get out, you hussey!" exclaimed his lordship, forcibly jerking her off his knee, and starting to his feet. He rang the bell that instant, with tremendous violence. The waiter made his appearance, and manifested the most provoking coolness.

"Get me a coach this moment, sir, that I may get out of this house immediately," said his lordship, in indignant accents.

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, with the same provoking nonchalance as before. "Yes, sir; only, you are aware, sir, you have to pay, in the first place, for the use of the room."

"For the what?" said his lordship, evidently as confounded as he was enraged.

"For the use of the room, sir," answered the waiter, with the same coolness as before.

"I have not used the room," said his lordship, sternly.

"That is your own fault," observed the other: "you have been in it, and that's all the same to us."

"I was brought here, and have only been here for a few minutes."

"No matter to us: you cannot leave the room till you have paid for it," said the waiter, adjusting his collar.

"Do you know who I am?" said his lordship, losing all temper at what he conceived the combined injustice of the demand, and the consummate effrontery of the fellow.

"It makes nothing to us, sir, though you were the Lord High Chancellor of England," remarked the waiter, at the same time snuffing one of the candles.

"I *am* the Lord Chancellor, sir."

"Very well: you are the same to us as any other man. They who live in Rome must do as Rome does."

"Well, sir, and what is your demand?" inquired his lordship, seeing there was no chance of being suffered to stir a foot until he had paid it.

"A guinea, if you please, sir," answered the waiter.

"Then here it is, sir," said his lordship, tossing down a one pound note and a shilling on the table; "but remember, sir, you shall hear further about this matter."

"We'll take our chance of that," observed the waiter, as drily as before.

"Now, sir, will you call a coach?"

"You shall have one in a moment," answered the waiter, hurrying out of the room for the purpose of bringing it. In a few seconds he returned, saying, a coach was waiting at the door for his lordship.

The particular coachman had been engaged before, and properly drilled into the part he was to perform in the affair, by the Prince and Sheridan.

His lordship entered the coach, and ordered the driver to take him to No. ——, in Russell Square. On arriving at his lordship's residence the coachman alighted, and gave a succession of tremendous rat-tat-tats.

"Stop, stop!" exclaimed his lordship, putting his head out at the coach-window; "you'll alarm the house—you'll break the door."

Jehu knocked still louder than before.

"Let me out, let me out, you fellow! What do you mean, sir?" shouted his lordship, half suffocated with rage.

Another series of knocks of the most violent kind, was the only answer.

By this time Lady Eldon, preceded by a troop of servants, hurried down stairs in breathless haste with a candle in each hand, exclaiming, "What's the matter? what's the matter?"

The driver now opened the door of the coach, and down stepped his lordship. "There's your fare, you outrageous fellow," said he, putting eighteen-pence into the coachman's hand.

"Eighteen-pence! only eighteen-pence!" said the driver, holding out the one-and-sixpence in his hand, and looking at it with an affected air of supreme contempt. "Vell, who ever heard of such a think? Only eighteen-pence for driving the Lord Chancellor of England from the ——— house in Chandos Street* to Russell Square!"

It was now that the fact of where he had been flashed across his lordship's mind, and hearing the coachman still singing out the name of the place coupled with his own name, he put a one-pound note into his hand, saying, "There, there, sir, take this, and say no more about it."

Jehu put his hand to his hat, pocketed the pound note, mounted his dicky, and giving a sharp smack to his horses, drove away as mute as the statue of the Duke of Bedford, which fronted Lord Eldon's residence.

Many a hearty laugh had the Prince and Sheridan afterwards with Lord Eldon, at the success of the trick they had played off at his expense. In that laugh his lordship always cordially joined, and one who knows him well, predicts, with confidence, that notwithstanding his advanced age, it will still afford him a hearty laugh should this narrative of the circumstances meet his eye.

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* The house in question was a well-known one, but was, with the other houses in the same street, pulled down several years ago. The present Chandos Street is quite different in fame, as well as in appearance, from the old Chandos Street.

I have spoken largely of Lord Eldon in his public capacity. A more worthy or honourable man, in all the relations of private life, never existed. He is loved and venerated by all who have had the happiness of meeting him in the domestic circle. I could give the testimony of some distinguished men, whose politics are the antipodes of his lordship's, who have had opportunities of knowing him intimately in private, to the remarkable urbanity of his manners, and the integrity of his conduct, and the kindness of his heart.

His personal appearance has, for many years, had something unusually venerable in it. Though he stoops a little under the weight of his very advanced age, his frame still exhibits much of its original robustness. His eyes are large and deeply set. His countenance still wears an intelligent expression, and his reasoning faculties are said to be unimpaired. His face has but little of that shrivelled appearance which is the usual characteristic of advanced years. His complexion is fair, approaching to paleness. His hair, to use the phraseology of the poet, is "silvered o'er with age." He is above the middle size, and still walks with a firm step.

In my next chapter I will complete my sketches of the "late" judges.

AN EPIGRAM ON ANACREON.

"Θαλλοι τετρακορύμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος."—κ. τ. λ.

May clustering ivy round thy tomb,
  Oh, bard divine, Anacreon! flourish;
And may the meadow's purple bloom
  Thine hallowed shrine for ever cherish.

May milky fountains issue forth,
  And stream in whiteness round thy slumbers,
And luscious wine refresh the earth—
  Such wine as once inspired thy numbers!

That if a joy can reach the grave,
  Thou, loved one! may'st enjoy the treasure;
Thou, who to life such rapture gave,
  And to fond love thy fondest measure!

Antipater Sidonius ex Anthol.

R. S. F.

FAMILY INTERFERENCE.[1]

A TALE FOR YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Caroline retired to her chamber; a Bible, presented to her by Lucy, lay on the toilette: she always read a chapter every night in it. On the present night she read several; but Caroline was reading the Bible regularly through, and was now engaged in an historical part, which bore no reference to her peculiar situation, and, consequently, she derived little comfort from her employment. Caroline had never been accustomed to look for and gather, at pleasure, the texts and passages which alluded to her own circumstances and feelings; she *read* the Scriptures, but she did not *search* them; it is therefore not surprising that her profit should be comparatively small. She lay awake during the night, slept for an hour towards morning, and awoke with that feverish, irritating sense of deep injury, natural to those who have been suffering from unjust accusation. Caroline, however, did not feel a moment's regret for the unbecoming violence which she had evinced towards Mrs. Clifford,—a circumstance which, of itself, showed how much of religious principle she had yet to learn. Experienced Christians, I am willing to allow, may occasionally be off their guard; may, under the influence of strong excitement and provocation, give way to passionate expressions; but they will, ere long, deeply repent of their conduct, and they will lay their repentance at the footstool of their Creator in prayer. The children of the world, however, so far from feeling compunction for their violence, will rather commend themselves for their proper self-respect: the spirit of the disobedient prophet will be theirs, who, when asked, " Doest thou well to be angry?" could reply even to the interrogation of Omnipotence, " I do well to be angry, even unto death."

Caroline, pale, feverish, and restless, unable to read, or to employ herself in any other way than in anxious, harassing thought, was sitting in her drawing-room, after the removal of her untasted breakfast, when Sir Henry Milner was announced: she had not anticipated his visit, and her manner exhibited a startled and painful embarrassment, which might have excited his surprise, were it not evident, from his deportment, that his own mind was pre-occupied by some weighty affair. He had scarcely exchanged a dozen words with Caroline, when a double knock resounded at the door. Caroline turned alternately red and pale, half rose, and then sat down again; for her creative and disturbed fancy conjured up to her the vision of Mrs. Clifford, who, she imagined, had employed a spy to watch the entrance of Sir Henry, and was now coming to reproach and insult her. She was not, however, called to any such trial; for the door opened, and the harmless, sentimental Anna Morris was announced.

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[1] Continued from p. 161.

Caroline received her with as much rapture as if she had been a benevolent fairy; although, under any other circumstances, she would rather have dreaded the infliction of her visit, for Anna seemed in her most die-away mood, had the traces of tears in her eyes, and bore a beautifully-embroidered and highly-scented pocket handkerchief in one hand, and "The Art of Living on Two Hundred a Year" in the other.

Sir Henry soon communicated the reason of his visit at so early an hour; he was about to bid all his friends farewell, for perhaps a long period. He had been engaged for some months to be married to a young lady, who was now with her brother at Florence on account of the ill-health of the latter; he had expected their speedy return, but yesterday had received a letter, informing him that a longer stay was thought indispensable for the gentleman, and inviting him to join them there; he should endeavour, he smilingly added, to prevail on his fair friend and her brother to allow the marriage to be solemnised at Florence; and as all places were much the same to him, he imagined he must bribe them to consent, by promising to remain abroad with his wife till the health of her brother should be re-established. Caroline could hardly restrain her delight at this intelligence within reasonable bounds; it offered at once an exoneration to her fame, and a termination to her difficulties; she wished Sir Henry every happiness in her prettiest manner, (earnestly hoping all the time that she might never see him again,) and listened to the sound of his descending footsteps with so radiant a smile and dancing an eye, that the most suspicious of observers would have acquitted her of entertaining any peculiar predilection in his favour. Her heart lightened by the events of the morning, she listened patiently to a long *tirade* from Anna Morris, who, wrapped in the richest of silks and the most delicate of ermines, expressed her wonder "how mamma could think she wanted anything beyond the mere necessaries of life;" and even lent her a patient hearing when, for the fiftieth time, she opened the little treasury of knowledge in her hand, and showed that a lady can dress for ten pounds a year, and contract with a laundress for the washing of her family at twelve pounds.

Anna Morris, on her way home, met with Sophy Bennet, and stopped to tell her the news of the morning; or, in other words, the projected marriage and journey of Sir Henry Milner. Sophy immediately went home to her aunt with the intelligence. Mrs. Clifford was vexed and mortified that Caroline was thus enabled to triumph over the injurious suspicions which she had thrown out; but she consoled herself with the reflection, that Sir Henry would be out of the way at all events; and on the same evening she received from her sister, Miss Chesterton, the still more welcome tidings, that General S———, in consequence of having shown symptoms of a relapse, was ordered to Bath by his physicians. Clifford returned on the ensuing day. Mrs. Clifford determined not to mention to him her *fracas* with Caroline, since the news of Sir Henry's engagement would meet his ear at the same time; and Caroline concealed it from him, because she felt so truly degraded from having been the subject of such a suspicion, that she doubted the possibility of at all keeping her temper during such a recital. It would have been well, however, if she had been candid, and informed her husband of the whole affair, because it would then have furnished him with a clue to the increased coldness and aversion testified by her towards his mother, which now (discerning no apparent reason for such a change) seemed to him perfectly unjust and reprehensible. In fact, the manner of Caroline to Mrs. Clifford was decidedly disrespectful; so much so, that Clifford could scarcely wonder when his mother told him that she plainly perceived she was an unweldome guest to his wife, and that she should, therefore, cease to visit at his house, except in a formal way; adding, however, that she hoped she should enjoy a double portion of her dear son's company in Keppel Street. Caroline was not inclined to make any concession to her, especially as Mrs. Dornton, Gertrude, and Emily, congratulated her upon what had occurred, and assured her that it was the best thing that could possibly happen for her, to get rid of the visits of the tiresome old spy.

The situation of Caroline was not, however, at all amended by this circumstance. Clifford passed most of his time in Keppel Street, where the faults of his wife and her relations were the unfailing theme of conversation, the "bagged fox" to be turned out when everything else failed. Mrs. Dornton and her daughters were much in Torrington Square, but their company was but little solace to Caroline; for although Mrs. Clifford had left off coming to the house, Sophy Bennet had not, and she was a perpetual intruder on their conversations, and observer of their actions; she was a person, as Mrs. Dornton emphatically observed, who was *not* to be affronted, and certainly Mrs. Dornton had a right to give an opinion on the point, since she had made divers and successless attempts to do so.

Caroline had discontinued accompanying her mother and sisters in their little morning excursions and recreations, pursuant to a hint that she had received from Sophy Bennet. "Pray excuse me for my candour," said Sophy, "but I must just tell you that dear Edmund does not approve of your going to morning concerts; a number of young men of course always crowd round you, and he is rather strict in his ideas of propriety. And it might be as well if you did not drive quite so often in the parks; somebody has told Edmund that your face is quite known there." Then observing the cheek of her auditor crimson with indignation, she added, in a fawning, coaxing tone, "See, Caroline, what a penalty you pay for being a beauty; now I might show my homely face at all the public places and public walks in London through the whole spring, and nobody would know or care whether I was there or not."

Dull and monotonous, therefore, were Mrs. Dornton's visits to her daughter; but she made them very frequent, more out of opposition to her son-in-law, and to show him that she was not to be frightened away, than from any pleasure she derived from them: and she gained her purpose; for Clifford felt deeply aggrieved, and made it an unfailing source of reproach to his wife, that while she had driven *his* mother from the house by her conduct, her own was a continual and welcome visitor.

Careful and circumspect as Caroline was in all matters of importance, her temper more and more gave way under trifles, and she sometimes acted as if determined to assist the cause of those who censured and depreciated her. Mr. Thomas Clifford, the cousin of her husband, who had offended her in her single days by calling her "pretty Miss Carry," was a resident in Yorkshire, and she had not seen him since her marriage; but he had now come up on business to pass a short time in London, and dined in Torrington Square soon after his arrival.

Mr. Thomas Clifford, although not a polished man, was a good-natured and a shrewd one; he had heard, to use his own expression, that "things were not comfortable" with Caroline and her mother-in-law, and he was sincerely sorry for the information. Had Caroline taken the least pains to interest and conciliate him, she might have found him a valuable friend; but she decided that because he was related to her husband, he must be her natural enemy, treated him with unbending hauteur, called him "sir" whenever she spoke to him, looked imperturbably grave when he joked about wide sleeves, and listened with silent contempt to his often-repeated conundrum—"Why is matrimony like Durham mustard? Because people praise it with tears in their eyes."

"Well, Edmund," said Mr. Thomas Clifford, as Caroline left the room after dinner, "your wife is prettier than ever, but I must say that her manners are not improved; I am afraid you have not married a woman with the best of tempers." Clifford neither confirmed his cousin's conjecture, nor contradicted it. "And then, too, she has affronted your mother away, I hear," said Mr. Thomas Clifford, after a pause. "Well, my poor dear Margaret, who is dead and gone, was neither a beauty nor a wit, but I never can forget her attentions to my mother; we lived within a few doors of each other, and she used to thread the old lady's needles, and see that her house and garden were kept neat, and read the newspaper to her on week days, and a sermon on Sundays, and my mother was always saying to me, 'Well, Tom, I have often felt vexed that I had no daughters of my own; I am sure I ought to be much obliged to you for bringing me home such a nice one.'"

Clifford determined that Caroline should hear of this interesting family anecdote, although, had he reflected a moment, he might have surmised that these reminiscences of the late poor dear Margaret's attentions to her husband's mother, might be as distasteful to her, as the detail of poor dear Mr. Dornton's kindness to his wife's sister was to himself. "O Edmund, Edmund!" exclaimed Mr. Thomas Clifford, striking his hand upon the table to enforce his address, "why did you not marry that good, quiet, affectionate girl, Sophy Bennet? How dutiful she is to your mother, and how civil and pretty spoken to me and everybody else! She is not very handsome, I allow; but what is beauty after the honeymoon is over? Just a thing to please the eye and plague the heart; good temper is the best quality in a wife, after all."

Caroline lost much by this little dialogue. Clifford reasoned with himself—"My cousin is very good-natured, and not at all in the habit of judging uncharitably of anybody; he is not related to my mother, therefore can have no particular prepossession in her favour; he took a great fancy to Caroline when she was single, therefore he must have some good reason for speaking as he has now done concerning her."

Caroline derived less pleasure than ever from the visits of her mother and sisters. Lady Bradbury was now in the height of her spring gaieties, and Lady Bradbury's equipage, dresses, splendid dinners, and fancy balls, occupied almost the whole of their conversation, diversified by occasional indignant exclamations. "My aunt Sedgewick's head is quite turned by Kate's great marriage," and "My sister Sedgewick seems to have engrossed all the luck of the family."

Caroline, wearied by the want of real sympathy and sound advice, did what nobody else had ever thought of doing, she went to call on Mrs. Priscilla Penry, with the design of talking over her troubles with her. The door was opened by Betty, the starved-looking servant, and she found Mrs. Priscilla sitting at her knitting, in a high-backed chair by a square table, covered with a well-preserved green baize; the room, although kept scrupulously clean, gave the impression of being otherwise from its faded paper and dingy furniture, and its dulness was only enlivened by a bulfinch, in a very small, inconvenient cage, festooned with shrivelled chickweed, who always remained exceedingly quiet while the visitors were so likewise; but regularly began to scream whenever any one attempted to converse. Caroline frankly confessed to her godmother that she was not happy in the married state.

"Well, my dear," said the old lady, "you could not come to any one more able and willing to advise you than myself; my reading has been most extensive, and consisting entirely of the best authors, and at my time of life, it is needless to say, I have seen a great deal of the world."

Mrs. Priscilla's life had been spent in one house for the last thirty years, and during that time short and rare had been the visits that had disturbed her close companionship with her cat, her bird, and Betty. Her knowledge of literature was comprised in a high, dingy book-case, which stood in a corner of the room; the contents of the shelves in sight afforded an earnest of the treasures of the others: they included "Sir Charles Grandison," "Pamela," and "Clarissa Harlowe," "Gay's Fables," "The Spectator," "Hervey's Theron and Aspasia," "Mrs. Montague's Letters," "Dialogues of the Dead," "Elegant Extracts," "The Castle of Otranto," "Dr. Gregory's Legacy to his Daughters," "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Tale of a Tub," "The Religious Courtship," "Gulliver's Travels," and "The Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph." Mrs. Priscilla did not hear much modern news, but had she heard of the elegant and feminine degree given by the gallant Americans to the ladies who study in the College at Kentucky, "M.P.L.," (Mistress of Polite Literature,) she would sincerely and unaffectedly have thought that an acquaintance even with the lower shelves of her book-case, would have amply qualified any fair candidate to come confidently forward for the distinction. Living out of the world has its advantages, as well as its drawbacks.

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Priscilla, with the cheerful and consolatory manner of a skilful practitioner, who knows that it is in his power to give immediate relief to a suffering patient, "tell me your causes of complaint; are you sure you have nothing to reproach yourself with? The Tatler's advice to his sister Jenny was, 'Endeavour to please, and you must please.'"

"I may not have been faultless in my own conduct," said Caroline, "but I must say, I think the great blame rests with my husband."

"Not unlikely," answered Mrs. Priscilla; "men often grow weary of the marriage state without the least reason. Mrs. Thrale says, in her letter to a newly-married man, 'the person of your lady will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years.'"

Caroline stole a glance at the narrow looking-glass over the high mantel-piece, which was encompassed by a frame almost as wide as itself. "What are your grounds for complaint, my dear?" pursued Mrs. Priscilla; "does your husband ill-use you, or does he waste his time in dissipation, or his fortune at the gaming-table?"

Caroline paused, rather at a loss to produce what the lawyers call "evidence." At length she stammered forth, that Clifford was displeased with her because she had objected to his mother's frequent visits at the house.

"And why should you object to her visits?" asked Mrs. Priscilla; "she is, I believe, a perfectly respectable lady, both in station of life and moral conduct."

"Perfectly so," said Caroline.

"I ought, however, to inquire," added the thrifty Mrs. Priscilla, "whether Mrs. Clifford's visits caused you any undue expense, or whether she failed in making you an adequate return; but now I remember, you and your husband were staying with her three months at Richmond last summer; it was surely no proof of her ill-will towards you to give you courtesy and hospitality for so long a period at free cost; had she indeed invited your husband without you, I think you might reasonably have considered yourself hardly dealt by."

"But I dislike her, and the whole of her intimates," said Caroline; "I have an aversion to Miss Bennet, and Miss Chesterton, and all my husband's family."

"I dare say you may, my dear," placidly returned Mrs. Priscilla; "young people must take their chance of that: every married woman cannot expect to be so fond of her husband's relatives as Harriet Byron was of Lady G——— and Lady L———, the sisters of Sir Charles Grandison."

"It is easy to make husband's relatives very agreeable on paper," said Caroline, rather peevishly.

"Nay," said Mrs. Priscilla, bridling, "Richardson is superior to the paltry art of colouring circumstances to suit his own purpose. Lady Davers behaved in a most insulting manner to her sister-in-law, Pamela, but was at length vanquished by Pamela's exceeding gentleness and forbearance."

Caroline looked confused, and was silent.

"Did your mother-in-law," triumphantly pursued Mrs. Priscilla, "ever lock the door on you—prevent you from attending a party to which you had promised to go—and sit down to dinner in your presence without inviting you to partake, as was the most unfeeling, uncourteous, and reprehensible conduct of Lady Davers towards Pamela?"

Caroline had not a word to say in reply; a dead pause ensued.

"Come, my dear," said the old lady at length, her countenance brightening as though a happy thought had struck her. "I think I can provide a remedy for your trouble, whatever it may be."

She dived into the recesses of a deep pocket as she spoke, and brought up (in company with an old-fashioned housewife, a heart pincushion, and a silver bodkin-case,) an enormous bunch of keys, from which she selected one, which she applied to the glass door of the dingy book-case, and drew forth a volume of moderate size, with which she returned to the table.

"This book, my dear," she said, "is no modern trash; it was published, as you see, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety, by Mr. Hodges, of Pall Mall; it is called 'The Deportment of a Married Life,' and is in a series of letters, from the Honourable E. S. to her niece; look over the heads of the letters, and you will be sure to find something to apply to your own case."

Caroline ran over an abundance of titles, among which were, "On Weaknesses of Temper," "On Quarrels," "On Confidence and Secrets," "On the Management of Conversation," and, "On the Management of a Family;" but there was no letter on the "Interference of Relations," and half amused, and half provoked, she laid the book aside. Mrs. Priscilla took it up and turned over the leaves, and at length, as if some new light had struck her, exclaimed, "I hope, my dear, you are exceedingly careful to keep your accounts regular, and to look over your bills from week to week; hear what this good lady says at page 274, respecting the peace of mind attending the performance of such a duty. 'You will throw yourself into your chair with a happy unconcern on the morning when you have done it. It will appear indifferent to you what becomes of the rest of the day, now you have performed all that was necessary to do in it, and you will, at the same time that you are above the reach of its cares, be open to all its satisfactions. These cannot be tasted, even the greatest of them, without that tranquillity which is only to be obtained from this source, and this ennobles even the least of them!'"

Mrs. Priscilla threw all possible emphasis into her thin wiry voice while reading this passage, and at the conclusion lifted off her spectacles, and fixed her vacant grey eyes on her god-daughter with a look which she meant to be one of solemn, searching investigation. Caroline could not help laughing. "My dear madam," said she, "this passage does not apply to me at all. I was always fond of accounts, and quick at them, and therefore have had no temptation to neglect them; but I cannot say I ever felt repaid by this buoyant exhilaration of spirits, or that I was raised above the reach of the cares of the day because I settled my bills in the morning."

"Well, my dear," said the old lady, "if that does not apply to you, something else will, so take the book home, and do not be in a hurry to return it."

Caroline, when she next called on Mrs. Priscilla, spoke as highly in praise of the book as her conscience allowed her to do, and her god-mother, much pleased, begged her acceptance of it, saying, "It will be of more use, my dear, to you, than to me;" and adding, after a moment's pause, in a half-aside tone, "I must own I have always found you very respectful to your elders, whatever Mrs. Clifford may say."

Gertrude, who had accompanied her sister, observed as they left the house, "You are in high favour, Caroline; depend upon it you will inherit the old spinster's hoards."

Caroline sighed when she reflected that little as Mrs. Priscilla's wealth contributed to the happiness of its possessor, it would probably do so in a still less degree if it came into her own possession. The next incident that diversified the monotonous life of Caroline, was apparently unimportant, but was materially to influence her future life. Mrs. Clifford was still in the habit of dining with her daughter-in-law, by formal invitation, about once in six weeks, and on one of these occasions, Clifford informed his wife that Mr. Webster, a recently formed acquaintance, would join their party. Mr. Webster, it appeared, had formerly had dealings in business with Sophy Bennet's father; he had recently succeeded in obtaining payment of a small debt due to them jointly, and had waited on Miss Bennet to transfer to her the share of her father. This good office had led to an acquaintance which speedily ripened into intimacy, and Mr. Webster had contrived to render himself a decided favourite in Keppel Street, before Caroline was even aware of his existence. When the privilege of an introduction to him at last became hers, she was not at all disposed to repine at the long delay of it. Mr. Webster was a little sallow man, with bushy eye-brows, cunning eyes, and a sinister expression of countenance; his discourse was entirely on different speculations, and he thought people must be insane to accept three-and-a-half per cent. interest in the funds for their money, when they might gain ten per cent in a hundred ways, without the least risk. Caroline did not ask him to enumerate the hundred ways, but if she had, he would no doubt have been prepared with a rejoinder, for he seemed perfectly equal to organize a joint-stock company for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, or iron from roses. His manners towards Mrs. Clifford were as fawning as those of dear Sophy Bennet, and appeared quite as agreeable and acceptable to her; and when Clifford gave any opinion on the subject of business or speculation, (and Caroline was quite surprised to hear her husband talk so much on these topics,) he would exclaim, "Astonishing; I never saw the matter in that light before—I must take a note of that in my pocket-book; and yet, Mr. Clifford, you have never studied mercantile concerns; well, I can only say, that a fine mind makes itself at home on every subject."

Caroline was very sorry to see her husband appear so pleased with the society of this man, for she considered, with justice, that it is a sure sign of a degraded mind when a person of education stoops to be gratified by coarse and servile flattery. As, however, this was the first visit of Mr. Webster in Torrington Square, and as he took leave without any threat of repeating it, she imagined that his manners and character could signify very little to herself; and he would soon have entirely faded from her mind, had he not been recalled to it by a trifling incident. Mr. Fletcher, the mercantile uncle of Caroline, in pursuance of what he deemed a proper and consistent line of conduct, paid an occasional morning visit to her, but as they had very few subjects of conversation in common, he was generally making memorandums in his tablets, or calculations in his mind during the time of his visit. One day, however, when he called on his niece, he was tired and overheated, and by no means in a calculating humour, but he produced a piece of paper covered with figures, which he reckoned aloud, but seemed unable to settle to his own satisfaction.

"I think I know what you wish to have done," said Caroline, looking over his shoulder, "and can save you the trouble of doing it."

"Nonsense, child," said her uncle; "don't make yourself ridiculous; it is very likely that a woman should understand a calculation of that sort. I suppose next, you will invent a plan for a new steam-carriage, or offer to guide a balloon."

The entrance of a tray with refreshments interrupted Mr. Fletcher's sarcasms, and, under the soothing influence of cold chicken, and sherry and water, he suffered his niece to possess herself of the paper in question, thinking all the while how he should be laughed at by his city friends, could they know that his calculations were submitted to the correction of a pretty, fashionably dressed young woman, who was actually writing down her figures with a French pen, profusely decorated with ornaments of spun glass, and knots of pink ribbon.

Caroline was not only, as she had told Mrs. Priscilla, fond of accounts, and quick at them, but she was remarkably expert at difficult calculations, and she soon found out and rectified Mr. Fletcher's error. Nothing that Caroline could have done, would have impressed her uncle with so high a respect for her—all her successes in fashionable or literary parties would have been beheld by him with just as much indifference as he felt when contemplating her exploits at battledore and shuttlecock, or graceful feats with the skipping-rope in her childhood, but to be able to do so useful a thing as a calculation, raised her, as he would have expressed it, "cent. per cent." in his estimation; and, influenced by this newly-awakened feeling, he began to talk to her as if she were a rational being.

"You have shown yourself to have so good an understanding, Caroline," said he, "that I rather wonder you do not advise your husband against implicating himself so much with that odd fellow, Webster. I can tell you he is not considered at all in a respectable light in the city; he is deep in every foolish speculation, and has so many irons in the fire, that he is likely to burn his fingers with some of them."

Caroline replied that she had seen Mr. Webster, and was not prepossessed in his favour; but that she had no cause to believe he was anything more to her husband than a common acquaintance, or that Clifford was at all implicated in his speculations.

"I am sorry to say," replied Mr. Fletcher, "that I have reason for what I assert. I happen to know that your husband has sold out a large sum of money from the funds to place in the hands of this man; and his mother, it is said, has given him the unlimited command of her property. I do not wonder at the latter, for poor silly women can know very little about the tricks of speculators, neither indeed can men who have lived a life of idleness like your husband; but you, Caroline, are not a silly woman, and you had better try to stop the connexion before it proceeds any further."

The warning of Caroline might probably not have produced much effect on Clifford's mind under any circumstances; but Mrs. Dornton, who entered while her brother was speaking, and who was seriously alarmed by his communication, insisted on taking the matter into her own hands, as being older, and having more experience than Caroline. She talked to Clifford in a very sharp strain on his imprudence and folly, repeating, with some exaggeration, Mr. Fletcher s remarks on Webster's want of respectability; and Clifford, who disliked Mrs. Dornton more than he had ever done any one in his life, was ready to add the present information to the many other instances of "frivolous and vexatious" interference on the part of his wife's family, and unhesitatingly expressed his conviction of Mr. Webster's perfect honour. Caroline ventured to intimate that his countenance and manners had made an unfavourable impression on her, but was speedily silenced by the answer, "My mother, who is a woman of great judgment and discrimination, thinks highly of him." Caroline saw Mr. Webster twice more in the next few weeks, once at her own house, and once in Keppel Street, and her quick eye detected an evident understanding between him and Sophy Bennet,—an interchange of stolen looks and smiles not to be mistaken; and, on one occasion, when Sophy handed him a book to look at, Caroline felt confident that he took a letter from between the leaves, which he transferred to his pocket with a coolness and readiness that could never have been the result of a first attempt of the kind. Caroline asked her husband if he did not see some appearance of regard between his cousin and Mr. Webster; but Clifford, like many other men, could not endure the idea that any woman who had been hopelessly in love with him, could ever turn her thoughts to a new object of attachment, and he indignantly refuted her observation, saying, that "although Webster was a worthy fellow, he was the last man in the world to gain a woman's heart." Caroline was going to observe that a woman's heart and a woman's hand are not necessarily connected, but she checked herself in time, remembering that

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it;"

and neither her wisdom nor her wit had lately had the good fortune to be particularly successful with her husband. New troubles were soon to accrue from the attentions of a relation of Caroline, of whom my readers have yet heard little. Lady Bradbury, the *ci-devant* Kate Sedgewick, had been passing a spring of uninterrupted gaiety; her constitution, never very strong, was perceptibly giving way under the trial of continual excitement, and her physicians peremptorily interdicted late hours and crowded rooms. I once heard a lady during a pleasure excursion at sea, (which turned out much as such excursions usually do,) exclaim with great *naïveté*, "O! what a painful thing pleasure is!" and poor Lady Bradbury, borne along on the sea of dissipation, had great reason to echo the opinion. Still, however, she was not a confirmed invalid; she might be permitted to enjoy small and early parties at her own house, and she began to ponder on the best method of organizing them. Musical *soirées* would, in many respects, be very suitable and desirable; but Lady Bradbury had, strange to say, no ear for music, and, stranger still, had the courage and candour to confess it. At length she decided the point; she would have little quiet literary parties; she could lie on the sofa and listen to all that was said, and her friends would kindly excuse her from joining in conversation on account of her illness; perhaps a better reason might exist for Kate declining to join in literary conversation than illness; but that reason, like many other good and true things, was kept in the back ground.

Among the company to be invited, Caroline occupied a foremost rank. Lady Bradbury had always been fond of her; she had heard that General S——— had spoken in high terms of her abilities, and several of General S———'s friends were persons whose presence at her house she deemed it very desirable to attain. Caroline was exceedingly glad to accept her invitations. Her time passed heavily and drearily. Clifford almost constantly spending the whole of his evenings at the house of his mother, and the conversation of the intelligent people whom she met at Lady Bradbury's, made a most agreeable break in her uneventful life. Mrs. Clifford, however, exceedingly disapproved of these arrangements; she could not brook the idea that Caroline should twice a week enjoy cheerful evenings, and "make a sensation," and that various officious, impertinent people, should perhaps accost Clifford in the street, and tell him how clever and agreeable his wife was, and how proud he ought to be of her. She represented to her son that Lady Bradbury, like every other of Caroline's relations, was very frivolous and light-minded, and that young men might pay compliments and talk nonsense while turning over folios at a literary party, just as easily as while turning over a book of songs at a morning concert. Clifford accordingly expressed his disapprobation to his wife, but Caroline was not to be easily deterred from her present relaxation; she felt herself unjustly suspected and persecuted; she knew that her husband's opinions were not the result of his own spontaneous feelings, but were suggested to him by his mother; and the accusation of flirtation and levity she could not hear without a smile, for the very few gentlemen who attended these parties were mostly the seniors of the master of the mansion, and one of them, who was about five-and-forty years of age, was considered as so decidedly on a different footing from the rest, that he was always styled, *par excellence*, "the young gentleman." Mrs. Sedgewick also regularly called for her niece in the neat brown chariot, and brought her back in it at an early hour; and Caroline felt that no possible stretch of malice could convert her into a Lady Townly or a Lady Teazle. Reports, too, reached her from various quarters, that her husband had committed large sums of money to the management of Webster, whose speculative propensities began to be generally ridiculed and blamed, and Clifford could not deny this circumstance when taxed with it by his wife. In fact, Webster was an almost continual guest at Mrs. Clifford's, and the evenings were generally spent in discussing some wild, vague plan of amassing wealth, which was received with eagerness by the infatuated Clifford. Like many other people disappointed in better pursuits, all his thoughts now seemed to rest on the accumulation of treasure; and Webster himself could not look with more contempt than did his promising pupil on the interest of three-and-a-half per cent. in the funds. Mrs. Clifford was delighted with Webster; she saw with the eyes of "dear Sophy Bennet," and those were not the partial eyes of love; for when Clifford hinted to her the suspicions of Caroline, she protested with a sigh that no such feeling was in the case; she confessed that she had *once* felt a partiality, it was needless to say when, and to whom; she was ashamed of her own folly in venturing to lift her hopes so high; *that* time had now passed, she should never love again, nor at any time could she have loved poor, plain, plodding Mr. Webster; but she must say she esteemed and respected him as an excellent, well-principled man; he seemed thoroughly well-informed and shrewd in matters of business, and at the same time perfectly conscientious; and one thing in particular she liked him for, he was quite a counterpart of herself in being a straightforward character, spoke everything he thought, and was seen through in a minute. These observations confirmed the prepossession of Clifford and his mother in favour of their new acquaintance; and Sophy was continually adding to the impression, by repeating to them remarks made by Webster in their absence. "Mr. Webster is quite astonished at Edward's memory and quickness of comprehension," she would observe; "he says they would have been a fortune to himself in early life, but all that he has acquired by pains and study, Edmund seems to possess by intuition. As for you, my dear aunt, he seems more in danger of falling in love with you than with me; he says you might very well pass for twenty years younger than you are, and that your conversation furnishes a sufficient contradiction to the opinion that handsome women are generally frivolous; in fact, he once told me that, considering my aunt's great charms of mind and person, he wondered that I should have so moderate a share of beauty and wit myself; most people would have been very angry with him, but I love plain-speaking; nothing is so delightful to me as truth; and I know that all who speak truth will be glad to do justice to my aunt and cousin, even at the expense of a little superficial politeness to other people."

Caroline and her husband having now each a source of complaint, began to indulge in recrimination, a dangerous and inexcusable species of warfare. Cowper says—

> "The kindest and the happiest pair
> May find occasion to forbear,
> And something every day they live
> To pity, and perhaps forgive."

If so, how much cautious forbearance ought an already unhappy couple to exercise towards each other! I often hear people in the various relations of life, say, in excuse of their harsh expressions of blame towards another, "I do not asperse—I do not find fault for the sake of finding fault—I merely blame where there is real cause for reprehension." This is very likely to be true; we are all of us fallible beings, and a day never passes in which any one of our fellow-creatures who looks at us with a scrutinizing anxiety to discover our deficiencies, may not find out something that we ought to have done, or had better have left undone; but let the person exercising this ingenious inquisition say occasionally, "Is it not likely that *I* am also erring and faulty, and that the defects to which my vanity blinds me, may be distinctly visible to the eyes of another? ought I not then to make a little allowance for the foibles of my brethren, and by so doing, win them to exercise a similar charity towards my own?" In this illustration, however, let it be understood that I only allude to the slight faults of temper and manner to which Cowper evidently means to refer. I disapprove all indulgence extended to that which is clearly and evidently wrong, all affected blindness to sin; but even in the case of the most flagrant errors, I am convinced that more good may be done by an occasional, calm, firm remonstrance, than by a daily succession of taunting and stinging remarks.

An event now occurred, which gave Caroline ample reason, in her own opinion, for expressing herself in the strongest terms of displeasure against her husband's present imprudent line of conduct. Almost the only former acquaintance of Caroline, with whom Clifford and his mother felt satisfied she should preserve occasional intercourse, were an old couple of the name of Preston, with one daughter. They were both decided invalids, and lived in a very quiet way on a very small income in a very little house; and their mode of living was what Gertrude and Emily Dornton called so stupid and so humdrum, that Caroline was the only one of the family who took any pleasure in their society. She, however, loved and esteemed the daughter, Mary Preston, whose moderate capacity and excessive timidity did not conceal from Caroline her possession of great sweetness of temper, and amiability of disposition. She was the child of her parents' old age, was doated on by them, and in return devoted herself entirely to their comfort; and it was the general opinion of her young friends, that "Mary Preston would be certain to die an old maid." Strange events, however, sometimes happen in affairs of love; the gentle, quiet, unobtrusive Mary Preston, became introduced to Mr. Lucas, the eldest son of a man of large landed property, and had the honour of immediately captivating that heart, which beauties and dashers had often assailed in vain. The poor girl accepted the offer with feelings of the utmost gratitude; her parents, who imagined that no lot in life could be too high a reward for the good qualities of Mary, were equally pleased, although not so surprised: but Mr. Lucas, the father of the lover, withheld his consent; he had heard exaggerated accounts of the poverty and humble way of living of Mary's parents, and, like most people who can give a good deal to a son, he recoiled from the idea of receiving a daughter-in-law with nothing. "If, indeed," he said, "the girl's father could give her five thousand pounds, he might not refuse his consent; but of course that was quite out of the question, and the matter had better be put an end to at once."

When Mr. Lucas mentioned the sum of five thousand pounds, he had as little idea that Mary's father could raise it, as the nobleman in the old ballad of "The Beggar of Bethnal Green" had cause to surmise that the beggar could drop coin for coin with him, but both proved equally wrong in their calculations. Mr. Preston was not a poor man, although ill-health, indolence, and long habit, had occasioned him to live in a homely manner; and when Lucas mentioned to him his father's unexpected concession, the old people consulted together, and found that, without any inconvenience to themselves, it would be in their power to spare the sum in question to their daughter. Mr. Lucas was very sorry that he had not said ten thousand pounds instead of five, but he was too much a man of honour to draw back from his word. Preparations, therefore, were begun for the marriage, and an estate in the country was to be settled on Mary, as an equivalent for the five thousand pounds which were to be transferred to her husband.

One unfortunate morning Clifford was walking with his now inseparable friend Webster, when they encountered Mr. Preston enjoying a stroll, which had actually extended half a mile from his own house: on the ensuing day he was going to perform a much greater undertaking, he told them, since he then intended to deposit the amount of his daughter's future fortune at a banker's in the city, whose name he mentioned; her marriage, he added, was fixed to take place in six weeks.

When he had passed on, Webster expressed his sincere regret at what he had heard. "I do not like to seem officious," said he; "in fact, the circumstance which I am going to hint to you is one of such exceeding delicacy, that I cannot bear the idea of having my name connected with it; but I have reason, from a peculiar and confidential source, to know that the house in which this poor old gentleman is about to lodge his five thousand pounds is on the point of stopping payment; indeed, so far from any probability of its safety for six weeks, I would not guarantee its continuance for six hours. I am a stranger to your friend, and should have felt awkward in interfering; but you will do a real act of charity if you call on him and persuade him to give you the money to deposit in the hands of your own banker, whose security is quite undoubted."

Clifford, who was really touched with pity for poor Mr. Preston, called on him the next day, mentioned the rumour he had heard, without naming the quarter from whence it came, and received his grateful thanks, and the temporary guardianship of the five thousand pounds; that sum, however, never reached the hands of Clifford's banker, for Webster earnestly requested to have the use of it for a month, for a particular purpose, which involved no risk, but would be a great convenience to himself, and promised to place it in the hands of the banker at least a fortnight before Mr. Preston would require it. Clifford could entertain no suspicion of one in whose honour his mother and himself had so implicitly confided, and had not a doubt that his promise would be fulfilled at the appointed time. Several weeks elapsed; it was the bright, glorious month of July; Caroline thought herself fortunate that no plan of going to Richmond had been started, but she was languid and low spirited. Sir James and Lady Bradbury were at Wimbledon Common, where the former possessed a house, and Mrs. Dornton and her daughters had been fortunate enough to procure an invitation to stay a month with a friend, who was passing the summer at Hastings. Caroline's own maid, about this time imparted to her a secret, which she had gained from a young woman of her acquaintance, who lived opposite to Mrs. Clifford, in Keppel Street. Miss Bennet, this person alleged, was in the frequent practice of stealing out from her aunt's house in the evening, and holding private conferences with Mr. Webster at the corner of the street. Caroline justly thought that this mysterious intercourse with a person whom Sophy had such constant opportunities of seeing in the society of her friends, signified something highly suspicious and objectionable: she mentioned the fact to Clifford, but it was received by him with expressions of utter disbelief, coupled with a sarcasm on her own love of slander, which could even induce her to tamper with gossiping servants, for the sake of aspersing the fame of one who never spoke of her except in terms of the kindest affection. The uniformity of Caroline's life was at length most painfully broken by a visit from the gentle Mary Preston, in tears and sorrow. It appeared that when the settlement was ready, her portion had been required by her husband's father. Clifford was referred to: the money was not at his banker's: he applied immediately to Webster, who frankly declared that he could not at present disentangle it from the concern in which he had placed it. "And the most distressing circumstance," pursued the weeping Mary, "is, that the elder Mr. Lucas accuses my dear father of fraud and deception, and declares that he never from the first believed he could command such a sum."

"But surely," said Caroline, "under these circumstances, it is the duty of my husband to advance the money, and to claim from Webster repayment to himself."

"Alas!" replied Mary, "I greatly fear it is not in his power to do so. I deeply regret to tell you that it is generally believed Webster has been allowed the perfect command of the property of Mr. Clifford and his mother, and that they have nothing now which they can independently call their own, Another thing, too, has greatly irritated the Lucases: Mr. Clifford informed my father that he knew from the best authority, Mr. ———'s bank was going to fail; they have inquired in various quarters in the city, and find that its security is unsuspected, and that nothing has occurred which could give the least foundation for such a report. Mr. Lucas says he is convinced we are all in a plan, and that his son was on the point of connecting himself with a complete nest of swindlers.

(To be continued.)

MORNING WITH THE INDIANS.

Come go with me into the boundless woods;
If but in thought, in thought still go with me;
Light be your heart, elastic be your tread;
A spirit that happy home makes everywhere:
And like the practised Indians, be your ear
Quick, for the rattlesnake is in the grass
Silent, nor may to-day warn our approach.

My Indian guide is ready—rather say—
Sage wanderer of these venerable wilds,
My friend and my companion; for in him
Nature, mysterious in her workings, wrought
Ere he had made acquaintance with our race
Civilised, civilisation of more worth
Than we can boast of—a fidelity
That has outlived all tests: and I am taught
Daily, my life is precious in his sight,
And in his heart is precious.

Scarcely moving,
The henhawk with vast wings broods o'er the woods.
Few grow the stars and faint: and soon the sun
Over the orient mountains will exhibit
His orbit large. Come, Huron, let us on!

Now pleasantly conversing on we move,
Through mazes thick of ever-changing shades,
League after league: and Huron much inquires
About the grand traditions of our race;
And of the Bible, "as the wondrous book,
With leaves of light, and characters of flame,
And by a golden chain let down from heaven!"
For so was it described to him, by one,
A sage old Indian.

In his turn he tells,
Turning to earliest times, and legends old,
"How the Great Spirit for their wickedness
Let loose upon them creatures of vast size:
How with his voice rending the hills in twain,
He called, and forth the dreadful monsters came
Huge mammoths. Strong, and deadly in their strength,
These on the people made destructive war.
But the Good Spirit grew compassionate,
For of the red men but a few were left,
He, with his thunder, smiting the destroyers,
Spared only two which he once more enclosed
Deep in the bosom of the giant hills,
Again to be let loose when Indian crimes
Aloud should call for such dread chastisement."

My woodland friend, companion, fetterless!
Glad thus am I to shuffle off the coil
Of common cares and duties: thus to thread,

Even like an Indian, nature's denizen,
These primal forests, regions intricate;
And with the eye of wonder to behold
Rivers immense!

Gorgeous spectacle!—
Behind the giant pines the sun's up-rise!
How glows he like some Ætna fiery red:
Pine-trunks, like temple-pillars, bar his disc.
I have beheld him from the ocean-flood
Rise gloriously, but never like to this.
He comes with all his pomp of clouds attended,
Of ruby, sapphire, pearl, and amethyst;
With light wide-flowing, darkness flying fast;
And myriad birds with song his coming hail!

Touched by the Indian, quick I turn, and see,
Near me, upon the lake, a large canoe,
In which are people of his tribe preparing
For the fleet chase: for see, a wounded elk,
Down-rushing from the steep has plunged, and now
Swims for his life. The Indians are alert,
Some thread the thicket, some the vessel guide:
All is commotion, quick, yet noiseless all:
And, lo! already on the opposing shore—
Like red-bronzed statues stand the Indians tall,
Touched by the sunrise; forms august, sublime!
Fit sight for Phidias! never saw the Greek
More noble vision, when with godlike touch
He to dull marble gave the charms of life.
Where now is Huron? I am left alone:
Gone from me like an arrow in the chase.
Whilst with a lightning-winged activity
The hunter-chiefs are busied. I am rooted
Unto the earth; by wonder fixed, to gaze;
Bound by the chains of custom, that are strong,
And by the fetters of long silken sloth;
For silken threads can bind like adamant.
—See, now the chase is distant! fierce the strife;
A whoop!—the noble animal is slain,
O blessed people! nurtured at the breast
Of regal nature—deemed uncivilised!
Brave, forest-born, fleet hunters of the wild!
Happy, in that ye little know of arts,
The curse of populous cities; and of cares
By nice distinctions bred; and solitude,
The weary loneliness of buildings vast,
Which ye, mid natural objects, never feel.
The hollow intercourse, the duties dull,
The one unvaried round, the specious wiles,
And all the cold formalities of life!

Pure dreamy bliss of fond attentive youth!
Wondering, the tale my father told, I heard,
When he was in these wilds a wanderer,
Of pleasant Indian village, fair embayed
In the forked windings of some forest stream:
Here now I do behold it, half disclosed

Through opening boughs! with wide savannas bounded—
The river glittering far as eye can reach.

See! Indian maidens, matrons, children small
With Huron are advancing; summer blossoms,
And odorous branches bearing in their hands,
Tokens of kindliness and sweet accord.

Warm is the welcome, pleasant the approach
To these rude dwellings in the wilderness.
Dusk aspects teem with hospitable thought,
Serious, in youth and childhood like grave age.

The venison, fresh-kill'd, for my repast
Is ready, with cool water from the spring:
The mocazins prepared for my feet:
The wampum-belt, a present from the chief:
And skins and furs are spread for my repose!

O happy race! here could I dwell for ever—
And with you smoke the calumet of peace!

WASHINGTON BROWNE.

New York.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF "THOMSON'S SEASONS," PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY.

OUR smiling Spring of love,
Its Summer's ardent ray,
That lights us from above,
Upon a weary way,
Autumn may chasten down
With milder beams of joy,
But Winter's darkest frown
Can never all destroy:
Ah, no! the love which thou hast lit, shall last,
Till every change and every season's past.

M. C.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS OF OUR OWN TIMES.

WITH SKETCHES OF HER CONTEMPORARIES.

> What, my young lady and mistress?—
> Marry, your ladyship has grown nearer to heav'n
> Than when I saw you last, by the altitude
> Of a chopin!
> Come—give us a taste of your quality.
>
> HAMLET.

THE life of an actress! mine has been an eventful one—and I have been persuaded to commit it to paper with the hope that it may at least amuse, if not instruct, some of the more favoured of my sex, who have never yet been exposed to private malice, public caprice, or the frowns of an adverse fortune; for I take upon myself to say, that she who, being obliged to mix in dangerous society, escapes its contamination, deserves far more credit than that maiden lady who was never moved by passion, or encountered the Proteus—Vice!

> " For is the laurel to the soldier due,
> Who, cautious, comes not into danger's view?
> What worth has virtue—by desire untried—
> Where nature's self enlists on duty's side?"

The histrionic is the most varied and uncertain—the most difficult and unjustly censured—of all the professions or pursuits to which women of mind devote their talent for daily bread: for I think I may boldly assert, that the eye of prejudice and malice is constantly fixed upon " the actress," and the tongue of slander ever ready to defame her. She is forced to dress her face in smiles at the moment when, perhaps, the pang of disappointment—nay, the worm of disease—may be preying upon her heart. Then the labour—the mental drudgery of an actress. Ah! gentle reader, when you are gazing with delight upon some accomplished fair one who has the skill to identify herself with those beautiful creations of our immortal bard—a Rosalind or a Beatrice—an Ophelia or a Juliet—you little think of the laborious study to which, for days, weeks, nay, years, she has devoted herself, in order to attain that grace, ease, and pathos, by which public approbation is won. And then the misery of having to study the unmeaning verbiage of some of our modern translating would-be-authors—trash that the cultivated mind rejects with loathing " as a pain without a profit"—and I defy refutation, as I call the Muse to my aid, and say of my profession generally—

> " Nor have we lack of labour: to rehearse
> Day after day dull scraps of prose and verse;
> To bear each other's malice, pride, and spite;
> To hide in rant the heart-ache of the night;
> To dress in gaudy patchwork—and to force
> The mind to think in the appointed course!
> This is laborious—and may be defin'd
> The ceaseless working of the thriftless mind."

Then, again, "the actress," in talent, in form, in feature, in voice, to escape censure, must be perfection. If she have first-rate ability, and a corpulent person like Mrs. * * * * * *, "O what a moving mountain!" cries a sapient puppy in the stage-box. If she have talents, with a snub nose and carbuncled visage like Miss * * * * *, "O what a Gorgon!" simpers some empty-headed, tallow-faced dandy, lolling with his dirty boots across the seats, preparing an uncleanly addition to some fair lady's dress. If she combine brilliant talent with elegance of figure and beauty of visage, but with a shrill, unmusical voice, like Miss * * * *, then we hear some vinegar-minded critic cry out, "O ears! ears! I'd as soon listen to the shriek of a peacock in hysterics, as to that girl in tragedy." Then as to the conduct of "the actress;" if she would command respect, she must convince the Argus eyes of envy, and the malevolent tongue of scandal, that she is strictly moral; (though not one person in a hundred, out of her own particular circle of acquaintance, will give "the actress" credit for even common prudence;) in short, she who nightly exhibits the passions in all their force, to the delight of thousands, is expected to have no passions of her own, or, at least, to keep them in such well-ordered subjection, as only to use them professionally, when called to entertain the multitude—the monster multitude!

These are a few items in the great catalogue of unpleasantries to which the life of "the actress" is exposed; but, as I have said so much of actresses in general, I presume that the gentle reader will now think it necessary that I should say something about myself in particular—birth, parentage, education, and all that sort of thing, usually expected from those who take up the pen and commence business in the autobiographical line. In my theatrical pursuits I have now traversed England, Ireland, and Scotland, wintered with the gay Parisians, and wandered through the vine-clad valleys of La belle France, and there been fanned by the summer's breeze, with genial health upon its wing; and, though last not least, in my ambulatory exploits as a daughter of Thalia, I have breasted the great Atlantic wave, and visited "the land of liberty;" (where slavery—deep-rooted slavery—thrives in all its horrors;) and in my progress have witnessed scenes, and have observed traits of men and manners, that, to an inquiring mind, have furnished ample materials for—what dost thou think, gentle reader?—a book. I shall write of my impressions and opinions freely; and in speaking of my numerous contemporaries—(many of them well-known to the public in their professional assumptions)—my task shall be to show the reader their real selves, divested of their gaudy patchwork, and their fool's cap and bells. They will be "sketches from nature," but not ill-nature; for I will

> "Nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice."

Though it appears that the stage was intended for me, I never dreamt that I was intended for the stage; and I can assure those fastidious readers who may have, in early life, imbibed a prejudice against "the actress" and her calling, that, though undoubtedly in many cases, it is a dangerous one, it is dangerous to those only who are naturally inclined to evil. Actresses, by their own private conduct, may bring disgrace upon themselves; (of which I allow there are instances, glaring instances, that have even led to a coronet;) but I defy the world—with the Wesleyan synod to back it—to prove that an arduous profession, requiring accomplishments both of mind and person, can ever degrade the professors. I can truly assert that I have never received the slightest injury, either to my morals or my means, while pursuing this dangerous profession; for—

"Where virtue is, these are more virtuous."

I suppose my mind had been too early fortified by a rational education, to allow me to become "passion's slave," and I had no taste to sin without passion; and poverty, that great parent of vice in the theatrical profession, I had never known but by name.

To return—I was the youngest of two daughters, the only children of an honest and kind-hearted man in the county of Berks: his bread-winning pursuits were horticultural and agricultural: he rented on a lease of lives (his own the last) about fifty acres of good land, which enriched him in the high-price era—but which made him comparatively a beggar when smiling peace—(that bane to English farmers)—arrived with low prices in her train. He now lost by his corn, though he gained by his apples, his pears, and his plants; for having nearly two acres of orchard, he could furnish half Westminster with fruit for their Sunday pies and puddings, as his numerous baskets could witness, as they made their weekly transit on the smooth bosom of old father Thames, to that splendid temple of Flora and Pomona, yclept Covent Garden market. My mother, a kind, well-educated, and domestic woman, was the seventh daughter of a beneficed clergyman, his living one hundred and thirty pounds a year! She had a well-cultivated mind, and had read much, and what she knew, she endeavoured to impart to me. My sister, who was my senior by several years, had been taken by a Mrs. Dobbs, a newly-married lady of fortune in our neighbourhood—a *ci-divant* old maid, who was at her last prayers when Hymen smiled and led her to his hallowed shrine.

"Sister Jane" was selected by Mrs. Dobbs (the elderly woman but young bride) to be her companion; or, as that situation is more generally understood to mean, her toady. Her duty was to read to her patroness when ordered—to admire her figure and her taste when dressed—and, though last not least, in a toady's catalogue of ills—to laugh at her jokes when she happened to utter any. Jane was fortunately a good laugher, an indispensable accomplishment to "a lady's companion:" she was also of a very passive, quiet disposition, something like a duck-pond in July—a disposition as unlike mine as possible, *mais n'importe.* I did not envy her then, though I have since had cause to think that apathy is a blessing, and a sensitive mind a curse. I had, even then, an independence of spirit that preferred my own daily employment of "feeding young fowls with barley," to hers of "feeding an old fool with flattery." There is no disputing on a point of taste. If I were a male writer, I should give the last observation in imposing Latin; but to write a dead language to puzzle living women, is one of the masculine privileges which I, as a "fragile fair one," must not intrude upon.

I too soon perceived that affairs were going very crossly with my honest and venerable father. I often heard him say, "The times are out of joint," which I suppose accounted for our dining-table being more frequently without a joint than was formerly the case. When I was about fifteen years of age my mother died—this was a blow indeed: it was the first real sorrow I had ever known, and I severely felt it. I followed her to the grave "like Niobe, all tears:" from that fatal hour my father's health declined; it was the canker-worm of grief that undermined his once robust frame. The sooner a tale of woe is told the better. Briefly then: he was in arrears for rent—rent which the whole produce of his farm could scarcely pay. Then how was he to support himself and family? But what was that to the mercenaries who "managed the estate?" His noble landlord, an absentee, had lost large sums at Naples—Naples, where wealthy Britons are termed "pigeons from Ultima Thule." His English honour was pledged to an Italian noble, and, to redeem that honour, it was necessary to ruin some score or two of struggling English yeomen. A British duke has since said, and acted too upon what he said, "that a man has a right to do what he will with his own;" so thought the noble, or rather, ignoble peer, my father's landlord. The estate was his—our lease made void by the simple circumstance of the produce of the land being unequal to the payment of the rent demanded—the agent was peremptory—expulsion inevitable: nature yielded to despair—and two days before my poor heart-broken father was to have been turned from the roof under which he was born, he was placed in that narrow tenement "which lasts till doomsday." The whole estate was sold and paid for; and, in three days, the money was remitted to Italy, per Hammersley and Co., and the honour of the English peer "taken out of pledge," at the very moment when the rooks of the gambling clique were on the point of "booking it amongst the unredeemed." What a picture is this! yet it is but one of the many instances of English fools stripped by foreign harpies, to the ruin and expulsion of their ancient tenantry. I speak as a victim! Do these "pigeons from Ultima Thule" ever read our native poets, and garner for use the noble sentiments they breathe? Are they not aware that

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them—as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry—their country's pride—
If once destroy'd, can never be supplied."

But to return to my desolate home, which was to me a home no more. My father died insolvent, and I—a fine, spirited girl of sixteen—was an orphan. I had some few acquaintances, but no friends, except my sister; and to her, nature and inclination, as well as necessity, made me bend my steps. She was my senior by many years: she could advise, protect me, till I could "win my bread:" she had been some years married—married to a musical professor, and relieved from the odious office of Mrs. Dobbs's toady. It happened thus—Mrs. Dobbs, having wealth sufficient, usually "did a bit of London for three months annually," as her obedient little husband facetiously called it. It was then and there that "sister Jane" met the musical professor, and the musical professor met "sister Jane." The gentle reader has doubtless heard of "a jobbing gardener." Now this gentleman was also a jobber; (but not in Adams's line of business, but in that of the dethroned tyrant of Syracuse, Dionysius, or the more modern king not yet dethroned, Louis Philippe;) he was a "jobbing tutor," and, in that capacity, attended for the avowed purpose of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," in the little blockhead of the ill-begotten whelp who had the felicity of being the spoiled son of Mrs. Dobbs, and heir to all his father's cash—and all his mother's—whatever the reader pleases. Such was this musical professor and jobbing tutor. I suppose he wanted a wife, and she wanted a husband; and as they seldom met, and when they did, they were always "witnessed by Mrs. Dobbs," they, in all probability, read their mutual wants in each other's eyes; for eyes are very convenient, as "Love's carrier pigeons." There was no courtship except by twopenny post, (post paid, of course;) he wrote per twopenny, she answered per ditto: he said, "will you?" and she answered, "yes." Could anything be more natural than such a reply from the wished-to-be-emancipated slave of Mrs. Dobbs?

They both domiciled in the widely-extended parish of Saint Mary-le-bone, in which parish church, the consent of butchers, bakers—in short, all the world were asked, if Jane and the jobbing tutor might be married. Three several Sabbath mornings was the same question repeated; and as no one said no, (for who cared about them? not even Mrs. Dobbs,) the ring, that magic hoop of gold, was placed on Jane's finger, and she became the poor jobbing tutor's domestic wife—his drudge—his slave! but as she was never heard to regret the step she had taken, why should I? My taste is for the "sublime and beautiful;" she, poor passive soul, could accommodate hers to "the stern and gloomy." I felt a horror of this "jobbing tutor" at first; but I have since had cause to change my feeling towards him. Even Jane allowed that, (according to Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty,) her husband was not very handsome in a glare of light—but when the candles were extinguished, then she could, in her mind's eye, fancy him all her heart could wish—for he had a tongue (when he chose to use it)

"That could wheedle with the devil."

As this gentleman was the chief cause of my becoming a votary of Thalia, and as I shall have much to say of him hereafter, I may as well at once describe him, as he is, and as he was, for his history is a strange one. As he is attached to the national theatres, I shall carefully conceal his theatrical cognomen, or I may be accused of personality. I will therefore denominate him, Mr. Sipwater! (Sip-brandy would have been more to the purpose.) I will call him Sipwater, as a slight penance, knowing, as I do, that it is a liquid he abominates, for, (like his once boon companion and sharer in his midnight orgies, the never-to-be-forgotten, and ever-to-be-laughed at, Mr. John

Reeve,) he has the most unqualified hatred towards unqualified water. Then as Sipwater let him be henceforth known. That point being settled, I may as well now describe him, that my gentle readers may have him in their mind's eye. In person erect, and above the medium height,

> "An iron visage, and a sunken eye,"

with a brow that, when knit in anger, would frighten a modern dandy into a speedy and a safe retreat. Yet, though rugged and rough without, like the melon, there was much sweetness within—when anybody could get at it!

> "He had been a sailor in his youth, and fought
> In famous battles,"

but apparently he had received more hard knocks than golden favours. From some reason, which he himself ever carefully concealed, even from his dearest friends, he had quitted the briny ocean, with a hurt limb and a hole in his cranium—and toiled, mentally and bodily, for bread on terra firma. Now, this secret, so carefully kept by Sipwater, was accidentally found out by a gentleman, a sapient gentleman of the Somerset House tribe.

This gentleman, who resided near Greenwich, to his surprise one summer's evening saw Sipwater in a retired part of the beautiful park, in close and earnest conversation with a very old and worn-out Greenwich pensioner, to whom, as he spoke, he evidently seemed to be making a transfer of property from his own pocket to the old man's hand, who, nothing loth, received it as a usual and expected donation; for it appeared, on after inquiry, that Sipwater paid periodical visits to the aforesaid old seaman, making him his own pensioner, as well as that of Greenwich, by a quarterly supply of tobacco, accompanied by a trifle of cash for the purchase of a nauseous and abominable beverage, much loved by sailors, old and young, and which they denominate grog.

This mysterious conduct of Sipwater, had excited the woman's failing, (as it is impertinently and falsely called,) in this gentleman of the Somerset House tribe, who, having more leisure than wit, and more curiosity, perhaps, than either, easily traced the worn-out naval warrior to his cell, in that splendid edifice, which does honour, not only to England, but to human nature. On inquiring about the mysterious musician, by his playhouse cognomen, this old man (called Tom Brown) denied all knowledge of such a person. "I knows nothing about music players, not I," cried he; but on the time and place of the interview, and visible transfer of property, being mentioned, the veteran acknowledged his friend and patron, but under a very different name, and

> "As of a race once known in glory's annals."

At length, the offer of a good supply of tobacco, accompanied by a bottle of rum, won from the garrulous old tar a knowledge of Sipwater's secret, the recital of which, after so great a lapse of time, he thought could do no harm; but, as the principal actor in the scene wished it to be concealed, it ought not to have been divulged. Yet, alas! what garrulous old sailor in his senectitude, is proof against such potent bribes as grog and tobacco? The Somerset House gentleman, it appeared, had all the silly curiosity of a Marplot, but fortunately without that weak-minded person's means of doing mischief. He gathered from the worn-out tar, that Sipwater had, in his youth, not only staked his life in his country's cause, but had likewise, (no, not like*wise*, but also,) forfeited that life to a breach of his country's martial law. The veteran who then related the circumstance, had been an eye-witness, and a subordinate actor, in a scene of fury, that had nearly proved a nautical tragedy—a tragedy that might have made the fortune of Fitzball as a demoralising dramatist, and increased the fame of T. P. Cooke as an actor. By-the-bye, I am convinced that the want of such truly tragic materials is severely felt by the aforesaid Fitzball—for with them, he would soon redeem his well-known public pledge, of (I'll use his own phrase,) "giving Billy Shakspeare the go-by." *Mais n'importe!* he (Fitzball) has now the command—the almost exclusive command, of the London theatres—majors and minors—managers and treasurers—and will do it yet; in fact, he has already, as far as the glittering metal is concerned, (the brilliant fame is to follow,) he has actually received more money for his productions, than Shakspeare did for the emanations of his genius, in the same brief space. O Apollo!

En passant—a word of the saddest truth, on English taste. Our managers, metropolitan and provincial, have, by that splendid production of the Fitzball pen, yclept "Jonathan Bradford," "pursed more ducats" in one week, than they ever did by Shakspeare in six. Then, in a money-admiring nation, like England, why should not Fitzball be ranked as equal, (methinks I hear Mr. Plutus Fudge, of Threadneedle Street, cry out, "superior, by Gold,") to our greatly praised, but little patronised, Warwickshire bard? I prophesy, that should we progress in our "Jonathan-Bradford-march of intellect," that in 1866, the works of "The Swan of Lambeth Marsh" (Fitzball) will be hourly quoted, while those of "The Swan of Avon" will of course be despised, as trash, unworthy of a gentleman's notice; for those who have read Sir Isaac Newton, know that

"Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brook a double reign,
Of Shakspeare and the great Fitzball!"

But I fear I am becoming garrulous, like old Tom Brown, of Greenwich; and, like him, am divulging secrets. Besides, I ought to recollect, that "brevity is the soul of wit," therefore I will briefly state the furious, as well as curious facts of the Sipwater onslaught. And as it is "A Tale of the Sea," I claim "my sailor's privilege," as having dared the great Atlantic's mighty waves. An enterprise, by-the-bye, the interminable length of which, in 1492, caused the first bold navigators of that vast expanse of western waters, to rebel, and seek the life of famed Columbus. But it is a voyage that now, even I, weak woman that I am, can make with as much unconcern as our grandmammas did a summer's trip to Margate. I fancied that I gloried in the excitement of the danger, (when danger there was none,) and as for that soul-harrowing, nerve-twiddling idea of—"Only a single plank between us and eternity,"—it is very pretty in print, but very silly in fact, for there is now more real danger in a land transit from rural Hammersmith to famed Mile End, per cab, omnibus, or stage coach, (not forgetting our own gig or phaeton,) than from the Lizard Point to New York harbour. At least, I have felt so.

But to my tale, and its title. Juliet says of her Romeo, "What's in a name?" but she was a silly girl, and in love. Now, our modern booksellers are most of them elderly gentlemen, who have rather outgrown their love, and they say, "a name is everything." The title of a tale, like that of a melodrama, should be striking, both to the eye and ear—the name to harmonise with its adjunct. I know that our theatrical managers, major and minor, are very particular in selecting euphonious titles for their melodramas, especially if on a domestic subject, such as "Bennet, the Butcher," "Davidge, the Dustman," "Harley, the Harper," "Vining, the Vintner." Why those very titles alone, by their tickling effect on the ear, would fill the pit and galleries of the Surrey, Victoria, or Adelphi theatres, for twelve consecutive months, if the pieces bearing those euphonious names were immediately produced. I shall head my tale thus, (the title will strike both eye and ear, I opine,) "A Tale of the Sea; or, a Passage in the early life of Sipwater." So much for my title—now for my tale.

Sipwater, when a boy in years, but a man in muscle, was cursed by nature with a most fiery and uncontrollable temper. In the same ship there unfortunately sailed, as a senior officer, a man as diametrically opposite to him as possible—a cool, calculating, malignant personage, who delighted in exposing to censure another's weakness—and he saw that Sipwater's weak point was temper. They never met without its being excited—they seemed to have an instinctive and deadly hatred towards each other; but discipline—martial discipline, demanded that the fiery youth should submit to his senior—his senior both in rank and age. But a crisis, a fatal night arrived. They were on a foreign station—their ship was at anchor. 'Twas dark December, the wind and rain beat high—they were both on duty, and on deck. An ungraciously-delivered, authoritative command, addressed to Sipwater by the man he hated, for ever marred his fondly cherished hopes. (Alas! what might he have been? A Nelson, perhaps! What is he? A vagabond!) In his delirium the stripling sprang upon his coolly insulting superior officer, and in an instant his throat was in his nervous grasp: he paused—'twas a pause of horror; but the deed was done—retreat impossible: he knew that the agents of violated martial law must soon arrest him. Preferring death with a brave revenge, to the same inevitable sentence with dishonour, the mad boy, with his opponent in his bear-like hug, with one sudden bound, dashed headlong into the foaming billows.

Fortunately both were adepts in the glorious and useful art of swimming, and at the first freezing hint from the cold December's wave, each put his knowledge of that art into instant practice. The "superior officer" shouted aloud for succour—but the young delinquent felt that he had better perish beneath the wave, with which he buffetted, than accept the help that led, through ignominy, to an equally certain death. Could he reach the land? 'twas scarce a mile, and the tide ran strong in shore. He had often doubled the distance when he swam for pleasure on a summer's eve—why not now for life? Yet saturated garments are fearful odds, even against a skilful swimmer's force.

At the delinquent's first spring at his superior's throat, the men on duty stood as paralysed; but when the splash was heard, "A man overboard" (the well-known cry for succour,) echoed through the ship; and, as the crew briefly related to the roused commander the cause of bustle, two boats were manned to save the struggling pair—to save them—one for vengeance, the other, to gloat in safety o'er cherished hatred and gratified revenge. The superior officer, striking towards the ship, soon was safe on board; the other boat rowed with the tide, rightly judging of the youth's intent. Amongst the rowers, four in number, was the now garrulous veteran who told the tale. They reached him: his collar was in the hardy seaman's tenacious grasp—his life—his more than life—was in their hands! What could they do? Those four brave men briefly consulted, as two rowed swiftly towards the shore, while the other two grappled the youth; who, even in this extremity, struggled in vain for freedom, as thus compelled, his unhurt body lightly skimmed the surface of the wave. The four consulted. Duty said he was their prisoner: but they loved the boy—they loved him for his daring, for they had seen him in desperate struggles on the Frenchman's coast, in those brief boarding contests where 'twas man to man and brand to brand; they had also seen the certificates of desperate service carved by the enemy's steel—indelibly carved upon his body; and that body now floated at their mercy beneath the gunnel of their fragile boat.

"What can we do?" the only waverer of the four demanded.

"Do!" cried Tom—Tom Brown, our own old Tom of Greenwich—"do! why, we'll wink at duty and try to save him, d——." He was about to seal the determination with an oath, when he was saved that sin by a distant shout of "Boat-a-hoy!" from the coxswain's well-known voice.

"They're sent to seek us—don't heed their hail—pull strong for shore," said Tom. Then hauling the dauntless boy within the boat, in a moment his saturated jacket, vest, shoes,—in short, all but his "trews of bonny blue," were scattered to the winds and waves. Tom's only words to the boy were, "The current's strong in-shore—our coxswain nears us: have you strength and courage to float another quarter of a mile?"

"I have—I have!" he cried, and gently gliding into old Ocean's bosom, in safety reached the shore—found shelter, food, and raiment. He there trusted his safety to a woman's faith. She kept her faith, and saved him.

The brave Tom Brown and his companions three re-stemmed their backward course, joined the other boat, and reported that they had missed the young delinquent, and supposed "he'd foundered." All search on shore proved fruitless; his scattered garments were found at various points, and he, of course, recorded (for I have seen the record,) as "drowned in an act of daring mutiny." The old purser's pen, as in duty bound, wrote D D. against his now dishonoured name, and there all ended. Old Tom Brown is the only survivor of the four brave men who saved him; the other three died, in fever, battle, and —in brandy. Old Tom still receives his small quarterly token of gratitude from the ill-furnished purse of one who might have been an honour to his country, but who, by one wild escape of lawless passion, doomed himself to a life of penury, and to feed that slow-consuming worm engendered by remorse—the little worm that will not sleep, and never dies.

Such was the once youthful sailor! Such now is the gloomy, misanthropic retainer of one of our great miscalled national theatres. Byron says, "Truth is stronger than fiction," and I have written truth.

(To be continued.)

ON A SILVER BOWL.

"*Τον ἄργυρον τορευων.*"—*κ. τ. λ.*

Come, Vulcan, all thy matchless skill
Into this silver mass instil:
Yet forge not mail or glittering arms,
For what to me are war's alarms?
But to allay all cares of soul
Make me a deep, capacious bowl:
Upon its cheek no planets chase,
Nor stern Orion's hateful face;
For slow Boötes fails to please,
And what to me are Pleiades?
But carve thereon the clustering vine,
And 'neath it let Bathyllus join
With Love and Bacchus to unload
The boughs, and press the purple flood.

Anacreon, Ode xvii.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.[1]

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

RABY CASTLE is still surrounded by a moat, or fosse, with a drawbridge, and before the use of cannon, was considered to be a place of great strength. I was shown a passage six feet in width, cut out of one of the solid walls. The immense pile of building is seen to great advantage, and has a magnificent appearance, from the road leading to Barnard Castle. There is an anecdote current in that part of the country, that, on King James's accession to the throne of England, some nobleman, (I presume an ancestor of the Lords Raby,) begged a grant of the castle from his majesty, representing it to be merely a great heap of stones. Whether it had fallen to the crown by forfeiture, or otherwise, I know not; nor have I the present means of satisfying myself. I merely give the anecdote as I heard it. The king complied with the request: but when his majesty afterwards saw the place, on his way to London, he thus addressed the nobleman who had obtained the grant from him, "Gude troth, my lord, ca' ye this a hurrock* o' stanes? By my faith, mon, I hae hardly sic anither hurrock in a' my realm." However this may be, it is quite certain, (for it became matter of public litigation,) that about a hundred years afterwards, Lord Raby, the then owner, or at least tenant for life of the castle, having conceived some displeasure against his eldest son, on whom it was settled after him, showed a determination to reduce it to that hurrock-like state, in which it was supposed to be when it was begged, (according to the anecdote,) from "good King James." The angry father began to strip the lead from the roof, and to dismantle the walls; when he was stopped in the work of devastation by the timely intervention of the Court of Chancery. This may at least be recorded as one of the good deeds of that rather unpopular court. The destruction of such a castle as that of Raby might almost be considered as a national loss.

Some years ago, the records and legends connected with it were chosen as the subject of a well-written and interesting romance, "The Rose of Raby," by a lady, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced when I was last in that neighbourhood. She was at that time resident at Staindrop, one of the most beautiful villages in the North of England, and only about a mile from Raby, the park belonging to which borders the whole extent of the place, and is both a great ornament to it, and likewise a shelter from the north. The church of Staindrop is an ancient and extremely handsome pile, and was originally of a collegiate character. Here repose the ashes of several of the Nevilles, once Earls of Westmoreland and Lords of Raby. There are some of their effigies or full-length figures cut in stone,

* A heap.

[1] Continued from page 99.

lying in the church, near the entrance, and in remarkably good preservation. They have their legs crossed, to signify that they had fought in the "holy wars." I believe there is a tradition still extant, that at Staindrop was once a royal residence, of one of the Saxon kings. Behind the church,—mark, reader, behind the church,—and on the northern, neglected, and formerly despised portion of the burial-ground, rest the truly hallowed remains of the Honourable Mrs. Raby Vane. She was a woman of extraordinary piety, as well as of superior mental endowments. Her charity was not only extensive, but judicious; and after the lapse of nearly half a century, she is still remembered and talked of by many at Staindrop, where she lived and died, with feelings of the most affectionate and reverential regard. It was at her own request, expressed while she was yet in health, and in accordance with her humble and pious character, that she was buried in that proscribed part of the churchyard, which had then not received the remains of even one solitary pauper. She not only knew, but felt, that death levels all distinctions. Her example has had a beneficial effect, and the dust of many is now gathered around her's, and resting in the same hope of a joyful resurrection.

I have in my possession a tortoise-shell tablet, beautifully inlaid with flowers of gold, which was presented by Mrs. Raby Vane, a short period before her death, to a highly-valued friend. I have likewise a letter, addressed by her to the same friend, which is so characteristic of her excellent heart and gifted mind, that I cannot refrain from transcribing it. It is written in the fine Italian kind of hand which was so fashionable at that period.

"My dear Friend;

"To give you a better night than the last, I will state the present things on a higher consideration than sublunary views. Consider, that it has pleased God, in his mercy, to place me in a situation; for six months in every year, free from essential temptations to sin: that he gives me affluence and reputation, ease of body, activity of mind, and knowledge of spiritual hopes and trust. Knowing what is best for me, he has taken from me what is vulgarly called my lovers and my neighbours, leaving only yourself and your husband, who understand me, who love me, and to whom I can speak my whole heart, which is cordial sufficient. If things were more easy, I should be tempted to sloth. If my exertions brought their fruition, I should be tempted to pride. If my household were all saints, beatitude would be dangerous, for heaven is its place, and eternity is its time. As it is, I have a work to perform, and my wages are remitted to my place of rest. I am assisted during my task; and the blessing in the end will be given, at the great day, by the hand of Him who redeemed me, and (I trust) all around me. That this view of things may relieve the anxiety you kindly feel on my account, is the earnest desire of

"Your affectionate friend,
"Elizabeth Vane."

"*Staindrop Hall, Saturday Evening.*"

Mrs. Vane was the widow of the Honourable Raby Vane, an uncle of the present Duke of Cleveland. She was called into eternity in the most sudden, but happily not in an unprepared manner; for her whole life had been a gradual and constant preparation for that awful change. She had been dining at Raby Castle, with the then Earl and Countess of Darlington, on the very day of her death. She had been unconsciously paying, what proved to be her last farewell visit to them; and expired almost immediately after her return home. I find the melancholy event noted down in pencil, on one of the ivory leaves of the tablet, by the friend I have before alluded to, in the following simple terms.

"This dear friend departed this painful life, at half-past ten at night, after dining at the Castle, on May 28, 1789."

Brancepeth Castle * differs very materially in its character from that of Raby, but is equally a splendid memorial of the old feudal times. It was purchased some years ago by the late William Russell, Esq., grandfather of the present owner. Mr. Russell became the proprietor of the celebrated "Wallsend colliery," which was the foundation of the immense wealth of which he died possessed. It is said, and I believe without much exaggeration, that, for some years, the colliery yielded him a clear profit of a thousand pounds a week. He not only purchased Brancepeth Castle, with the domain attached, but several other fine estates in the north of England. Brancepeth was his almost constant residence, where he lived to a good old age, in the prudent and unostentatious style of a plain country gentleman. On his decease, his son, the late Major Russell, who for many years represented the borough of Saltash, in Cornwall, expended very large sums of money in the repairs and decoration of the castle. Its outward appearance is exceedingly grand and venerable; while interiorly, all that good taste and lavish expenditure could accomplish, has been done, to render it one of the most splendid and commodious mansions in the country. All is in the highest style of embellishment, yet still in admirable keeping with the gothic character of the building. The doors and window-shutters are of the fine veined, or knarled oak, I believe from the root of the tree; and in the principal rooms, the window-panes are enriched with beautiful paintings, which glow in the sun-light with all the colours of the rainbow, and to which the chaste sober hue of the walls, hung with fine drab, or steel-coloured cloth, forms a good contrast. In the armoury is a large window of stained glass, representing the battle of "Neville's Cross," which was fought in the immediate vicinity of Durham, and only about four miles from Brancepeth Castle. It will be remembered that this great victory was gained by Queen Philippa, over the Scotch king, in the absence of Edward; and that David was taken prisoner.

A rude cross of stone by the road-side, about half a mile from Durham, still serves to point out to the passing traveller the scene of one of the bloodiest encounters that ever took place between the once rival nations, now happily united in the bonds of a true fraternity. It is said, that Major Russell, within a very short time after his father's

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* Originally Brown's path, or the path of the wild boar.

death, expended nearly two hundred thousand pounds upon Brancepeth Castle. He did not, however, live to enjoy the fruits of his labours. He had hardly completed the costly and extensive improvements on which he had been so anxiously engaged, when he was called away from all the luxuries of life, and the fleeting things of time, to an eternal and unchangeable state. This is one of the every-day lessons which are constantly passing around us, and from which we may all learn wisdom if we will.

Being so immediately in the vicinity of Rokeby it would have been inexcusable to neglect the opportunity of visiting a place not only immortalised by the genius of Scott, but destined by Nature herself for more than a literary immortality. It is one of those spots that, once seen, can never be forgotten. The mansion itself, which is comparatively of modern date, has nothing very remarkable to recommend it, but the park and grounds are uncommonly beautiful. There still stands Earl Mortham's tower, venerable for its antiquity; and at a little distance from it, where once stood the church, are scattered the tombs and simple stones under which

> " The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

They form indeed a singular and highly-interesting feature within the inclosure of a gentleman's park. While I was gazing upon these memorials of other times, a beautiful autumnal sun shone upon the lettered and moss-grown stones, which, shrouding the long-forgotten dead, seemed to mock the vivifying influence. The junction of the rivers Tees and Greta is highly romantic, and seems worthy to have been celebrated as the true " meeting of the waters." But it is needless to add more, upon a place and a subject so thoroughly known. Rokeby, when I saw it, furnished a striking instance of the melancholy consequences of a title becoming separated from the estates which ought to support it. The then Lord Rokeby (who is recently dead) was living, at that time, with one servant at an obscure farmhouse in the neighbourhood.

A similar fate seems to have attended Streatlam Castle, which is about five miles from Rokeby. The late Earl of Strathmore left this and his other estates, both in England and Scotland, to the amount of thirty thousand a year, to his natural son, to the total exclusion of his brother, the present earl, a man of most amiable and estimable character. It is painful to reflect, that the representative of one of the most ancient and illustrious families in the Scotch peerage, and one who, it is said, dignifies and adorns his high rank by his personal virtues, should thus be cut off from the means of properly supporting that title which was his inalienable birthright, and of which no unfraternal act could by possibility deprive him.

It was from Streatlam Castle that the notorious Stoney Bowes, who, about fifty years ago, married the then Countess of Strathmore, took her away by force, and carried her over the country, treating her in the most barbarous manner, for the purpose of compelling her to give up to him her settled property. The cruelties which he exercised made a great sensation at the time. Many of the neighbours mounted and rode about in every direction, in order to rescue her, if possible, from his power. Various interesting anecdotes are told of this flight and pursuit by persons who still remember all the circumstances; and the name of "Stoney Bowes" is, to this day, execrated in the neighbourhood, as proverbial of everything that is base, selfish, and cruel. He did not escape wholly without punishment; for he lived and died within the walls of a prison.

Of that highly-distinguished female, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, we are likely soon to have some further and, of course, authentic particulars, from the pen of Lord Wharncliffe. I have no doubt that, in the life of Lady Mary, which is to accompany the forthcoming edition of her correspondence, his lordship will render full justice to the memory of his illustrious relative,* and that he will acquit himself of the task he has undertaken with that skill, sound judgment, and integrity, which we have a right to expect from his well-known character. The great number, too, of additional letters which his lordship is about to give to the world, will, probably, clear up many points which have hitherto been left merely to conjecture; and we well know the tortuous and one-sided course which conjecture generally pursues.

There is no doubt that Lady Mary and her husband but little accorded with each other in temper or pursuits. From the lips of several members of Lord Bute's family, I have heard various anecdotes of her domestic infelicity, more particularly from my grandmother, whose brother married her daughter. Lady Mary herself was by no means a mere every-day character, as her letters testify. She had a keen wit and a brilliant intellect. Her mind was highly cultivated, and she was devoted to literature, and, at that period, it could hardly be expected that she would find many that were congenial with her amongst her own sex and rank. Mr. Wortley had married her beauty, and not her gifts and accomplishments; and mere beauty often ceases to attract even before it has ceased to be attractive. Her matrimonial lot (the most influential upon the life and conduct of woman) was, therefore, cast in an uncongenial clime. Her filial pleasures, also, seem not to have been without alloy; the Countess of Bute, though a pious and most estimable woman, but who was more devoted to her domestic duties than to literature, frequently rebuked her talented mother for devoting her latter days to it. We cannot, therefore, be justly surprised that she spent so much of her life abroad; for I do not believe that there was ever anything authentic or well-founded that could impeach her honour, though her separation from Mr. Wortley, on their return from Constantinople, might seem to give a colour to the reports of the day. If the world were disposed to judge charitably, I think the want of all softness and sensibility in the character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu might very well account for the little hold she appears to have had upon her husband's heart.

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* Lord Wharncliffe is the great-grandson of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; his grandfather, John, Earl of Bute, the prime minister, having married the only daughter of Lady M. W. Montagu.

Learned women are rarely what nature intended our sex to be,—fixed stars in the heaven of home. And, however we may admire the brilliant talents and classical erudition of those gifted females who occasionally rove out of the beaten track, we must, in all candour, admit, that blue stockings are not altogether the most becoming wear for a wife. Those softer spirits that never venture to dispute with man his right to "the delectable land" of abstruse learning are the most to be envied.* Man is the bold Atlas that poises the world, woman but the silken thread or soft fillet that ties up the flowers or binds the wounds of life.

I remember my grandmother told me, that going one day to visit her brother, she was astonished to see, seated on the ground on cushions, and closely wrapt up in furs, a little old woman, whom Lady Bute introduced as her mother. Without a vestige of former beauty or a lingering grace left, my grandmother said she could scarcely bring herself to believe that the withered face and wasted form, bent double by time,† was the once celebrated beauty whose wit and learning had filled even the classical soul of Pope with envy.

Lady Wortley Montagu had an ever-living sorrow in her only son; a man of a wild, eccentric character, and who, it appears, evinced a total want of feeling towards those ties most hallowed of God and nature. Such was the conduct he observed to his sister, Lady Bute, that the last act of his life was directed with a view to wrong her out of the property which would be hers by right at his demise. For, being taken ill at Pisa, he wrote over to England for a pregnant woman (a perfect stranger) to be sent to him in order that by marrying her, her child (being born in wedlock) might inherit his estates. The woman was actually sent, and arrived in Italy, but, fortunately, not in time for the success of this nefarious scheme, for Wortley Montagu was dead. His first exploit was when he was a boy at Westminster School, from which he ran away, and exchanged clothes with a sweep, and, thus disguised, went to clean a chimney. A droll anecdote is current in our family, of his descending by another flue into an adjoining house, and being fatigued with his novel employment, he sought repose, by depositing himself, in his sooty apparel, on the fine white coverlid of an elegant bed. Here the lady's maid, who had been in the habit of purloining her mistress's sweetmeats, discovered him; and taking him for another black personage, the devil, (as she declared,) she fell upon her knees, and confessing her misdeeds, promised never to visit the store-closet again, if he would not take her away with him.

The most beautiful likeness I ever saw of Lady Wortley Montagu, was shown me by the late Countess of Lonsdale, who was both her grand and god-daughter. There was more of mind, and less of voluptuousness, than in that by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and far more sweetness and amiability of expression, than in the miniature by Zinck. Amongst the pictures of my father's family at Lackham House, we had a fine portrait of Lady M. W. Montagu, in her Turkish turban; and a full-length likeness of her husband, likewise in a splendid Oriental dress. The brocade, or tissue of the robe, was of a peculiar pattern, and very brilliant colours; and, in the old iron chest that contained our family relics, I found a lady's needle-case, made out of a bit of the identical robe in which Mr. Wortley Montagu was painted; which I gave to Captain Watson, a great antiquarian.

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* It would not appear that Lady Mary thought her own education the best adapted to insure happiness, as she gave her daughter one in direct opposition to it.

† Lady Mary was then seventy years of age.

Lady Mary did not like the family her daughter married into, and, to some of its members, she showed an invincible dislike. Lady Mary was a woman of great penetration, and well skilled in the tact of sifting character. Lady Betty Campbell, who married my grandmother's youngest brother, Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, she saw through at a glance, and pronounced her, *untried*, what she proved, upon *trial*, to be. Never was there exhibited, in frail human nature, a better sample of family pride, starched formality, and heart-chilling parsimony. Whenever I would depict the character of forbidding old age, I would take her for my model. Though Mr. Mackenzie was immensely rich, and had lost both his children, Lady Betty continued her frugal habits, often wearing a patched satin gown; while her waiting woman was obliged, when she had a new one of her own, to take it off, before she ventured into my lady's presence, for fear of a long sermon upon extravagance.

I can just remember Mr. Stuart Mackenzie and Lady Betty coming to Bath. My beloved grandmother had a house, at that time, in the immediate neighbourhood, her sole object being to reside near the spot, where reposed the ashes of the husband she had idolised in life, and where she intended herself to rest at last. My mother accompanied them to see my grandmother: and so strong was the pride of aristocracy in the aged supporter of the dignity of the Campbells, that, when the family coach drew up to the door of my grandmother's rural and retired abode, and the two powdered lacqueys stood, one on each side, to honour the descent of so august a personage, Lady Betty could restrain herself no longer, but broke out in her usual broad Scotch:—"It was the warst thing Leddy Jane ever did in her life, to come to this beggarly hole: canna ye persuade your mither, Mistress Montagu, to live, as becomes her, at the hoose in London, which her brother offered her?" What a contrast between this unengaging specimen of pride and meanness, and the meek, charitable, and saint-like woman, who, in this peaceful seclusion, remote from the gay and the busy world, was devoting the residue of her well-spent life to "alms and good deeds," and the extensive service of her glorious Creator.

Lady Betty had an humble servant always at her side, in the shape of a domestic chaplain. "Old Du Tong," as we always called him, (but whether it was Du Ton, or Du Temp, or what the true orthography might be, I know not,) was just that sort of being that the rich proud man loves to have always as his shadow; who, in expectation of verifying the scriptural saying, that "he that is *last* shall be *first*," is contented to take the lowest place at the dinner table;

and to be the echo of the sayings, and the eulogist of the virtues, of his patron. "Yes, my la-ady;" "Very true, my la-ady;" "As you say, my la-ady;" were almost the only words, my mother said, she ever heard drop from his lips, and that, too, in such a drawling tone of deference and adulation, as never failed to gratify the inordinate pride and self-love of Lady Betty. Happy Du Tong! thy patient labours, and noble resignation of the rights of man to speak and think for himself, were crowned with golden success! At the death of his patron, fifteen thousand pounds, and many costly jewels, were left to the worthy chaplain of my pious grand uncle, the bulk of whose property went to his favourite nephew, Mr. Stuart Wortley, the father of Lord Wharncliffe, who better deserved the gifts of fortune, as he allowed others to participate in them—a virtue which, I believe, his son inherits.

Indeed, it may be said, that the character of the Scotch aristocracy, once perhaps more intolerable than any for the "pride of gentle blood," is of late years very rapidly changing for the better; and humility and charity have become the Penates of many an ancient house, that once worshipped only the two hideous deities—Pride and Penuriousness.

To what years of exile, and days of isolation from all the ties of home and country, was the lovely Lady Ann Stuart, daughter of Lord Bute, condemned, through one fatal lapse, originating in a too early and uncongenial marriage! Both parents and children in every rank of life ought to take warning from this and many a similar example. Lady Ann's unfortunate union with the Duke of Northumberland, like too many marriages in high life, was made up between the families, when the bride elect was too young to be consulted, or at least to judge properly for herself. She was not "out of the nursery," to use the phrase, when Earl Percy proposed for her hand. Lord Bute himself felt the objection, and would have greatly preferred seeing his elder daughter, (Lady Jane, afterwards Countess of Macartney,) the wife of Lord Percy. He therefore stated, in answer to the proposal, that he thought "Lady Jane would suit him better, Lady Ann being too young:" but Lord Percy replied, "Not at all! I can mould her all the better to my own way of thinking." Lord P. was a plain man, and thirty years of age: Lady Ann was hardly sixteen, and beautiful as an angel.

My grandmother going to see her after her acceptance of Earl Percy, said, "I hope, my dear Ann, that you love my Lord Percy, as you are going to marry him." "I *like* Lord Percy, but I do *not love* him, aunt," was the reply of the then innocent victim, who a few days after was led from the altar as his lordship's bride. The beauty of Lady Ann was the theme of all tongues. Lord Percy became jealous of his beautiful young wife. An officer in the guards paid her more attention than seemed proper. The feelings of, alas! a *first love* began to enter her youthful heart. Earl Percy, who was only an object of indifference before, became now an object of aversion. (She did not attempt to conceal her dislike.) One evening Lady P. danced at a ball with the officer alluded to, when his lordship coming up to her at eleven o'clock, said hastily, "Lady Percy, the carriage is waiting." Almost immediately afterwards she went out of the room; but instead of getting into her own carriage, she (in her ball costume, radiant with jewels and beauty) stepped into a hired one, and drove off with her seducer. A divorce was the consequence. Here, then, was the end of an engagement entered into, if not too precipitately, at least prematurely. Here we see the fatal consequence of having made a young and inexperienced girl a wife, before she knew she had a heart. It was some extenuation of the crime she had committed, though by no means a justification or excuse. She expiated her offence by an eternal separation from her friends and her country. The Earl of Bute gave her up her fortune, on the sole condition of her agreeing never to return to her native land. In perpetual exile then, from girlhood to old age, an exile which endured for upwards of half a century, lived the beautiful Lady Ann Stuart.

She died in France, and lies buried (as she lived) among strangers,

"Without a stone to mark the spot."

Alas for beauty! that fatal gift, to which too often may be applied the old Welsh *englyn*, or epigram, on the silk-worm:—

"I perish by my art;
Dig my own grave;
I spin my thread of life;
My death I weave."

(To be continued.)

THE FREEBOOTER.

"Εστι μοι πλουτος μεγας δορυ και ξιφος."—κ. τ, λ.

My great wealth is a sword and spear, and a handsome raw-hide shield:
With this I plough the furrowed land, and reap the golden field;
With this I press the purple grape, and catch the gushing stream;
With this I am saluted lord and magistrate supreme.

But those whose coward hand dare wield nor sword nor grasp the spear,
Nor on their arm to guard his breast the raw-hide buckler wear,
All having fallen at my knees—their mighty liege adored—
They shall salute, and all proclaim me as their king and lord.

Hybrias ex Antholog.

R. S. F.

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.[1]

BY E. HOWARD.

But I speak not of my sister. She avoided me, doubtless but the strange and unnatural fires that too often lighted up my eyes, alarmed or displeased her. She feared incipient insanity. When we were together she was uniformly kind and gentle. Oh! too gentle. Had we been of one faith, as of one parentage, she would have endeavoured to have poured upon my agitated soul the consolations of religion; but at this blessed source of hope, the only fountain for the wretched, she dared not drink with me. Pitying me, she left me much alone.

With every soul on board she became the especial favourite. Even her timidity seemed to increase the respect of the ship's company. The assumption, on her part, of the airs and the graceful assurance of a *petit mâitre*, I observed, with some pain, was giving an independence to her carriage and manners, that though beautiful to contemplate, might be hereafter detrimental to her womanly deportment. But, though she so easily conformed to the singular circumstances by which she was surrounded, and had a smile for every joke, and the bland look of approbation for every kindness of the hardy seamen, when she thought herself unobserved, she was not cheerful, not even contented. In the deep silence of night, I could, for hours, hear her low and half-suppressed sobbings. But why dwell so long upon these few weeks of misery? We needed action; we needed excitement from without, and it came too soon.

The American captain had given up to us, wholly and unconditionally, the use and occupation of the principal cabin. It is true, that he dined and took coffee with us every day, but he did so merely as a mark of respect, and not as a right; but, after seven in the evening, we saw him no more until the next day. The noble-minded American made no parade of generosity; for when I spoke to him of the ample remuneration it was my intention to make to him for the much inconvenience I and mine had put him to, and the many sacrifices that he had made for our comforts, he did not reject my promises with the proud air of a man that is doing a grand action. As an act of justice, he allowed that remuneration was due to him, and, that when the opportunity offered, he would receive it, though he was well content, on the other hand, that it should be considered, and remain as an act of humanity, the reward of which, he would search for only in his own bosom. With this amiable understanding we met each other without embarrassment, though our misfortunes and our sorrows always induced him to treat us with a respect that his republican spirit would have denied to the highest grade of feudal nobility.

We were fast approaching the cooler latitudes of the south, and

[1] Continued from p. 218.

preparations were being actively made to contest with the huge sperm whale, when, on one particular Sunday evening, he did not retire from our cabin so early as was his wont. I had induced him to talk of himself. He spoke to me of his comfortable abode at Boston—of his acres, leased out a few leagues to the westward of his native town—of his hitherto cheerful progress—of his present happy position, and his unclouded future prospects. This, all this, made me miserable; but I still urged on the recital. He spoke next with all a lover's energy, and all a husband's pride, of his beautiful wife, and of his lovely, his more than lovely children. Though thousands of miles of bitter and treacherous waters were between him and the objects of his love, his whole soul was at home with them; he grew rapt, inspired, as he continued to speak; he blessed them, oh! how fervently he blessed them, and blessed the Author of all blessings for his overflowing happiness. He took us by surprise—every sentence of joy became a song of praise, every aspiration a soul-fraught prayer—and yet, there was no cant about this man. As he was carried away by his pure domestic feelings, the tears streamed down his embrowned cheeks; and, when he could no longer find words of his own in which to vent his gratitude and thanksgiving, forgetting at once all distinctions of persons, of faiths, and of nations, he said solemnly, "It is the Lord's Day eve, let us pray."

The appeal was too sudden and too grand to be resisted. Honoria and myself knelt down beside him. Yes, the strictly-educated papist, and the episcopal Protestant, knelt and winged their thoughts to heaven on the prayer of some new-light methodist; but the prayer was an honest one—for it was from an humbled, a pious, and a grateful heart.

When the good captain arose from his knees, he looked embarrassed. He stammered, and began to apologise. "Signors," said he, hesitatingly, "I was carried away by my feelings when I thought of my dear Mary—forget this exhibition."

"When," said I, laying my hand kindly upon his arm, "when will you have the courage to be truly brave? The courage not to be ashamed of your best actions?"

He grasped my hand affectionately, and left the cabin.

The sun had set—the short twilight of these pure atmospheres was darkening into night—there was a solemnity in the gloom stealing over the cabin, in holy unison with the pious office in which we had been just engaged. Yet it fell not on the countenance of Honoria—for she was hastily, and in a perturbed manner, counting her beads. Unheeded, I disturbed her not in her rapid devotions; but when she had finished, I placed myself quietly by her side, and merely pronounced her name.

"Honoria."

"What would you, my brother?"

"You seemed troubled."

"I fear me I have grievously sinned. I have prayed with a heretic, and may God forgive me, my heart was with his prayer."

"Why do you think that you have sinned?"

"Can you ask, Ardent? What would have been the good padre's anger, how great would have been my penance, did he but know of my backsliding—would that I could this moment confess to some father of my church, and relieve my heart from this dreadful impiety."

"Confess now."

"Alas! my brother, you mock me."

"You ask for a father to whom to confess. I will show you one—the kindest, the best, the most glorious, the most powerful, the most merciful—our heavenly Father—the Father of us all. Now, my Honoria, kneel, and confess to Him, dread Parent of us all!"

She knelt, and clasped her hands and upturned her beautiful eyes. She was as silent and as motionless as the cold statue of monumental marble.

At length I broke this silence, and said to her, with all gentleness, "My sister, do you confess?"

"I have no words, O my brother."

"I thought so—I thought so, dearest Honoria; I saw the action—I participated in the sin. I will give the deed words—repeat after me."

I had described the act in the simplest language, Honoria repeating after me word for word; but when I proceeded to ask pardon for it as criminal, she rose from her knees, and said tremulously, "Ardent, this is an absurdity. It seems to me that I have not sinned before God, though I have greatly sinned before his holy church."

"Yes, my Honoria; it is an absurdity; God and his church are at variance. To which will you adhere?"

"You search me to the heart. Can I hesitate?—I have not sinned."

"Embrace me, my own Honoria—now, now, as heretofore, you will no longer refuse to pray with your heretic brother—henceforward we must be far dearer to each other than we yet have been, and still neither of us be an apostate to our faiths. Before our hearts and our affections were united—now our souls, from their highest aspirations to their lowest cadences, will be in harmony together. I can now speak to you freely, unreservedly; let us share together every thought, every emotion."

"As brother and sister should."

"Most surely, Honoria; as brother and sister should—you say rightly—what tie can be dearer, holier?—there seems to me no other necessary to make all the bliss to me here on earth which I am capable of enjoying."

"My father and my mother had, I have heard, each of them, brothers and sisters."

"What of that? They were never so strangely thrown together by destiny as we have been. It seems to me as if all living but ourselves were hurried into oblivion, leaving us alone; for wherever we appear death strikes triumphantly. You no longer, Honoria, fear communion with me in prayer; no longer do you recoil to kneel with the heretic brother: therefore let us each, after our own peculiar modes, pray in silence that the doom may pass over this good and just man, who has so charitably sheltered us, and that neither he nor his may pay the penalty that seems so fatally attached to my presence."

"Is not this superstition?—Yet nevertheless, my dear Ardent, it assumes not only a pious but a generous and noble form—I will join you."

I like not to dwell long upon sacred subjects, but highly-wrought feelings must always lead either to despair or to religion, when Hope closes the mourning train that follows the hearse of our happiness to the tomb.

Honoria and I retired to our cots that sabbath eve more composed than we had yet been since our flight from the slaughter-ship.

Who shall doubt that there be efficacy in prayer? Conscience, in its thunders, that are heard only in the vaults of the shivering heart, cries "pray." Where is the religion, however false, that does not, simulating the *one*, the only holy and the true—where is the religion that calls not upon its votaries—whether it be from the solemn cathedral dome, from the rural spire, from the minaret, from the idol-temple, or from the desert rock—to pray and to praise? It is the cry of universal nature, altogether distinct from the dogmas of a faith or the absurdities of a creed. But we have, in the inspired writings, the assurance multiplied to us in its blessed pages, that it is prayer, and prayer only, that can wrestle successfully with the giant Fate, and work out the miracles of a terrestrial as well as an eternal salvation. What a sublime scheme of love!—of a love that seems even to direct and to reign over power! Let us contemplate for a moment the glorious efficacy of the petitions of a young and innocent heart changing the purposes of the else Immutable!—this is a daring but a pious reflection, for similar instances of the soul-supporting fact abound in the Holy Records.

The generous American and his crew escaped. The very next day, and before they had struck a single fish, we fell in with a vessel that had completely made her cargo, and was preparing to bear up for some port in the northern part of New Zealand, to refit for the long voyage, and take on board two or three passengers for America. This was an opportunity not to be lost. It would have been a sad waste of time and of our young lives to have spent two and perhaps three years in acquiring the knowledge of how properly to harpoon, play with, and spear sperm-whales—to cut up blubber, head-up casks of oil, and clean whalebone.

First of all we took leave of the crew individually, for there was not a man on board of her whose friendship we had not gained. I must candidly confess that, of my party quarrée, I was last in favour. Jugurtha, and the dog Bounder, had about equal suffrages for carrying the first place in the affections of the American seamen; but I think, if it had been put to the vote, the dog-fanciers would have carried it. Honoria, or the young don, as she was universally called, they dared not love so much, on account of the wonder and respect with which she had inspired them. I was, myself, pitied a great deal, and was thought, when I first joined them, to be a little crazed with my misfortunes.

I did not leave them before drawing a very handsome set of bills upon our firm, payable at my old master's, Messrs. Falcke and Co., Lothbury, directing, of their proceeds, that one hundred pounds should be divided among the crew. Another hundred I destined to be partitioned among the surgeon, and first and second mates in proportion, suitable to their grades, and a third hundred, I, after much trouble and many entreaties, forced upon Captain Darkins. We are always excessively liberal when we are uncertain that we have got anything to give.

Having made all these arrangements, there was still another difficulty to be surmounted, the withdrawal of Jugurtha and the dog from their new shipmates. Not that either of these two important personages were willing to abandon our fortunes, which is a very appropriate term for a succession of miseries; but that the Americans wished to retain them. At last, I was obliged to come to a compromise, by leaving the choice of their destination to the parties contended for. As far as respected one of these, the question was soon decided.

"Will you go with us, Jugurtha, to be shipwrecked again, or stay with your new friends?"

He reproved me for this indiscreet question, in his mute manner, most eloquently. He stood motionless, for a short space, between the two parties. I thought that he hesitated. The crew thought that he yielded. One droll Yankee, knowing that Jugurtha had a little more than the faintest predilection in the world for that saccharine alcohol, so ill-used by being monosyllabled into the word "rum," continued slily affording him an occasional glance at a bottle filled with it, as a sort of a bait, or a make-weight, thrown into the equally balanced scales, that should make the one on his side preponderate.

This by-play amused the little knot of seamen among which it was acting, and caused one of them to say, "If the silent snowball does not know, if so be how he'll cast his woolly head to port or to starboard, in this here matter, d'ye see, when he only jist gets a glimpse at the stuff; if ye'd clap it under his smeller like, he'd cast to us in a marvellous immortal haste—let him take a whiff, Zachariah Drainapot."

This outbreak caused either a laugh or a smile to show itself on the features of all present, with the exception of the negro, who advanced towards the man with the bottle, and seized it. There was a momentary shout of triumph among the seamen, and a qualm of disappointment at my own heart. Neither the one nor the other was permitted a long existence. Instead of carrying the neck of the bottle to his mouth, he dashed its body against the bulwark, and then drawing himself up proudly, and clenching his huge fists in a threatening manner, he cast a look of demoniac ugliness and scorn upon his tempters. He looked as if he wished to do, singly, immediate battle upon the whole. Having thus fully made himself understood, he turned his back upon them abruptly, and advancing to where Honoria and myself were standing, he knelt before us, and seizing a hand of each, he bent over them and wept.

No one after spoke to him about deserting us. But, since they despaired for the black, they petitioned for the dog. My reply was short. "My friends, give him the liberty of the decks, and keep him if you can." They agreed to this; and we then, Honoria and myself, prepared to descend into the boat. Jugurtha had already placed himself in it, in order to assure himself that we should not be separated, and to hide his emotion. After taking a most affectionate leave of the officers and men, we descended, with Captain Darkins, into the boat that was to put us on board the "Lively Sally."

We had not pulled many yards from the ship, before the negro missed his canine companion. He stood up, and giving one of his terrible howls, we heard it answered by shouts of laughter, mingled with the sounds of confusion, and the dog was with us in a moment. There was no bustle, nor anything resembling an ungentlemanly fussiness, about this act of Bounder; he climbed into the boat leisurely, and sate himself very gravely down in the head-sheets. He did not, by shaking himself, show any disposition to free himself from the moisture with which he had encumbered himself. He had too much politeness to make the boat either his dressing or his drying room.

Behold us all on the greasy decks of the "Lively Sally." The prospect was discouraging; but before we had time to become aware of all its *désagrémens*, we retired to the cabin, and Captain Darkins related our story at length. It impressed the captain of the "Lively Sally," Nathaniel Willis, with terror and astonishment; but he did not seem to be so fully imbued with commiseration for us as we were led to expect. He was evidently, what is called, a hard man. He had a very proper detestation for villany, but he had no idea that that detestation should cost him money. Virtues of all kinds were always to be admired, but those only were to be adopted that were not expensive. He swore heartily at Don Mantez, and the Spanish ship, had horrible misgivings as to the fate of those who were left on board of her, and a great many *expressions* of pity for ourselves. But who would become security for our passage money? He was sure that I could not be certain if there were assets enough in the hands of our various correspondents, should all my father's wealth be lost in the Spanish vessel, to meet our outstanding debts, much less to leave a surplus with which to answer any bills that I might draw on any of the capitals of Europe.

These remarks were the more unpleasant to me, as they were not wholly void of foundation, and I was too proud to make a useless appeal to his generosity. Captain Darkins did what he could to reassure him, but it was evident that he wanted some security more tangible than asseverations of our respectability, and pathetic narrations of our misfortunes. Thus, it seemed, that whilst he was lavishing his sympathy upon us, and in the midst of all his professions of his ardour in the cause of the unfortunate, he had made up his mind, and was on the point of turning us out of his vessel, with the prospect of a confinement of two or three years on board of the "Mary Ann."

In the midst of this perplexity, and even after he had hinted to us that he was quite ready to see us, accompanied by his deepest commiseration, over his ship's side, a light, not of humanity, but of intelligence, came over his hard features, and he plucked me aside, into one corner of the cabin, and thus addressed me.

"I say, Mr. Englisher, respecting this passage-money; I calculate that I shall not be *deprived of my heart's banket* in doing a good action, as touching this here passage-money. *It is the essence of morality to do good.* Now this here nigger of yourn looks a handsome, shapely animal enough—worth seven hundred dollars, every coin of it. I touches at Rio—have him in the market in the twinkling of an alligator's eye. Jist give us a bit of security like, upon paper, for the lad, and then we shall come to terms, *and I be the humble instrument, in the hands of divine Providence, of enabling you to punish the guilty, and reward my own heart, by doing good to my fellow creatures.*

This professor of noble sentiments had two voices, both of them abominable—the voice ethical and the voice natural; the words that he uttered in the voice ethical, I have denoted by italics; and this voice was sonorously snuffled through his nose; the other voice was rasped through his teeth; and, until you were accustomed to it, gave that shivering sensation that is felt when one unexpectedly hears a saw being sharpened with a file. I had before heard words of execration and blasphemy, but altogether, this speech of Nathaniel Willis, commander, and part owner of the "Lively Sally," was the most horrible, both as to matter and to manner, that ever grated upon my ears. My astonishment has since been, that I did not knock him down upon the spot. I turned my back upon him with disgust, and, advancing to Captain Darkins, I coldly said, "I am sure that your friend and myself will never agree. I and mine, I fear, must still longer trespass upon your humanity."

As we were now seriously preparing to depart, the skipper of the "Lively Sally" seemed as loth that we should go, as unwilling that we should stay, without some security as to repayment. He therefore begged us not to make up our determination so hastily; and said that, perhaps I or my brother might have some loose coin about our persons, snuffling out, as a termination to his speech, in his voice ethical, that "his heart yearned to assist the unfortunate."

Upon this, we began the undignified process of searching our own persons. The return, I have no doubt, would have been "*nil,*" for in the late terrible scenes in which we had been actors, money was the last thing that entered into our consideration. And yet, it was a foolish oversight, for we had had out of the spirit-room a chest of doubloons on the night before the combat on board our ship, for the purpose of rewarding our own adherents and bribing others of the crew. It was very apparent that money we had not now; and thus the disinterested wish of Nathaniel of succouring the unfortunate seemed very likely to be, in our instance, defeated.

In the midst of this unpoetical operation, Captain Darkins spoke suddenly—"I am a dolt—an ass, not to have thought of it before. You know, captain, that I have no hard dollars to spare; for the little cash that I have brought with me will be no more than sufficient for the use of the ship wherever we may refit through the winter. But surely my security is good. I will give it you willingly."

I could only express my gratitude by grasping his hard hand affectionately. Honoria did more, she nearly betrayed her sex by kissing the honest tar fervently. Indeed, our emotion quite embarrassed the noble-minded American.

This little scene caused Nathaniel to get up his snuffle. "I asseverate, and I swamp, and I swear, that actions like yours, Captain Darkins, are almighty good for the heart—it is a banket: I shares in your virtuous emotions, and will lend a willing hand to partake in the good deed of assisting the destitute. Yes, I *will* take your security for the expenses this unfortunate party are likely to incur on board the 'Lively Sophia,' that I wish to make mighty considerably like the temple of benevolence."

So, after, this the professor of generosity and the unprofessing generous went to work in the true spirit of barter. Nathaniel wished us to pay for the whole of our passage to New York wherever we might land, he knowing that I wished to be placed on shore in the nearest tolerably civilised place at which we might touch. However, our cause was in good hands. The result of the conference was, that we were to pay so much monthly, and to be put on board any other vessel at any time that I should demand it, or anywhere on shore, if it were at all practicable, Captain Darkins becoming security, that is, undertaking to pay the bills, with interest on the same, I should draw for our accommodations, in the event of their being dishonoured. Nathaniel was exceedingly careful of himself all through the performance of this disinterested deed of benevolence.

When all this was arranged, written, and signed, and the chuckle of successful avarice had a little subsided on the features of our new captain, he was now extremely anxious that Darkins should return to his own vessel. But there was another contention to be fought between them. It was on a subject that I should have overlooked, and yet a most important one, for my sister especially—that is—the nature and extent of our accommodations. On this point, our good friend left nothing to the chance of cavil hereafter. He insisted upon our seeing and taking immediate possession of our respective sleeping berths. All this annoyed our *disinterested* friend most wonderfully.

"Now, signor," said the good Darkins to me emphatically, "you know exactly your rights, and from what I have seen of your character, I believe you to be the man that will maintain them. I do not know how it is—I am not used to be down-hearted—but I feel unaccountably sorrowful at parting with you, and that angel, your beautiful young brother. I reproach myself. I do, indeed, my good signora, I reproach myself, and bitterly too, that I did not make efforts more strenuous to ascertain the fate of your family and friends in that ark of carnage, the Spanish sixty-four. To my latest hour I shall think myself less than man, when I remember that I saw your sister, the victim of their diabolical cruelty, swinging at the yard-arm. It will—it has haunted me in my dreams. When your brother, who stands beside you there, is so unnaturally beautiful, how heavenly must not your sister have been! But I thank God that I saw not her features. Yet, I am not a man—I never shall forgive myself."

The poor fellow seemed to feel this so severely, that I had almost, in order to lessen his sense of self-reproach, confided to him the secret of my sister's sex. I did not, however, but merely confined myself to expressing, that, under all the circumstances, it was impossible to expect that he could have done more.

"I thank you heartily," he continued, "for this assurance. It comforts me. I now leave you, with my best wishes; and you may be assured of my best exertions to set justice in pursuit of the pirates. I have a strong presentiment upon me, if they are not very demons, that the sacrifice of your sister must have satiated even their thirst for blood. Sufferings, of course, and indignities, your worthy family must be supposed to undergo—but all may yet go well. I hope so—I trust so—I will pray that it should be so. Farewell—my blessing, and the blessing of God, go with you. May we meet again under happier circumstances; but whether we meet or not, I am sure,"—and here he smiled faintly, and endeavoured to conceal his emotion under an affectation of jocularity,—"you, and your sweet brother, will never forget the Yankee skipper of the South Sea whaler."

I need not detail my answer. We wrung each other's hands, and parted.

My American friend had scarcely got his boat clear from the ship's side, than all sail was made upon her to the north-west. We then, Honoria, Jugurtha, and myself, went on the quarter-deck, in order that we might have a better survey of this floating "Temple of Benevolence," the "Lively Sally," to enter which we had been forced to pay so enormously. A more greasy, slippery sanctuary, never careered over old Ocean's bosom. The odours were to us, at first, almost insupportable. Still she bustled through the water at a very respectable rate. As the wind happened to be strong on our starboard quarter, we grouped ourselves as far aft as possible, thus endeavouring to accustom our olfactories, by degrees, to the mingled effluvia of pitch, boiled oil, and decaying animal matter, upon all of which the skipper and his burly crew seemed to thrive most satisfactorily. A more healthy set of fat-besmeared, truculent blackguards, could not well have been congregated in a more oily and fitting receptacle.

After the sufferings that we had undergone, it would have been pusillanimous to have complained of minor annoyances. Indeed, so far from being more wretched by this filthy exchange, an unwonted cheerfulness had stolen over our party, which cheerfulness seemed rapidly increasing to delight on the part of my dingy friend. He rejoiced in the amalgamation of the odours so offensive to my sister and myself; and he ferreted about the decks, and hung over the melting pots, like a damp-nosed beagle with the scent strong on the early dew. He would sniff it up, then toss up his head, and widen those mighty gaps in his visage, that served him for nostrils, with unsophisticated pleasure. After all, the taste for fragrance is very arbitrary. There are scents, to my feelings, in a perfumer's shop in Bond Street, worse than that of new oil.

Though the *physique* of the "Lively Sally" was so slimy and so filthy, she might have been pardoned, or at least tolerated, had her *morale* been at all respectable. But her crew, which I apprehend to be to a ship what the soul is to the human body, were in a sad condition both as regarded their bodies and minds. They were totally different from Captain Darkins's men. These latter were religious, orderly, and attentive to their duties; never drinking to excess, and, under no exasperation, guilty of taking the name of the Lord in vain. They were; for seamen, what some persons might deem as too straight-laced; and the captain himself was decidedly of a religious turn. How different was the set with whom we now were. Bullying, boisterous, God-neglecting, and man-contemning ruffians, with whom the usual form of speech was an oath, and blasphemy their favourite figure of rhetoric.

The most refined among them then was Captain Nathaniel Willis, the professor of moral sentiments, and the man with two voices; but the little refinement that his education had given him, only tended to make him the more odious. Though he was plural, or rather dual in his voices, he had only one heart, and that was surcharged, even to bursting, with avarice. He was hideously ugly, and at least fifty years of age. He had been extremely fortunate in his present cruise, which had the effect of increasing his unhappiness; as all the crew shared also in his prosperity, the envy that he felt at their little gains, would not permit himself to feel prosperous at all. To understand this, it is merely necessary to state, that the whale fishery is a venture in which all who are engaged receive no wages either from the owners or the captains of the vessels, but look for remuneration on certain proportions of the profits. With these humble profits Captain Nathaniel Willis was deeply enamoured; and it will be shortly seen, how, amidst the verbosity of his moral sentiments, he contrived to woo and win them.

I was curious to observe the manner in which the first meal would be conducted, and, when my curiosity was satisfied, my disgust was completed. I know not whether I can be justified in inflicting upon the reader a description of a dinner, and a dinner-party on board of a South Sea American whaler; for, I can well understand that, whilst the minds of most persons would gloat over the records of a filthy feast of a barbarian Greek or Roman, if such record should happen to be, this year or the next, dug up from the ruins of Herculaneum or Pompeii, and would pronounce the description classical, interesting, and commendable, a detail of the feasts of the heroes of the deep would gain no better epithet than that of bestial and revolting. Yet, could the facts be accurately known, I have no doubt that Jason and his officers at their mess-table, a description of which would make the fortune of a modern bookseller and the reputation of a modern author, would be found in their feeding not be a bit the more cleanly than the exhibition which usually took place about two o clock in the afternoon on board the "Lively Sally."

Still, as it is a difficult matter to describe disgusting things, without being disgusting, and as I am unable to throw either an air of antiquity or classicality over the symposia of the oil-saturated guests, I will merely say, that until appetite had nearly assumed the character of famine, neither Honoria nor myself were able to partake of the rancid and luscious pork or the steaming dog's-body that was set before us. Even the bread was filthy. Everything partook of the nature of grease. There was but one course, and that a slippery one. A Russian would have been in his own peculiar heaven at our repasts.

The captain, the surgeon, the supercargo, or an individual that seemed to unite in his person the functions of that officer, and of a purser, with the chief-mate, formed the usual party in the cabin. Loud conversationists, enormous eaters, tremendous swearers, and intrepid liars, were these four high priests of the "Temple of Benevolence." I could pardon Captain Darkins for his long grace whilst the pea-soup or the lobscouse was growing cold, for the sake of the cleanly set-out and the decorum that it sanctified. But here was neither grace before, at, or after meals; indeed, there was not much to be thankful for, unless a man could have enjoyed himself upon food very like blubber, and rum very like liquid fire.

As the characters in this vessel were no otherwise connected with my fate than assisting to remove me to the great, to the final destination in which I enacted so much, and that has stamped my soul with impressions so indelible, I shall content myself with but a slight and rapid sketch of their peculiarities and their occupations. The demon of avarice in his worst form had seized this whole party, and no sooner were the relics of our greasy repast removed by a servant equally greasy, than the other bottle of rum and the cards and cribbage-board were called for.

Nathaniel Willis, I observed, commenced operations by displaying a long moral sentiment, and concealing the fives of hearts and of diamonds. His opponent, the surgeon, less nimble than the skipper with his tongue, but infinitely more so with his fingers, when he scored his game, had a trick of leaping the pegs, and this manœuvre he performed in a manner so skilful, that it was only the steady and disinterested eye of an overlooker that could discover it. The cards were begrimed with dirt, and the spectacle was altogether disgusting. The chief mate and the supercargo at first contented themselves by looking on and betting, but this soon ceased to furnish them with sufficient excitement. Chalk and a still dirtier pack of cards were produced, and they were soon deeply engaged in cursing each other and in the mysteries of the game of put. They showed no money in these transactions, but booked their losses and their winnings as they occurred, for they were playing for the anticipated profits of their voyage.

This scene was too revolting, too brutal, to fear that it could do harm upon my sister. I perceived, at once, that no familiarity could render it supportable to her, and thus have a tendency to blunt her perceptions of refinement and delicacy. She looked upon it shrinkingly, and with mute astonishment, and, ere the orgies commenced, she besought me, in Spanish, to take her on deck. To this I hesitated, as I did not wish thus early to exasperate my new companions by any undue appearance of fastidiousness. I quietly told her, in reply, that as she was growing a stout and spoiled boy, she must do as spoilt and stout boys did, and seem, at least, to enjoy her grog. I also cautioned her against ever, excepting when she slept, being from my side, in order that she might be sure of my protection in the event of any accident. I also let her understand, that, though her extreme youth might afford her some plea for deserting the table, it would not serve myself, and every annoyance was better than that of being separated.

As the captain knew I had nothing to lose, he did not press me to play with him, so I was allowed to remain in the quiet contemplation of the scene before me. I remained below as long as I thought that common civility required, and long enough to see that the skipper kept himself in an admirable state of coolness, whilst the temper and property of his antagonist were running a desperate race to try which should leave him first in the lurch.

As I handed Honoria on to the narrow and lumbered quarter-deck, a new and singular scene burst upon my view. The wind was fair, the breeze steady, and but little labour and not much attention were required in the navigation of the craft. The afternoon was sunny, and the sea tolerably smooth. All this was well, and approached the beautiful. Indeed, everything above and beyond the decks of the vessel was cheerful and lovely, but, on the decks, what a contrast! It was as if a huge cage full of demons was being conveyed through the quiet realms of paradise. All around were brawling, wrangling, and scoffing. Every nook and corner of the deck contained a nest of noisy gamesters. The variety of gambling going on at once was quite astonishing. From the simple odd and even, and the hustle-cap of the charity boy, to the aristocratic piquette, all were in operation. The crew was numerous, as it generally is in vessels of this description, and thus gave an animation and a spirit to the scene that was peculiar and singular.

I must, however, do this strange ship's company the justice to say, that neither the officer of the watch, nor the man at the wheel, were gambling; but, for some time, my eyes in vain looked round for some other person who might not be thus interestingly engaged. I could not help smiling when I saw one of these assiduous wooers of Fortune, when ordered aloft on some trifling duty, throw his hand of cards into his bosom, and do his duty with more alacrity than the cat could have begotten, in order to hasten down to resume his favourite game. As every one about us seemed to be a little or a great deal plunged in this insanity, Honoria, in her quiet and intelligent way, asked me for an explanation of all that was going on around, observing, that anything would be better than to converse and think on the past.

To this I assented from the depths of my heart, and placing ourselves upon the taffrail, I then commenced that lecture on gaming which I have since extended into three volumes, post octavo, and to publish which I wait only for a sufficient number of subscribers from the gentlemen who frequent the clubs in St. James's, to warrant me against loss on going to press. As I wound up one of my well-turned phrases, by saying, that "this passion, when it once gets firmly engrafted in the human breast, is, like the cancer, not to be extirpated whilst there remain life and strength to feed it; for, though dramatists and novelists have fancied a reformed gamester, they have fancied what history has never produced," she observed,

"Will not, my dear brother, the fear of death conquer this passion?"

"It will restrain, but not conquer it, for a genuine fear is all-powerful; but when the fear ceased, the passion would again show itself in all its pristine energy. The prospect of death will not deter a thorough gambler, for many have gamed on their death beds, and have shaken the dice-box, whilst their mind's eye has shown them the grim monster, as if in mockery, shaking his glass, with their last sands in it; and many have gambled away their lives."

"I shudder whilst I listen to you. It is a passion, Ardent, that I cannot comprehend. What can be the fascination in what appears to me as childish and ignoble amusements, judging from all I see around."

"The means, as you observe, are unworthy, from their unintellectual nature, of a child of five years of age, but the ends are terrible, which are nothing less than concentrated avarice run mad. Each of these gamblers envies, and passionately desires, the property of the other."

"And this is incurable, you say?"

"Incurable."

"Then I declare, Ardent, that our inestimable piece of dark friendship, our Jugurtha, is a gambler—look you there."

"Most of the negroes are," was my cold reply, as I cast my eyes in the direction that Honoria pointed out. Half concealed beneath a mass of canvass was Jugurtha and another, playing with a greasy pack of cards, every one of which, from the innumerable marks upon its back, must have been better known to the American than the prayer for his daily bread. The game, as well as I could judge from the distance, was all-fours. There were several Spanish dollars upon the deck between them. More fortunate than the Persian king, who, history tells us, offered so great a reward for it, the negro had found a new pleasure. His upper and lower railing, or large white teeth, glistened in his enjoyment, through the night of his countenance. I looked on for some time in silence, and half sorrowfully, when I discovered that he was winning.

"And now, Ardent," said Honoria, "since Jugurtha has become a gambler, will he be no longer brave, and good, and affectionate and true towards us?"

"All who game are not gamblers, but all who game much are in sad danger of becoming so. It is an excitement, this gaming, peculiarly adapted to the fire of the African temperament, and the laziness of African habits. Jugurtha is now under the process of inoculation, and, by my soul, he seems to take the virus kindly. Did you mark with what unsophisticated delight he swept that coin into his hat? This will never do." I lifted up my voice, and called him.

He bounded from off the deck, and was in a moment before us. It appeared that Captain Darkins, as he went down the side on leaving us, had given him a handful of dollars, and these having been discovered by the wily and grasping American, the latter had resolved first, to amuse himself with his victim, and then to fleece him. But I soon understood Jugurtha was no novice at cards, draughts, dominoes, or any other of the low games prevalent among seamen. Without meaning a pun, my friend was something of a black-leg; and I am sadly afraid that the childish delight, and the ignorance of the game that he had exhibited, were nothing more than so many decoys, by which he intended to lead his unwary opponent into loss. Owing to the imperfect state of communication between us, this latter suspicion I could not verify.

I exhorted, and Honoria entreated, yet few words were needful · for, when he understood our wishes, his compliance was immediate and most cheerful. He ran and offered to return the money that he had just won. But the Yankee was too proud to receive it, or else he had some sinister motive in his refusal. This ready acquiescence on the part of Jugurtha much gratified, and, in some degree, amused Honoria; for she remarked to me, smiling, "that there must either be some defect in my theory of gambling, or that Jugurtha must be a paragon of virtue."

As we were thus standing aft, conversing, I holding the dollars that I had determined should not be appropriated by Jugurtha, a desponding-looking and miserably-clad young man slouched by near us, with that reckless and shuffling step, which so plainly shows that all self-respect has gone from the man who uses it. He had every appearance of a sturdy sea-beggar. All the crew were, more or less, greasy and dirty; but, excepting this man, I had seen none that were ragged and scant of dress. His hair was matted together with pitch and oil, his red worsted banyan, or rather shirt, was full of holes, and discoloured with patches, not of repairs, but of oil. Stockingless and shoeless, his canvass trousers shone with a dark polish of accumulated filth, excepting in those parts that were broken up into rents. As he drew his body listlessly past us, at the gingling that I made with the dollars as I shook them about in my hand, he pricked up his ears like the charger who hears the call of the trumpet, and he eyed the coin with that ferocity of desire, that, till then, I thought only belonged to famine.

"This man," said I, to Honoria, in Spanish, "is a victim."

"Speak to him, my brother, and reclaim him. He will not be more obdurate than Jugurtha. There is something in his countenance that vice has not wholly made her own."

And so there was, for the man's brow was lofty, and the upper part of his face was fine. The chin, however, was too little prominent, and there was an evident want of the indications of determination in the muscles about the mouth.

"My good friend," said I, carelessly, yet nodding to him kindly, "this seems to be a happy, a very happy ship."

He shrugged up his shoulders, and looked a thousand ridiculous denials.

"You don't mean to deny it, certainly," I continued; "every one seems so amused and so animated. It seems to me that all play and no work is the order of the day."

"And the night too, I guess," said he, speaking for the first time.

"The night too?—well, and so much the better. To be sure," said I, "if this quarter-deck was well scraped, or that rent was mended in the spanker, it might be as well; but of course, when you are all so happily employed, it would be only throwing time away to exhaust it upon such trifles."

"I'm just speculating, Mr. Britisher, that you are doing a pretty considerable laugh at us, and that you are folding it up in your heart that we are a precious set of scamps—and so in God's truth we be;

but everybody's not born to ride on alligators, though they may have a tarnation cute notion of a silver saddle."

"Upon my word I do not understand you. If you mean to insinuate the English proverb that I mean to ride a high horse, though others are more deserving of that honour, you quite mistake me. I have nothing to complain of. The ship lies her course, the sails are properly trimmed and draw well, though it must be confessed that a trifle of repair would do them no harm. It can be neither my business nor my inclination to find fault; indeed, I ought to rejoice to see the watch on deck so happily employed at cards, dice, and dominoes, that it would be but a waste of time to wash the decks, coil down the falls of the ropes, and point their ends. But let us speak of yourself. You seem to be but thinly clothed, and the nights in these high southern latitudes are sometimes, even at this season, very cold. How does this happen?"

"An almighty run of bad luck at cards."

"And you have lost everything that belongs to you?"

"Everything—past, present, and to come—everything but what I stand in."

"Well, well, such a state of happiness as this ship seems to enjoy cannot be purchased without a little individual suffering. We can't all win, you know. I always do. I have the infallible secret, but I am a humane man; therefore, now that I have attained this certainty of success, I spare my fellows and never use it."

At this, his eyes glistened with rapture, and an air of involuntary respect pervaded his countenance. "And will this secret, sir, bring you into the right soundings at all games?"

"All games of mere chance."

"O, I wish I knew it—I wish I knew it—then should I be able to meet the face of my poor wife—then should I be able, with a swelling bosom, to fondle my children and invite them to their father's knees: but now, death or the gallows would be less painful to me than to cross the threshold of my own home. What a blessing you would confer on me—on the innocent sufferers for my wickedness, if you would teach me this secret!"

"I paid a great penalty for it—you must do the same. But first you must acquire self-control; without this, you will never be able rightly to make use of the intricate calculations that I can teach you. Have you nothing to receive for this voyage?"

"Not a cent., and it has been so prosperous too. Not to mention the seal furs, and the sea elephant oil that we have on board, we have taken more fish than any of our consorts. I have lost everything—my three years' labours have been in vain. O sir! teach me but this secret."

"Well, well, all in good time. I am going now to give you the first preparation for it—your first lesson in control. Here, take these twelve, thirteen, fourteen dollars. I give them to you for the express purpose, and for none other, of going to your purser and your supercargo, and purchasing with them the clothing and necessaries that you stand in need of. Spend the whole, and bring me the gentleman's receipt. Give me no expressions of gratitude—you don't know what service I may, in return, require of you. Perhaps it is my intention, through you, to win one half of the property in this craft, and let you win the other; but, as I said before, I must prepare you, by showing you how to prepare yourself. With that money in your hand, before you go to the purser, you must seat yourself down for three minutes at least, and overlook the play of every party that is now going on. Omit not one. Then, if you get safely to your destination without hazarding your money, and bring me the receipt of the whole, I shall find that you have sufficient firmness and self-control about you to receive my next lesson. Depart now, on your errand, and for the sake of your family at home, may you prosper."

He departed on his trial, all animation, joy, gratitude, and hope. Jugurtha looked after him very gravely; but, before the tyro in my new system of winning was out of hearing, Jugurtha opened his black monster mouth with the most terrific yaw-yaw of a laugh that I had ever before heard. Of course, we looked at him; for, after such a summons, who could help doing so? He then went through the antics of playing cards, pointed towards my new friend, and, with a chuckle, turned his pockets inside out, showing us, to use an expression of my friend Rory O'Rourke, " a very palpable repletion of emptiness."

" What does Jugurtha, and what do you mean, Ardent?"

" Jugurtha knows human nature, and means that the man will lose his money immediately; and I mean, if the man have resolution, to teach him, by degrees, to resist temptation; if the man have not, he and the money are lost, and I have proved my theory, Honoria, that a confirmed gambler is irreclaimable; for what can be more decisive of this insanity, if a man cannot desist, for a short time, from the *habit of gaming*—in order to obtain the summit of his ambition—the becoming an ever successful gambler?"

Jugurtha was right. Long before he reached the purser, he thought that he could deceive me—he began to play, won, and then lost all. For some days he hid himself from my sight; and, at length, crept up to me all confusion, in the same tattered dress in which I had first seen him, and said to me, " Ah! sir, Yankee as I am, I am a born fool—I could not master the first lesson in the art of being a successful gamester, so I have taken a solemn oath, and forsworn gaming altogether."

(To be continued.)

THE DARKENED CAGE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

He wakens from sleep—that blithesome bird,
The leaves are by gentle breezes stirred,
And he longs to look on the streams and bowers,
That oft have solaced his prisoned hours:
But the scene before him is dark and dim,
Morn and its glories are not for him,
A shroud has veiled from his eager sight
The world of verdure, of flowers, and light.

Hark! a slow melody, soft and clear,
Strikes, in his sorrow, his grateful ear,
Perchance he had valued not that lay,
Had he heard it amid the smiles of day;
But now, he learns for the sound to wait,
And he strives the notes to emulate,
Daily he masters some mystic tone,
Till the whole sweet strain becomes his own.

He sings it in full free notes at last—
Now has the time of his darkness past,
The veil is raised, and again he sees
The dancing waters, and blossomed trees:
Not in oppression was placed that shade,
It was meant his toilsome task to aid,
And that task accomplished—that purpose won,
His cares are over—his trials done.

Have we not oft, like that drooping bird,
Lessons of truth in our sadness heard,
And felt their wisdom, and blessed their worth,
Though we prized them not in our days of mirth?
To those hidden meanings in grief we turn,
Which the worldling deems too hard to learn;
And we rise all human themes above,
Telling alone of our Saviour's love.

Like the bird, we may not hope to gain
Immediate ease from our passing pain;
That bird is from future joys debarred,
And earth alone can his toils reward;
But though darkness reign o'er our mortal day,
A scene of light we shall yet survey,
When the shroud is raised from our longing eyes
By the hand of God in the blissful skies.

CLEVELAND.[1]

In an obscure and dirty suburb of London there stood, at the time of which we write, a very large and old-fashioned house. The court-yard before it was overrun with weeds, its walls were moss-covered, the numerous narrow windows were darkened by accumulated dust, and the products of Arachnean industry and labour, and the large garden in the rear had the desert and desolate aspect proper to a place which had long been unconscious of the tending hand of man.

Tradition said that this house had been the scene of a horrible parricide. An aged man of ancient family, and of good property acquired in trade, who had formerly possessed it, had lived here in a miser's seclusion and self-denial. Year by year he added gold to gold; and day by day he and the withered crone, who was his sole attendant, mortified their appetites upon the scantiest and coarsest food by which human life could be supported.

This man had but one human creature connected with him by ties of blood; a son, whose wildness and extravagance had caused him much anxiety and anger even before his natural parsimony had degenerated into the actual greed and hoarding of the miser. Wearied with the perpetual demands upon his purse, and alarmed at the undutiful and even threatening manner of his son when his compliance with those demands was not so prompt or so liberal as the young man assumed that it ought to be, the father took the occasion of his son being arrested for a very large sum, to make such a bargain with him as he fondly hoped would set him free for the rest of his life from demands, which excessive timidity would not allow him absolutely to refuse; and which, at the same time, he could only accede to with an agony which none, but with a spirit as niggard and as gold-hungry as his own, could appreciate, and which assuredly no effort of ours would suffice accurately to describe.

Accordingly, on receiving intelligence of his son's imprisonment, coupled with a request, or rather a demand, that he should disburse the large sum necessary for his liberation, the old man sought the jail in which his son was confined, and in the presence of the jailer and his own attorney, upbraided his son with the reckless extravagance and immorality of his past conduct, reminded him of the very large sums with which he had already supplied him, and which had all been expended upon the gaming-table, "the harlot, and the bravo," and positively refused to advance a single shilling in his present and very urgent need, except upon the hard condition that he should forthwith expatriate himself, and accept of an employment which he could procure for him in the West Indies.

Though nothing could have been suggested less agreeable to the inclinations of our gay and convivial youth than servitude in a broiling climate as a certainty, and the yellow fever as an extremely probable contingency, his position with his father was now such as to give to the parent the authority which had long been undutifully assumed and most tyrannically exercised by the child; and, after some ineffectual attempts at remonstrance, and a few minutes of sullen and silent cogitation, young hopeful gave his reluctant assent to the proposed arrangement.

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[1] Continued from p. 110.

But with a mere verbal assent the old man would by no means be contented. He had kept an accurate account of all the sums wrung from him by his undutiful son, and he had now come prepared with a bond, in which the son was bound to forfeit the aggregate of those sums to his father's attorney, in the case of his returning to England during the lifetime of his father; and only on condition of his signing this instrument would the now resolute old man advance the money for which the youth was incarcerated.

Necessity, it is proverbial, has no law; and our youth's necessity had no resource but compliance with his father's will. The bond was duly signed and witnessed, the prodigal was released from prison, and, in a few days, he was on ship-board, and bounding over the bosom of the Atlantic.

Even this elaborate precaution against the further importunities and wastefulness of his extravagant son did not satisfy the anxious father. Disposing of the prosperous and profitable business in which he was engaged in a seaport town, he converted his securities and some houses he possessed into cash, proceeded to London, and, in an assumed name, purchased the suburban house of which we have made mention, and which was even then so old and so squalid in aspect, from having long been the subject of a Chancery suit, that he became its possessor for a sum which, even to him, seemed small.

Here, as we have said, he resided for some years, with no domestic but one old woman; and year by year his avarice grew more and more craving.

His solitary way of life, the jealous care with which his doors and windows were secured, and the notorious parsimony of his housekeeping, had the effect which those circumstances usually have; they not only caused his neighbourhood to believe him wealthy and a miser, but also to exaggerate the amount of his wealth in exact proportion to the rigid severity of his self-mortification and seeming penury.

Heedless of what his neighbours thought and said, of which, indeed, he would have been wholly ignorant but for the fact that his housekeeper, though equal to himself in dislike of the disbursement of the current coin of the realm, was much prone to self-indulgence in the matter of gossiping. Mr. Atkins, as the miser now chose to call himself, vegetated on from year to year, gloating over the gold which he hoarded in useless masses, and undisturbed by a single care, save only that the day must come when the weight of his gold could no longer feast his heart, or its glittering beauty delight his eye. Death, the tyrant tamer, the only soother of the bruised heart—Death, the mighty conqueror, so terrible to those who gaze upon his approach, and weep above the ruin he has made—Death, the truest friend of our suffering race, agoniizng though the path be by which he snatches us from sorrow, from suffering, and from sin, and laps us in the silent and peaceful earth—DEATH alone gave to the greedy old man a single pang that could remind him that he was yet human, and therefore born to suffer and to grieve. And even the pang inflicted by the certainty that he *must* die—that certainty over which we may muse until the brain reels and the heart grows sick—even that pang was one of rare occurrence, and of brief duration. For, clinging to life with equal tenacity as to his gold—and, indeed, only valuing the former as it identified him with the latter—he had long accustomed himself to meet the thought of Death's certainty by that of its uncertainty. In other words, if he sometimes stood aghast as the thought flashed into his mind that he *must* die, he speedily consoled himself with the recollection that the time of his death was uncertain, and might be far distant as yet; though his limbs already tottered, and his scanty hair was white and shining as the frozen snows of Mont Blanc. The extended lives of old Parr and the Countess of Desmond were sufficient data for him upon which to ground his hope, that long years of the only enjoyment of which his mind was susceptible were yet in store for him; and the only book which could, for an instant, fix the miser's attention, was that in which divers and sundry cases of longevity were related as resulting from a spare and plain diet.

It, at length, occurred that neither Mr. Atkins nor his housekeeper was seen by the neighbours for several days; and, though the circumstance at first caused but little remark, yet when upwards of a week elapsed, and the housekeeper had failed to make the periodical purchases absolutely necessary for even their mode of life, the circumstance caused curiosity first, and then alarm.

Some of the neighbours, who had in vain endeavoured to gain admission to the house, or, at the least, an assurance that its inmates were still alive, by loud and reiterated knocking at the gate, at length made application to the proper authorities, who deemed the circumstances sufficient to warrant them in making a forcible entry. This was done forthwith; and a sight met the eyes of those who entered, from which, even the practised and hardened slayer of his kind might have started back aghast, and in horror.

The aged housekeeper lay dead, and surrounded by a pool of clotted and curdled blood; and corruption had already begun to do its loathsome and awful work upon her corpse. She had apparently been stabbed to the heart while in the very act of proceeding to the room of her master to warn him that the stranger and the robber was within his gate; for her corpse lay on the landing-place of the great staircase, between the door of her own apartment and that of the room which was at once the chamber and the treasury of her master; and on the subsequent examination of her body, it appeared that her death had resulted from a single wound.

Into this room the exploring party proceeded, and there, extended upon the floor beside his strong iron chest, which was open and empty, lay the miser, bruised, desperately cut, and polluted with his own blood, which had flowed from numerous wounds. As one of those who thus found him, bent over him rather in the vague and fascinating curiosity with which even the most tender-hearted people not uncommonly dwell upon sights of horror, than with any idea that life might still linger in the mangled form that was extended before him, a slight rattle in the throat of the supposed corpse proclaimed that, in this case, the murderer had not fully accomplished his hellish purpose. Restoratives were speedily procured, and a surgeon summoned to the assistance of the sufferer; and though, from the state of the housekeeper, it was obvious that some days must have elapsed since the frightful crime had been committed, the master, so much more tenacious was he of life, actually so far recovered as to be able to articulate the words "my son," in reply to the anxious inquiries as to the villain who had so horribly maltreated him. But the loss of blood, and the long time he had lain unaided and unrefreshed, were too much for his aged and enfeebled frame, and the horrible supposition, founded on the only two words he was able to utter, was all the enlightenment he lived to throw upon the terrible subject.

The public report of his death reached the ears of his attorney, who was entrusted with the secret of his abode, and of his changed name. And that gentleman being acquainted with both the person and the character of the supposed parricide, offered a liberal reward for his apprehension, and caused the most minute inquiries to be made in the West Indies as to his conduct there, and the time and manner of his departure thence. The answer to these inquiries tended to confirm all the worst suspicions as to the identity of the murderer with the son of the murdered man. For it seemed that the supposed murderer had remained in the West Indies but a few months, and had then absconded with a considerable sum in specie; and it had even been ascertained that he had landed in England. Beyond Bristol, however, where he disembarked, no trace of him remained.

It seemed but too probable, that having squandered his ill-gotten money in the purchase of guilty pleasures, he had become both the robber and the murderer of his hoary-headed parent. But whether he had traced his father to his retired residence in spite of his change of name and all the other elaborate precautions he had taken, and wilfully and knowingly slain him, or whether he accidentally heard of the wealth of the miser, and robbed and murdered him while supposing him to be a stranger, could only be conjectured.

That the old man did die by the hand of his profligate son, no one for a moment doubted; though of the son, in spite of the large reward offered for his apprehension, no tidings could ever be obtained.

For several years after the murder of the miser, the house in which it was committed remained untenanted. The usual consequences followed; the old women of both sexes thereabout, affirmed with great positiveness and unction, that it was haunted; and there was not a child in the neighbourhood who would have gone within sight of it in the evening, though two toy-shops and a pastrycook's stock on twelfth night had been the proffered price of so doing.

A chancery suit and a murder, to say nothing of the alleged apparition in the gloaming, as the Scotch very prettily call the twilight, of two ghosts attired—that of course—all in white, and reeking in their own gore, were quite sufficient to cause an old house to become anything but tempting in its aspect; and the "haunted house," as it was called, remained untenanted for some years, its windows forming in the day time, too tempting an object for a "cock-shy," to allow even the ghostly reputation of the place to preserve them from the well-aimed missiles of urchins dexterous in the art and mystery of "shying," and exceedingly desirous of doing justice to their well-developed organs of destructiveness.

The dog that has an ill name, may as well be hung at once, it is said; and the haunted house, it was thought by many, and said by some, might quite as well be pulled down as suffered to rot away untenanted; that any one should think of hiring it, being on all hands admitted to be just as unlikely as that the dead who had been murdered in it should return from the grave. Public opinion is a very fine thing sometimes, no doubt; nevertheless it sometimes turns out to be quite as erroneous as any private opinion whatever. And so it proved to be in the case of the haunted house.

Not only was it thought worthy of being again inhabited, but it was even taken as a habitation by an extremely *distingué* looking person of foreign aspect.

Those who remembered the dreadful occurrence which had conferred upon the house its evil and ominous reputation, shrugged their shoulders as they saw the goods of the new-comer taken in: but they said nothing to him about the character of the house he was about to inhabit. Perhaps their silence was partly prompted by the superior appearance and rather haughty aspect and bearing of the new-comer; perhaps, also, it partly arose from the prudential consideration that the house, all haunted as it was, consumed none of the articles in which they severally dealt; while the new-comer, even if the ghosts should carry him away on the first night of his tenancy, would, at all events, spend some money among them. Perhaps—but no matter; the house was taken, repaired where it most lacked repair, thoroughly cleansed and aired; furniture, costly in kind, though somewhat scanty in quantity, was removed into it from a neighbouring upholsterer's, and the house was once more the abode of human beings. But the new tenants, like the former ones, were to excite the wonder and the conversation of the neighbours.

We have elsewhere said that the house was large and old-fashioned. But of all its numerous rooms, only three, exclusive of a kitchen, were furnished by the new-comers; namely, a chamber, a sitting-room, and a small apartment, whose narrow limits were scarcely sufficient to contain the work-tables, books in beautiful bindings, musical instruments, *bijouterie*, and other expensive elegancies, which marked it out as the boudoir of the singularly beautiful and commanding dame who alone accompanied the new tenant of the haunted house.

They had no servant—a poor woman in the neighbourhood being liberally paid to do the domestic offices for them daily, but on no occasion required or allowed to remain beyond an early hour in the evening.

All this seemed strange, and was, at first, pretty freely commented upon by those who, having no great or urgent business of their own to attend to, charitably devoted their spare time—to wit, the majority of their waking hours—to canvassing the business, and demolishing the reputations of their neighbours. But the new-comers lived somewhat expensively, paid "on the nail," and never looked at any part of their bills but the sum total—and such persons are entitled to their little eccentricities in any country in Christendom.

Though the appearance of the gentleman was somewhat that of a foreigner, he spoke English well and fluently; so well and so fluently indeed, that the title of "the foreigner," which he bore among his tradespeople, seemed to be chiefly conferred upon him by virtue of his elaborately and richly frogged surtout.

The lady by whom he was accompanied—and upon whom some of the more rigidly virtuous or furiously scandalous matrons of the suburb did not scruple to confer the coarsest synonyme of a "lady in keeping," spoke no English, except "my dear," and "God dam,"—which last two words gave not a little annoyance to the char-woman—a rather serious body—though, from the frequency and seeming good-humour with which the lady used them, she probably thought them quite as endearing and unexceptionable as the two words by which they were invariably either followed or preceded.

The lady of whom such naughty things were said, and whose position was certainly rather questionable, was young, had very dark hair and complexion, and dark eyes of such radiance and of such wondrous expressiveness, as we conjure up before us when reading certain of the exquisite poems of the mighty Byron.

As the lady spoke no English save the few words we have already mentioned, it was of course impossible to do more than merely guess at the nature of her connexion with her companion; and the guesses—as we have shown—tended, like most of the guesses of our charitable world, to the darkest side of the matter.

But whatever was the nature of the connexion between the pair, the report of the char-woman made it abundantly clear that the lady's position was quite satisfactory to the principal person concerned about it—*videlicet*, the lady herself. When he who—whether her husband or only her lover—was obviously her world, her passion, her other and dearer self, was absent from her even for the briefest space, her looks grew sad, and she seemed to listen in an agony of desire for the sound of his returning footsteps; and when he did at length return, her radiant eyes lighted up with a new and lustrous gladness, and her tones—though to the English hireling they were only tones—of which she knew not even in what language they were uttered—sounded too mellow, too like the gushing music of the song of a distant bird—to be other than the outpourings of a heart full to overflowing with deep, earnest, and contented love.

The manner of the gentleman was as kind and attentive as that of the lady was tender; a fact upon which a certain matron, whose husband was the very counterpart of Socrates, as far as relates to the possession of a Xantippe, remarked that it was quite sufficient to prove the lady to be no honest woman, but only a "madam," married people being, as she added, by no means addicted to the nonsense of soft sighs and civil speeches.

Custom does wonders in reconciling people to what they at first give themselves the trouble of wondering about, "guessing," "dare saying," and so forth. And when the tenants of the haunted house had pursued the even tenor of their retired though rather luxurious and expensive way of life for a few months, they were only thought of as capital customers, and spoken of as "the best of pay."

It is marvellous, by the way, what a powerful influence that same punctuality in matters of pecuniosity, has in procuring the good will and good word of the world. How the cash is procured is little thought of in comparison with the punctuality and amount with which it is disbursed; and we well remember hearing a tradesman lamenting with tears in his eyes, and in a tone very like that of a whipped school-boy, or of a school-boy who has an exceedingly fair prospect of being whipped, that Fauntleroy, one of the most artful and mischievous plunderers that ever reduced innocent men to beggary, was hanged for his pains; the crimes of forgery and deliberately-cruel breach of trust being infinitely outweighed in the tradesman's opinion by the virtues of ordering largely and paying punctually.

The gentleman who called himself Bischoff, and, of course, had that name duly *anglicised* by his neighbours to Bishop, very rarely went beyond the boundaries of his own garden; but, at length, he was absent from home for more than a month, and then absented himself for two months. On this last occasion he was not unaccompanied on his return; two extremely ill-looking persons having, as the char-woman afterwards affirmed, entered the house with him just as she was quitting it for the night.

On that night a carriage drove up to his door, waited there a brief space, and then was driven away with extreme velocity, more than one person in the neighbourhood affirming—but this was after the discovery of the following morning—that sounds like stifled shrieks were heard as it drove along.

On the following morning it was discovered that the haunted house was deserted by its late tenants, who had removed all their apparel and portable property, leaving the furniture—as a brief note, in what seemed a carefully disguised hand, stated—for the landlord.

The fate of the house was now completely decided. It was never again tenanted, and its site and that of its spacious grounds has long since been covered with one of those collections of houses, of much pretension and little comfort, which the suburban cockneys, for some bright reason of their own, think it good to dignify with the title of "squares."

The gifted author of "Eugene Aram's Dream," "Tylney Hall," and numerous other works of unquestionable genius, has very strikingly, and no less usefully, commented upon the absurdity of representing virtue uniformly triumphant and vice uniformly punished in this world. So to misrepresent is, in fact, to write unjustly as well as untruly; it is to point out the poor, the stricken in soul, and the diseased in body, as sufferers for some heinous though concealed offence, and to add our mite to the base flattery which is but too readily and plentifully offered up to those who enjoy the good things of this world, which none are so likely to do as those who, for the sake of obtaining them, are content to peril their salvation in the life that is to come.

For one thorough-paced scoundrel who dies by sword, wave, or halter, twenty such die upon their beds, tended by obsequious hirelings, and tortured only—ONLY—by the sharp stingings of remembered guilt, and those anticipations of approaching punishment, without which the very last moments of a villain's conscious existence never were and never will be. Moreover—but the author of whom I have spoken has said all that needs to be said upon the subject, and upon his head be the wasting of three closely-written sheets of foolscap, which I have just now burned instead of copying them, as I intended, into their destined place in this very veracious narrative.

If ever there was a living, breathing, money-making, and wine-bibbing evidence that a villain may prosper in this world, that evidence was furnished by the rosy and bloated personality of "Frank Fry, Esq., Gent. one, &c." Who or what were his parents neither he nor any one else could say; for he was found exposed at the church-door on the morning of Good Friday, was duly reared by the parish to the age of fourteen, and then placed as an errand-boy in the service of a pettifogging attorney, whose clients consisted exclusively of persons not a little industrious in the snapping-up of "unconsidered trifles." Naturally of a quick, shrewd turn, the lad made himself so serviceable to his master that he was, in the course of time, regularly articled, became an admitted attorney, and so dexterously exerted himself that, in a brief space of time, he so completely monopolised the honourable employment of thieves' attorney-general, that his old master was fain to seek his death-bed in the very workhouse from which he had received Frank as an errand-boy.

Changing the name of Friday, which an overseer, learned in "Robinson Crusoe," had caused to be bestowed upon him, for the more ordinary and less conspicuous patronymic of Fry, the young attorney extended his business of defending thieves to that of rendering defence unnecessary to them; in other words, he took upon himself the perilous and profitable office of negociating between robbers and the robbed. The latter usually received back their property on payment of fifty per cent. upon its estimated value; and, as the negociator gave only fifty per cent. of the sum thus obtained, to the thieves, his own profit upon the transaction was no trifle. As his skill in business became talked of in flash houses, and appreciated by the frequenters of those places, the calls upon him became even more numerous in his character of negociator anent thefts than even in that of the legitimate and open legal adviser of thieves. Now, as houses and shops were at that time robbed at a very pretty yearly average, and as Mr. Fry was employed to negociate the return of the goods in a vast number of cases, and received, as we have shown, five shillings in the pound upon the estimated value of those goods, his worldly gear increased so fast that even wine, women, and gaming did not prevent him from becoming a national creditor to a huge amount, besides being a freeholder to some extent in half a dozen counties

Crescit amor nummi—quoteth old Lilly, the abhorred and anathematised of small students,—*quantum ipsa pecunia crescit;* and Mr. Fry's increasing wealth made him not less but more industrious in his "honest efforts" at increasing his lands and monies with every passing year.

Dark hints, it is true, were sometimes thrown out by those who envied his prosperity; he was reputed to be the real proprietor of some of the most infamous dens in town, which the magistracy in vain endeavoured to suppress: and it was very currently reported, that if the hangman and the devil had had their due, Mr. Fry would have been the fellow-sufferer, and not the attorney, of one of the most infamous ruffians that ever expiated upon the gallows the combined crimes of plunder and bloodshed.

These reports had no other effect upon the subject of them than that of causing him to be doubly cautious in affording a shadow of proof, legal proof, of their justice; and with a plethoric purse and an *æs triplex* of countenance, he swaggered along the world in his "respectability," "caring," as he himself emphatically said, "a curse for no man."

Sound old port, if swallowed in sufficient quantity, will not only make the cheek rubicund and the carcass unwieldy, it has a trick of making the carcass unhealthy at the same time. Mr. Fry, as he approached his grand climacteric, experienced this more obvious than pleasant truth; and, by way of giving his naturally strong constitution a fair chance to recover from the shock it had received from persevering dissipation, he added a suburban box to his other worldly goods, and retired thither every evening, in the fond hope that winebibbing at Fulham would have a very different effect from that of the same agreeable relaxation in the Old Bailey.

Seated in the most luxurious easy chair that the comparatively gothic taste and skill of the upholsterers of that day could supply, with a decanter half empty beside him, and a glass quite full in his huge hand, Mr. Fry took his ease in his cottage after the fatigue of attending to business in town and returning thence in his carriage. The window opposite to which he was seated commanded a glorious and extensive western horizon glowing with a thousand lovely tints, and if he thought nothing at all about the lovely view that lay beneath him, or the splendid and crowning sight by which that view was bounded, it is probable that that arose less from natural want of taste for the beauties of external nature, than from the fact, that he was excessively tired in body, and, at the same time, not a little anxious in mind; a simple tradesman having that very day been ridiculous enough to decline paying a single sixpence for the return of certain property of which he had been robbed, and, at the same time, uncivil enough to hint at the probability that he might cause Mr. Fry himself to be compelled to account to a magistrate for his power to insult him with an offer to compound a felony.

"The pig-headed old fool!" said Mr. Fry, as sipping his wine, he meditated upon this untoward repulse; "not only will his watches find their way to Holland and Germany, but I shall lose a cool two hundred. And then to threaten me, too, the ungrateful beast!"

And, strange as it may seem, Mr. Fry thought himself extremely ill-used in the matter.

"Well!" he resumed, "and what can the booby do? *id. est.* what can he prove? Oh! that blessed maxim of my poor old master, 'never do what the law calls wrong in the presence of a third person!' Much I owe to that maxim; and just now it is valuable to me beyond all price. Let him split! I could buy the rogue a thousand times over; and he has but his word against my word, while I can prove—nothing easier—that at the very time he alleges that I was tempting his virtue in the city, I was, in fact, advising with a client at Covent Garden—ha, ha!" And the triumphant and corpulent scoundrel chuckled in the very rapture of roguish delight.

He had scarcely finished the short quick grunts which were his nearest approach to genuine cachinnation when a servant entered and announced the arrival of a gentleman, whose card he presented. Mr. Fry glanced at the card, and then bade the servant show the gentleman in. He did so: and there entered Mr. Bischoff.

(To be continued.)

LONDON PRIDE, OR NONE SO PRETTY.

Sweet flowers are nature's bosom pride,
  Of early paradise the glory;
And since profusely scattered wide,
  They've formed the theme of song and story.
In lordly hall, and "ladye bower,"
  The brave, the beautiful, the witty,
Have each their votive favourite flower—
  Mine's "London pride, or none so pretty."

I love it, for in it I trace
  An emblem of my beauteous Mary;
Like her, with modest, blushing face,
  Like her, a little darling fairy.
With lowly grace, and void of art,
  Amongst the fairest of the city,
Shines Mary, mistress of my heart,
  She's "London pride, or none so pretty."

Then let the bard his laurels twine,
  To crown the hero's brow of glory;
To gay Anacreon yield the vine,
  And bays for sons of lofty story:
Be mine that modest gem of earth,
  (Though never sung in courtly ditty,)
That best expresses Mary's worth,—
  She's "London pride, or none so pretty!'

THE TRISMEGISTIAN RECORDS.*

RECORD THE FIRST.

Which showeth that virtue is not altogether a phantom; and, if ardently pursued, will be assuredly overtaken—in the next world; and that the chase of it is, for the soul, rather a healthy amusement than otherwise; and for the body, as accidents, the climate, and the doctors determine.

Many years ago I said to myself, "Supposing that these Records should ever see the light, my readers and the public, it is thus that I will address you. Nothing do I know of your gentleness, therefore gentle I shall not call you—nor of your courtesy, therefore will I not strain mine, and address you as courteous—neither will I apostrophise you as intelligent, for of your judgment I am no judge. I might call you beneficent, which would be adventuring overmuch; to name you indulgent, I should run a much less risk, at least as respects yourselves. But I will endeavour to conciliate you by none of these epithets, seeing how random must be their application, and how unjust also in ninety-and-nine cases out of the hundred.

"But you, the over-voiced and under-minded many, are powerful; and sorry am I to say, as prejudiced as powerful, and as hardly to be pleased as you are prejudiced. It must be confessed that, in general, you are but sorry orators; yet are you, for the most part, excellent listeners, and have very long ears, and by these you are as willingly led by those who know how to whistle the right tune into them, as is the antiquated spinster of fifty to the matrimonial altar by the youth of twenty-and-five. Though you are so docile to your own injury, who more rampant and outrageous than yourselves when your caprices are thwarted, your prepossessions ridiculed, or your power doubted? But none of these irritatives will I willingly put upon you. Your power I submissively acknowledge; for, like Cain, you are the prosecutor, the judge, and executioner of every cause that is brought, or which you bring, before you; your prejudices I venerate, for seeing the capacious tolerance that they have given you for all kinds of mediocrity, these Records may find much favour in your sight; and I trust that I shall conciliate your good-will, by writing as little as may be above your understanding, and beneath my own."

No—all this is wrong—it is too truculent, my most excellent masters; you are not to be sneered into approbation. I will treat the world with respect—may the world reciprocate to me my conduct. I fling not the hero of these Records into the midst of you rashly, suddenly, and unannounced. He shall not be found sprawling awkwardly among you, like a frog descended in a thunderstorm. These violences, these bold challenges for admiration, I abhor. In order that I may bring him forward before you gently, and, as it were, upon an inclined plane, I will revert—not quite back to the creation—I will pass silently over the Deluge—I will be even more forbearing; for, as the scene of these records must be laid in England, I will only glance at the Norman Conquest, and hurrying over the wars of the rival roses, content myself with stating the astounding fact, that my hero had a father: and, as I like to leave a few difficult points for solution to the discrimination of my readers, they may determine for themselves whether this father had a son, and that son my hero.

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* We now insert the first portion of the "Trismegistian Records," the receipt of which we announced in our last, though we regret to say, we have not succeeded in obtaining the permission of the distinguished author to affix his name to them.

Alfred Aspenall had been born to an unencumbered estate of some three thousand a year. Until the age of fifty he had lived for himself; and by so doing, he very nearly brought his life to a close at that comparatively early age. In this dilemma, after signing his will most unwillingly, after gazing intensely upon that most disastrous of all views, the receding physician, and seen him

> " Take his leave with signs of sorrow,
> Despairing of his fee to-morrow ;"

and listening, with intolerable anguish, to the blessed tidings of the eternal joys that, in all human probability, awaited him in paradise, in the course of an hour; he rallied miraculously, refused his physic, became rapidly convalescent, and, for the first time in his life, fell desperately in love with virtue, and soon after with the young and gentle daughter of that most pitiable, yet often most worthy of all objects, a decayed gentleman.

When a man of fifty falls in love, and for the first time, it is an affair of some moment, seeing how precious, at that late period, every moment must be to him. I never yet saw the torch of Love properly depicted, either by poet or by painter. On its length should be truly represented a scale of years of human life. I might be very profound on this matter; but, for the present, I decline letting the reader drop the leaden plummet of his perception into the deep well of my knowledge, and shall content myself with saying, that, when Love's torch is lighted for an old gentleman of fifty, provided that the said old gentleman has not been burning it at both ends before, it burns with a clear, steady flame, like a watch-fire upon a beacon, giving much more light than heat, and almost always acting as a cautionary light, warning the adventurous not to approach too closely.

It was Mr. Aspenall's *grande passion*, and coming late, he made the most of it, by making himself, and trying to make his young wife, very happy. How the early frosts of autumn could have induced the genial breath of spring to thaw and warm its congealing dews into affection, I know not, unless that

> Love has an intellect that runs through all
> The scrutinous sciences ; and, like a cunning poet,
> Catches a quantity of every knowledge,
> And brings all home, into one mystery,
> Into one secret ;

which, probably, we all shall know, if we should happen to fall in love at fifty.

But I must take care not too often to let my Records run into blank verse, for if I do, it would cast a shadow of doubt over their authenticity, for which, on the reader's account, I should be heartily sorry. A year had scarcely elapsed, after this eventful marriage, before it was made still more eventful, by the advent into this eventful world, of our hero, to the great delight, as all old chronicles say upon such events, of his happy parents. Indeed, this very young gentleman was their delight most emphatically, and was the only delight that ever I heard of that proved the truth of that fine line of the old poet—

> "Our best delights are, evermore, born *weeping*."

Indeed, Trismegistus had not been in the house three minutes, before he let every one know that he had come home, and that he intended his voice should be "the most potential" in the mansion. But, alas! no sooner had the young heir left off his long clothing for his short coating, than poor Alfred Aspenall, Esq., had brought home to him, in a most fearful manner, what a complete *glucupicron* is this life which we must endure, though we can no longer enjoy. He was fated to experience, in all its bitterness, that there is truth in the savage words—

> "Sive feras, sive non feras, ferendum est tamen."

Death suddenly closed the eyes of his beloved wife, and a little opened his own. She died of hysteria. The third paroxysm that attacked her proved fatal. It must be confessed, that, notwithstanding the many virtues of Squire Aspenall, discovered and undiscovered, the latter bearing a tremendous disproportion to the former, that his wedding with his very young wife was a sort of an Old Robin Gray affair. We must suppose, at the time, that the merry archer had, after he had struck the fifty-year old heart of our hero's father, taken the bandage off his eyes, in order to examine the depth of the wound that he had made, and finding that he had not only made a wound, but a mistake also, like a good little boy as he is sometimes pleased to be, he lent the wounded the said bandage to staunch the great effusion of sighs, and as a first dressing for the wound; but the old gentleman not choosing to use it for so wholesome a purpose, clapped it partially over his own eyes, thus hood-winking them, and leaving his withered bosom bleeding. If he mistook the obedience of filial piety in his wife for the silent and deep feeling of attachment to his person, he was happy in the mistake. That man is no philosopher who knows not that mistakes are the most pregnant parents of our felicities. This we will prove at our leisure, and—in the language of the world's commander—no mistake.

Now, if there be any truth in the more occult doctrines of physiology, one of these hysterical attacks, perhaps two of them, had a great and lasting influence on the character of our hero, concerning whom I have thought fit to collect these Records; and, though the narration is a little more dolorous than I could wish, I shall give the history of these three paroxysms.

Mr. Alfred Aspenall had a long, hollow, and bony nose. The skin was drawn over this osseous structure with the tightness of the parchment upon a kettle-drum. Not a wrinkle was discoverable upon it. Its owner treated it with much reverence, and always blew it with a becoming gravity. Judging from the resonance it made, it is no slander to say of it, that it was, like Slander herself, "trumpet-tongued." Is it to be wondered, then, that, having so goodly an engine, the possessor put it to manifold and singular uses? But there was one legitimate use to which he could not put it, owing to the tightness of the skin which bound it to his face, he could not turn it up, however sovereign might be his contempt, or sublime his disdain. As a kind of indemnity for this deprivation of a faculty so natural to his nose, whenever he read, and he read often, he invariably read through it; and, like every other person with a similar habit, he fancied that he read superhumanly well.

Being thus prone, like Callicratides, *adversa amicæ sedere, ut suave loquentem audiat;* or, as the Irish express it more chastely and more classically, being mightily smitten with the sound of his own voice, two days before his marriage he enticed his patient lady-love into an arbour, and commenced reading to her a love story. It was but a simple tale; and yet, the grey-haired lover read it so sonorously, and with so much unction, that it visibly affected the gentle listener. The story book merely told of two young hearts divided for the interest of the old, and Hypocrisy consecrating the double moral murder by the title of duty. Good Mr. Aspenall had just reached a part, where the broken-hearted lover obtains permission to take his final leave of his mistress, when he observed his listener tremble excessively. Proud of the success of his reading, he threw more energy into his voice, and more pathos into his tones, and so wonderful was the effect of his eloquence, that, when he read from the page these words—"Better, O my beloved, to die at once than linger thus through years of torture!" his betrothed suddenly jumped upon her feet, shrieked, and would have fallen to the earth, had she not been caught in the arms of a stranger, who made his appearance, as if by miracle.

Mr. Alfred Aspenall had lived too long in the world to be surprised at anything. It was upon principle that he never wondered. Having, in himself, contemplated the greatest wonder of the world, at what had he to be surprised? Absolutely nothing. Moreover, the intruder was only the pale, silent, thin, young curate.

Seeing that, for the present, the insensible lady was properly bestowed, Mr. Aspenall bowed gratefully to the gentleman; then taking off his spectacles, and deliberately and carefully placing them on the book, to mark the exact place in which he had ceased to read, he put them both into his pocket, and began to assist the young divine in supporting and administering restoratives to his future bride.

Looking beneficently on the curate, he exclaimed, "It will soon be over. What exquisite sensibility my Griselda possesses! How she must love me! It was the passion that I threw into my voice. I was reading to her—did you hear me, Mr. St. John?"

"No—yes—indeed, sir—ah! I was—that is—but she, the *angel*, revives."

"Why does he call my future wife an angel?" was the thought that flitted for one moment across his mind; but Vanity just then whispering in his ear "The poor young man has been excited by my reading," he dismissed it from his memory for ever.

"This is very foolish," said the lady, opening her eyes with a slight shudder.

"Not at all, my love; it was quite natural that you should feel acutely when *I* read to you as I just now read."

"And very wicked," she continued, throwing the slightest glance of reproach possible into a look that she cast upon her younger companion.

"Say not so, my Griselda; you could not help it. I will be more careful of my thrilling tones for the future. We had better go up to the house. Mr. St. John, take Miss Grainger's other arm, she requires your support as much as mine. Gently, calm your agitation, my dear. Mr. St. John, I believe you to be a worthy young man—a very worthy young man; but it must be confessed—you must confess it yourself—you do not read well. I am not sorry you heard me read. I have no objection to read with you—come any evening you like after my marriage, and I will read over the whole ritual with you. Do not be depressed—I can improve you, sir—I say I can improve you."

"I am so much better now," said the gentle Griselda, "that your arm alone, sir, will be a sufficient support. Mr. St. John's time must be precious to him."

"What now is time—what eternity, to me?" said the young clergyman, in a low voice that reached not the ears of Mr. Aspenall; for the lady, while he spoke, continued to speak also, and in a much louder tone.

"He had therefore at once better deliver his message, or impart to Mr. Aspenall the business to which he owes this visit." Having, as she finished these words, reached the threshold of the door, she curtsied to the gentleman and disappeared within the house.

Mr. St. John was hurrying away also, when Mr. Aspenall caught him by the button of his coat, exclaiming, "Whither away so fast, good sir; whither away? Your message?—your business?—you came from your rector, no doubt. How does my good friend, Mr. Blubberbach?"

"Exceedingly well, sir; and—and—"

"He sends his compliments to me?"

"He does, sir."

"And will be glad of my company to dinner—five, five is his hour—is it not so?"

"It is, sir."

"I thought so; tell him I shall be sure to come." So having thus unconsciously invited himself to dinner, to the present amazement of the confused Mr. St. John, and to the future astonishment of the fat rector, the unwilling author of this mistake again essayed to escape, being infinitely obliged to Mr. Aspenall for having thus invented an excuse for him for being found in his pleasure grounds.

But people who trespass upon the property of others should remember, that there are other traps besides those that are constructed of steel. Mr. Aspenall, when he got upon a favourite subject, would viciously, with all the fixidity of a vice, hold on a button, provided that that button had a pair of open ears above it. In such conjunctures, he was more tenacious than a man-trap. Mr. Aspenall thus continued:—"I know, sir, that one day you will become a worthy member of the church. But you should improve your reading, sir; you should indeed. You have seven bad accents, three erroneous suspensions of the voice, and two false emphases in the reading of the Lord's Prayer. You see I profit by my devotions. We have souls to be saved, sir, rich and poor: very few hearers have you, Mr. St. John, so attentive as myself—I wish you would show me a like courtesy, for you hardly seem to listen to a word that I say."

"Sir, I am indeed eager to depart; I have the most pressing business."

"Not at all. Disquiet not yourself—do not be dispirited—you read better than Dr. Blubberbach—infinitely. You can oblige me—you know that I am to be married next Monday morning: the doctor, by his snuffling reading, will mar the ritual, sir—he will mar it—no offence shall be taken—I'll speak to the doctor—you shall read the ceremony—*you*—there—YOU!!"

Mr. Aspenall emphasised the last word significantly, and then at the same moment, by means of his never-failing hold of the button, pushing the fragile young man first from him and then jerking him back violently, repeated "I say YOU!"

"Mr. Aspenall, Mr. Aspenall, you will drive me mad!"

"No, no—I'll make a man of you—teach you how to read—come into my library directly—I'll give you the first lesson now: in three lessons there will not be a man shall read the marriage ceremony with you in the country—excepting myself."

"You must excuse me—I cannot."

"Pooh, pooh!—you shall marry me, sir—and I'll show you how to do it."

"I won't."

"I say you shall."

"I won't, by G—d!" said the youth, as, almost exasperated into insanity, he burst away from his persecutor, and rushed out of the garden gate, from which some sounds not wholly unlike "hoary old villain" came undulating up the avenue.

Good Mr. Aspenall stood for some minutes astounded, and as fixed as one of the quaint old statues with which his garden was so populous, still holding the curate's button in his hand, with a triangular piece of cloth attached to it. When at length he found words, he thus delivered himself: "Here's a reprobate young parson for you! Comes to me from his rector with an invitation to dinner—picks up my future wife in a swoon—offer to teach the ignorant young puppy how to read—consent to let him marry me—for all which he swears at me, dashes off with all show of contempt, and finally winds up his very clerical conduct by calling me—the owner of the whole parish and the patron of the living—'a hoary old villain!' I have a great mind to go with this button in my hand, and lay it, with my complaint, before the doctor."

However, he first went into the room where Miss Grainger was sitting, and having vented his indignation before her, she soon soothed him into a better frame of mind, and easily prevailed upon him to take no notice whatever of the apparent rudeness of the young curate. Indeed she did more. In order that the sight of the black button and well-worn piece of cloth that had been torn from the breast of St. John, might not, by being intruded on the sight of her future husband, exasperate him, she put them by very carefully in her work-basket, and locked them up afterwards in one of the most secret recesses of her private drawers.

A great deal to the surprise, and not less to the contentment of the jolly rector, punctually at five came Mr. Aspenall, and, unembarrassed by explanations, enjoyed his dinner quite as heartily as if he had been invited, and as if he were not going to be married in three days. A courageous man was elderly Mr. Aspenall.

This is fytte the first.

The history of the second fit is as follows. At the appointed time Mr. Aspenall was married by Dr. Blubberbach to Miss Grainger in a most slovenly manner; and, according to the bridegroom, as far as spoiling the ceremony by all manners of faults of pronunciation could invalidate a marriage, he was scarcely married at all; however, the rector more than balanced the accounts in his own favour by the masterly manner in which he played his part at the ensuing dinner. In the meantime, each succeeding Sunday, the young curate read worse and worse. His voice grew husky and hollow, and was at last quite distressing to hear. Mr. Aspenall forgot his anger, and pitied him extremely. To all overtures the curate was insensible. He would neither come to breakfast, to dinner, or to tea—he could not even be bribed by the inestimable advantage held out to him of being taught to read gratuitously.

Mrs. Aspenall had been *enceinte* about four months with this most singular of all Trismegistuses, whose wanderings are the subjects of these records, when she returned, one Sunday, duly escorted by her loving lord, from hearing the morning service at the parish church. She was in miserable spirits. She had been regarding, with painful anxiety, the contrast between matured spirituality and happy animality. Emanuel St. John had, with the pallor of death on his countenance, wasted figure, and with reedy and broken voice, performed divine service and preached above, whilst, with rounded figure and rubicund visage, deeply ensconced in crimson-velveted cushions in his pew below, Dr. Blubberbach did all but dose beneath. The lady returned home in silent abstraction; and when, with a becoming marital assiduity, Mr. Aspenall had arranged pillows for her on the sofa, the following conversation ensued.

Mr. Aspenall first, with the gallantry of *la vieille cour*, which is laudable, and the affection of a doating husband, which is much better, taking hold of the white, listless, almost lifeless hand of his lady, pressed it to his lips, and said, "My Griselda, I observe with pain your increasing dislike to that perverse and very opinionated young divine, Mr. St. John. You always treated him with indifference—deservedly—your feeling in his disfavour has lately assumed a character still more positive—you shall suffer this infliction no longer—his enunciation has become intolerable. Till your spirits be improved we will have divine service at home."

"O! most gladly."

"Did you observe, my love, how he destroyed the effect of that beautiful psalm, the thirty-ninth, that he pretended to read this morning? No emphasis—no unction. When he came to the verse 'Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live,' he seemed to be almost in the act of dying—the words laboured through his throat as if struggling with the death rattle."

"O, spare *him!*"

"Very good of you—you are all goodness. But still you must also have observed the very improper manner in which he got through the last verse—a verse that is so simple yet so beautiful. Instead of rallying up his voice at 'O spare me a little, that I may recover my strength; before I go hence and be seen no more,' he seemed to have lost all management of his tones—it was no longer a voice that was heard, but something that might have been deemed to be the echoes of the rustling of the wings of death in the vaultings of a corroding heart."

"O! *spare me!*"—the wife let fall her head frantically upon the shoulders of the old man, and catching him to her bosom, burst into tears. Why, let philosophy determine.

"Compose yourself, my gentle Griselda—she doats on me—but I am too eloquent. I must simplify my language—I am a happy man."

Mrs. Aspenall soon recovered her self-possession, and looking up into her husband's face, with a smile of resignation that would have poured down glory on the brow of a martyred saint, said, "Let us speak no more about Mr. St. John—the subject is painful to me."

"And no wonder; *(half aside;)* the puppy was too proud to take lessons;" and then in his usual tone he continued, "as, my Griselda, the weather is really too warm to permit us to think of going abroad, I will undo all the disagreeable impressions of the morning—place that pillow a little more under that pretty pale cheek—there, your tiny little feet a little more this way—are you now perfectly—entirely comfortably well? Listen to me. I will read the whole morning service over to you as it *ought to be read,* and then, perhaps, Blair's excellent sermon against *vanity.* Depend upon it, it will have a decidedly different effect upon you than has had the sorry attempt at the reading of the morning."

It had indeed.

This exemplary husband had scarcely got into the litany, before his lady was enjoying a more sound and refreshing sleep than had fallen to her lot for months. The good man read on, performing at once the several parts of parson, clerk, and congregation. Nor did the lady awake until the cessation of his voice proclaimed the finish of the service. She then drew aside the cambric handkerchief with which she had shaded her face, and repaid her husband with a gentle smile.

"*My reading* has much benefited you?"

"Yes—most surely!" and there was, this time, a little faint streak of something in her smile, that Mr. Aspenall had never before seen in smile of hers, which both pleased and puzzled him extremely.

But this did not prevent the fit. The next day, being Monday, the 20th of August, of the year of grace 179—, about one hour after noon, Mr. Aspenall, sagely reflecting upon the benefits his reading had imparted to the health and spirits of his wife on the day before, proposed reading to her, and that he should continue the story which had been before interrupted by her fainting in the arbour. He promised, however, to read with so much of the discretion of mediocrity, indeed, that he would pass over the most affecting parts so tamely, that he would not produce a single tremor on the most delicate of her nerves.

The lady graciously assented, and assumed the most composing attitude, that down pillows, cushions, and a yielding sofa could afford. Mr. Aspenall put on his spectacles, rang out, by the means of his handkerchief, a clarion prelude from his horny nose, deliberately found the place where he had left off so many months before, and, at first, began to drawl forth his words in a manner so monotonous, that would have been the envy of any clerk of parliament, that ever read short a long petition to a yawning house.

The breathings of the lady gradually became more gentle, and at longer intervals, whilst the reader began to warm upon his subject, and without being aware of the fact, his voice grew louder, and his emphasis more startling. So concentrated was his attention upon himself, that, though his eyes must have seen, his judgment did not perceive, that Mrs. Aspenall's own maid stole gently into the room, on her tiptoes. Being well assured that her master was reading, for the deaf only could have doubted *that*—but not quite so sure that her mistress was sleeping, she dare not speak; she stole softly up to the lady, and not at all clandestinely, but very gently placed a little note upon the sofa, in such a manner, that one part of it rested upon her delicate hand. If her mistress slept, the abigail knew that the moment she awoke she would perceive the billet. Having performed this little feat, entirely to her own satisfaction, with elongated body she sneaked forth hastily from the storm of words, and in much the same way as a cat would do through a smart shower of rain.

Mr. Aspenall read on. The lover, in his tale, was a passionate lover, and too apt to use passionate expressions—expressions much loved by the reader, and that had beguiled him gradually from his monotony and caution. "Heaven, earth, and hell!" shouted forth the impassioned lecturer. The gentle Griselda roused a little—a very little, and perceiving the billet at her finger's ends, she altered her position, shaded her countenance still more, and drew the note up so that she might read it unperceived by the old gentleman, who was just then reading to her so vehemently.

Mr. Aspenall read on. Now her bosom heaved convulsively—her dress rustled—a low choking sob might have been distinctly heard by any one in the room that was not reading himself into a passion of self-conceit. Still the lady preserved her reclining posture, whilst she thrust frantically and deeply into her bosom, the pernicious piece of paper that she had just received.

Mr. Aspenall read on. His wife is no longer recumbent. She is sitting rigidly upright—her eyes are fixed in a wild stare—her hands are clenched—and, though those clenched hands are resting on her knees, her arms are violently stretched forth. Unobservant of these symptoms of agony, the husband's voice gathers force—he is at the crisis of his tale—the lover has no prospect of relief before him, and he is venting his despair in impassioned sentences, when the poor Griselda, seeming to take up the thread of the narrative, shrieks out, "My God, my God, he will die! And where is she who should stand by the pillow of the dying—of the broken-hearted? O where, where, where!" and uttering another long and unearthly cry, she falls back upon the sofa, to all appearance a corpse.

Mr. Aspenall started upon his legs, threw his book through one pane of glass, and his spectacles through another. There was no occasion for calls, or the ringing of bells to bring assistance, the whole household was in the room in an instant. The shriek seemed to have shaken the mansion to its foundations.

"Cursed fool that I am!" exclaimed the poor old man; "what have I done? a curse upon all love stories—a curse upon my fatal eloquence—I have destroyed the best of wives—I have destroyed my heir—brute, wretch, idiot! Look up, my sweet Griselda—Ludovicus, in that damnable tale, did not die—he was married to his Amanda—he was, indeed he was! Ah, she hears me not—she will never recover—never—never!"

He almost spoke the truth. However, they forced him out of the room, and with the assistance of medical advice, after many relapses, Mrs. Aspenall was nearly restored to her usual state of health. A lady visitor, who called about three days afterwards, to inquire after Mrs. Aspenall, a little surprised her husband, by telling him that Mr. St. John had just gone, and with all expedition, to Italy.

"Why, why, my good Mrs. Probett?—a good riddance, however."

"Do you not know he broke a blood-vessel last Sunday evening. I wrote to Mrs. Aspenall on Monday morning, acquainting her with the fact. Did she not mention it to you?"

"Ah, no! why should she? It is to her a matter of the utmost indifference. I am sorry for the youth, however—obstinate as he is. What followed?"

"Oh, they've stopped the slow effusion of blood—indeed, they have hopes of his ultimate recovery. He set off for Italy this morning. He will have all the autumn before him, so he can travel slowly, and winter in a more genial climate. Can I see Mrs. Aspenall?"

"O yes—she is much better. Go up stairs and chat with her."

Mrs. Probett did so, and Mrs. Aspenall rapidly recovered her health and spirits.

This is the history of fytte the second.

Well, after all this, things went on smilingly enough. Mr. Aspenall took great glory to himself for forbearing to be too eloquent in the presence of his wife. The new curate was a young man, that swallowed the squire's dinners and instructions in reading, with equal complacency. He had a great capacity for both. Mrs. Aspenall again attended the parish church, and was no more shocked by hearing the service ill read, in a broken and tremulous voice. In due time, Trismegistus was born, and, in due time, Trismegistus was christened, and it could not then be discovered, that either his father's eloquence, or his mother's fits, had at all impaired his constitution.

As I have before mentioned, this little gentleman had just betaken himself to shorts, and a second course, in the shape of spoon-meat to his maternal milk, when the last and fatal hysteria supervened. The health of Mrs. Aspenall had been neither better nor worse than usual. Her husband had not been reading to her; indeed, nothing had occurred which might have been supposed to have disturbed the equanimity of her mind. With all her apparent softness of temperament, and yieldingness of disposition, she must have been a woman of strong mental powers. It is great heroism to keep a worm gnawing at the heart, and, from respect for the feelings of others, never to cry out. It is the heroism of woman only. She had, on the day of her death, eaten her breakfast with her accustomed appetite—nothing had broken the uniformity of the every-day occurrences that were passing around her, excepting that she, with the rest of the family, had seen a plain hearse pass by the drawing-room windows. There were no mourners, and no parade—it was evidently not then conveying its inmate on its last journey to the tomb. The horses that drew it were proceeding at a slow trot, and it was speculated upon by Mr. Aspenall, that it was taking a body to lie in state, at some place remote from their own village.

In the forenoon, the old gentleman took up his hat, and kissing his wife, told her he was going to hear if he could learn anything about it, or any other news at the inn, and, little dreaming of the blow that awaited him, he went his way rejoicing.

A short time after, all importance, Mrs. Probett entered with her budget of news—they were news indeed. Mr. St. John had reached Italy in improved health—an old uncle had died and left him an immense fortune, and then, unaccountably, he grew much worse—he was returning to his native land to die—but had died ere he reached it—and had ordered that his body should be interred in this very village. The hearse containing it had arrived this morning.

Mrs. Aspenall had listened to all this with a wonderful seeming apathy, she had shown every courtesy to her guest, and that guest had departed with the impression that she had poured an indifferent tale into an indifferent ear.

When, an hour after, Mr. Aspenall returned, his wife was found dead, with poor little Trismegistus struggling and screaming to get from the embrace that held him in a state almost of strangulation to his mother's bosom.

We will hurry over an interval of horror.

It was formally notified to the distracted Mr. Aspenall, that Emanuel St. John had left, by the most scrupulously legal will, all his wealth, without reservation, to Mrs. Aspenall and her child. On searching the desk and drawers of the deceased lady, no letters or papers of any description were discovered—the only singular thing found was the button, and piece of threadbare cloth that her husband had plucked away from the coat of Mr. St. John. It was carefully preserved. The eyes of Mr. Aspenall were opened, but this closed not his heart. The two bodies were buried at the same time, in one vault, in the village churchyard.

Unconsciously, I have written the loves of Emanuel and Griselda, without it having been known that a single word concerning love ever passed between them. And thus endeth the first of the Trismegistian Records.

THE LONELY TREE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Thou lonely tree, that on the mountain standing,
  Frownest in grandeur on the vale below,
In stern magnificence our awe commanding—
  No soothing fellowship is thine to know;
Each wild-flower that this tranquil vale embosoms,
  Seems in its social ties more blest than thee,
We walk among them, and we cull their blossoms,
  But shun thy dizzy height—thou lonely tree.

In life I often thus sad homage render
  To some fine mind, removed from grovelling ken,
Standing aloft in solitary splendor,
  Beyond the reach or touch of common men;
The world inclines to those who crave protection,
  Loving the suppliant voice and bended knee,
But O! if Genius ever seeks affection,
  It shares a fate like thine—thou lonely tree.

Stay, from a cloud a sunbeam brightly darting,
  Even while I speak, invests thy boughs with light,
No radiance to the lowly vale imparting,
  But resting long on thy majestic height;
O! to thy dwelling-place a charm is given,
  Though uncompanioned by thy kind it be,
Thou hast a brilliant messenger from heaven
  To cheer thy solitude—thou lonely tree.

When I lament the gloomy elevation
  That talent holds, this scene may I recall,
And think that beams of holy inspiration
  Perchance oft visit one unwooed by all;
Cold feeble minds may lesser boons inherit,
  But Heaven's peculiar communings may be
Reserved to gladden the ethereal spirit,
  That upward towers, like thee, O lonely tree!

SKETCHES OF BOHEMIA, AND THE SLAVONIAN PROVINCES OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE.

BY HENRY REEVE, ESQ.

A THOUSAND years ago, before the wandering tribes of the East and of the North had subsided from the violence of their irruption into quiet possession of the seats of modern nations, the great Slavonian race occupied the largest, if not the fairest, portion of the European continent. Its territories extended from the Elbe to the Black Sea, and from the Danube to the far North. Empires vying in extent with that of Charlemagne, were created and dissolved. The promises of christian civilisation were more than once blighted by the incursive tribes of Magyars and Tatars, which incessantly besieged this eastern rampart of Europe. And at a very early period, a struggle between the German and the Slavonian races began, of which Bohemia, seated in the centre of Europe, and herself belonging to the German empire, was the principal theatre and the constant victim.

The territory of Bohemia, now a province of the Austrian empire, is of a regular rhomboidal figure, the angles of which are turned to the four cardinal points of the compass. The whole country is enclosed by four chains of mountains; and the fertile basin, thus separated from the neighbouring kingdoms, is inhabited by a population of four millions of men, the majority of whom have retained the pure Slavonian character, manners, and language, notwithstanding the long hostility of the house of Austria, the perpetual collision of the surrounding German states, and the final subjugation of Bohemia to the court of Vienna.

The City of Prague stands in the centre of the sixteen circles into which this region is divided. It was once the heart of a nation advanced in free institutions, eminent for all the arts, and glorious for opinions and for arms. It was the cradle of Protestantism; and the Protestant church has now almost ceased to exist within its boundaries. It was the "horreum imperii et nutricula imperatoris;" and the seat of empire now is removed from it. But in the character and manners of the Bohemian people, and in the splendid edifices of the capital, the proudest monuments of their long greatness still remain. The following notes were written on a journey undertaken in the course of last summer to explore the country, the history, and the present condition of the Bohemians, and the western populations of Slavonian origin.

I.—THE BANKS OF THE ELBE.

We left Dresden on a fine morning in August, to cross the chain of mountains called the Erzgebirge, which divide Bohemia from the Saxon dominions. The Elbe, which rises in the east of Bohemia, and flows about one hundred and fifty miles through that territory, enters Saxony in the picturesque region which is known under the name of the Saxon Switzerland. We drove along the sandy banks of the river near Dresden, and as the wind was fresh, the big barges, rigged like junks, were sailing up the stream nearly as fast as our Saxon kutscher chose to go. Our first post was at Pirna, which was a kind of custom-house or frontier-gate for creeds during the religious wars. It was the first place in the Protestant states; and during the great persecution of 1622, the little town was the asylum of the Protestant emigrants, to the number of ten thousand, who were expelled from their homes and their estates by Ferdinand II., carrying with them the best talents of the country in arts, manufactures, and agriculture. We crossed the Elbe in a ferry-boat, nearly under the old Castle of Sonnenstein—a fortress which was dismantled after the Seven years' war, and converted into a lunatic asylum. In these mournful walls the engraver Müller died insane, after completing his great work from the Madonna di San Sisto, which has coupled his name with that of Raphael.

On reaching the right bank of the Elbe, the road quits the river, and gradually rises into a region where the scenery assumes a wilder character. We drove through pine-woods, interspersed with meadows sparkling with the mountain-green, and fringed with purple heath, or the wild anemone, the snow-drop of summer. This road leads insensibly to the top of precipices, which look down 1,200 feet perpendicular into the Elbe. It is a little world for geology and romance: before us lay scattered cliffs, and fantastic rocks, worn by the tremendous irruption of the waters which once made a lake of the whole cauldron basin of Bohemia, till they burst across the north of Europe, leaving the Elbe to indicate their path, after they had subsided. These same cliffs are crested with impregnable citadels, which have baffled Frederic the Great and the French marshals. Around us, amidst the peaks, the twisted roots, the rugged masses and taper needles of this singular region, we remarked very visible traces of the robbers, who once made it their retreat. Much of their masonry still remains; and on the very summit of the most isolated pinnacle, which cannot be reached by any means we now possess, there is an archway distinctly hewn into a kind of sentry-box, which is said to have been a hermit's cell, or a warder's tower. But long after these fastnesses had ceased to harbour their lawless masters, they became the retreat of persecuted Protestants in the thirty years' war: and many of the wildest spots which we visited—as so many others have done before us—have retained an historical name from the sufferings of those martyrs to their religion and their race. On the great Winterberg mountain we entered the Bohemian territory, and the fine estate of Prince Clary. We dined at the Prebischer-Thor, as they call an immense slab of rock lying bridge-wise from the perpendicular side of the mountain to the top of a huge needle, which thus forms a natural gateway, nearly one hundred feet high, hanging over the deep dell. From this spot we left the beaten track of the Saxon Switzerland, and descended along the banks of a mountain rivulet, which takes its course from the clearest and coolest of springs, turns a number of sawing-mills in the valley, and falls into the Elbe at Herrnskretschen. We followed its course to the village, where a boat was in waiting to convey us up the river.

Perhaps no European river combines a greater variety of scenery than the Elbe. From Hamburgh to the sea, it presents those flat and cold scenes to which the Dutch painters have given a charm. A few days before, I had seen upon it the boats of Van der Velde, with their red sails shaped like bats' wings, and the broad poop resting upon the smooth water: the willows of Rubens studded the marsh-ditches with their grey-green colouring; and as we looked back upon the small craft, with here and there a trading brig which crossed the flat prospect, the gleams of Van der Neer shot along the hazy distance. Higher up sits Dresden, with her bridge, her palaces and churches garlanded with statues and coronets, in the midst of a landscape of singular amenity. But where we entered Bohemia, the Elbe is pent up between bold cliffs and huge natural battlements of rock, clothed in rich foliage wherever it is possible for a tree to hang, and broken by smooth plots of verdure, leading away into romantic dells. It has all the variety of our own Wye, on almost the scale of the majestic Rhine. As we mounted the stream, we met long barks shooting down it, laden with timber, and the manufactures of the country: the bargemen devoutly crossing themselves before the statue of St. Adalbert, as they passed it on their voyage, and stopping to help a vessel which the saint had allowed to run aground upon the shallows. Higher up, the banks of the river assume a broader character, and the land sloping down to them displays more cultivation. As we entered Count T——'s estate, cottages were seen peeping out from the orchards, and cheerful peasants working in their gardens.

At length a wider reach of the Elbe brought us to the town of Tetschen, lying at the foot of its great castle, with an amphitheatre of mountains beyond. Everything bore marks of activity and prosperity in the little port; new storehouses are erected in the town—a quay for the barges runs along the shore, and a ferry-boat was constantly plying from the side on which the castle stands to the other bank. Within ten years the population of the town, which now amounts to 2,000, has been greatly increased, new sources of prosperity opened, and honourable fortunes made by men who entered the estate in the humblest mercantile capacity. These excellent results are attributable to the natural position of the place, and still more to the judicious administration of the lord. The wealth of the mountainous frontiers of Bohemia consists chiefly in their timber and their manufactories impelled by the water powers of the mountain streams. Their immediate contact with Saxony and Prussia introduces a number of industrious Germans, whose language prevails in these tracts, whilst the impoverished Slavonian population cultivates the central agricultural basin of the country. It cannot be doubted that the superiority of wealth and intelligence is on the side of the frontier population, especially to the north. The circle of Leitmeritz, in which Tetschen and Teplitz are situated, is the most populous in the kingdom; and, in some parts of it, the number of inhabitants amounts to 17,000 per 25 square English miles.

The domains of the Bohemian nobility are so large, that they may be compared to small tributary states. The Herrschaft or Lordship of Tetschen contains no less than 18,000 souls. Tracts of land are granted by the lord on terms not very dissimilar to the original grants of copyhold property in England: but in Bohemia the rent is still paid, for the most part, by a certain number of days of labour done for the lord, the amount of which is regulated by a law called the Roboth patent. The subjects, as they are termed, are all registered in the books of the estate; the lord collects the king's taxes, besides his own dues, and sends an annual supply of recruits to the imperial army. He has the power of expelling misdemeanants from his estate, and he exercises a certain control over his subjects; but the peasants are by no means attached to the soil; and they may always appeal to the courts of justice against their lord, with a proverbial certainty (such is the policy of the government) of gaining their cause. On the other hand, the lord represents the government to his peasants, and the peasants to the government; and whilst he is accountable to the justice of the country, he has it in his power to exercise a beneficent influence over the lower orders. He provides for their instruction, he introduces improvements and encourages trade, he increases their commercial relations, he arbitrates in their disputes: and in proportion to his fulfilment or neglect of these functions, the estate is prosperous or poor. It often happens that the nobility and gentry have acquired a purely German character, in accordance with that of the Austrian government, but very much opposed to the national spirit and national wants of the Bohemian people. All the ancient seignorial rights which were not legalised and regulated by Joseph II., as the Roboth, dues, &c., were abolished by that monarch. But the tradition of feudal attachment and of feudal obedience, still exists amongst the people; thus, although the consent of the lord is not legally required to a marriage between his peasants, it is generally asked, and considered indispensable. The possessions of some of the Bohemian nobles are immense; Prince Schwarzemberg owns one-eighth of the country; and the estates once held by the great Wallenstein were so vast as to have have formed the appanage of six great families after his death and attainder.

The Castle of Tetschen stands upon a rock about 150 feet above the Elbe: the building is in the form of a complete oval, with a lofty turret at one end, which commands a view of the town, the river with its barges, and the romantic Rothberg, with its huge rocky bastions and rich crown of wood. For my own part, I know of no higher or more humane pleasure than to look out across the smiling and animated landscape, from a window of that pile, with a consciousness that the rank and power seated on that rock has made itself the friend and protector of all that is good below it, and has thrown a smile into every cottage in those secluded valleys. The castle has seen its days of danger, it has been shaken by civil war, and untenanted by persecution; but never did the mansion of a lord stand more firmly planted in its best defence, than the Castle of Tetschen, supported by the affections of its dependents.

After a short sojourn in this hospitable abode we left the castle in a carriage, called a Würste or sausage, which resembles an Irish car, except that it has but one seat in the middle, on which you ride at pleasure, sideways or astride. The dress of the Bohemian women, then going to mass, was exceedingly picturesque. They wore shawls of the most brilliant colours on their heads: these shawls are crossed under the chin, and tied on the top of the head, so as to conceal the face about as much as a helmet with the beaver raised. Some of the peasants' wives wore skull-caps, with two starched appendages behind, shaped like a butterfly's wings.

We changed horses at Arbesau, and posted over the field of battle of Culm. The Austrians and Prussians have raised monuments in honour of their victory: the Austrian obelisk is inscribed to General Colloredo, the Prussian one is dedicated with better feeling to the remembrance of the immortal struggle sustained alike by king and country. We had now entered the estate of Prince Clary Aldringer, and the eye ranged southwards over the valley in which Teplitz lies, broken here and there by some towering eminence crowned by a ruined fortalice, and shut in by the sugar-loaf peaks of the Milleschau mountains.

Who has not heard of the hundred and fifty mineral waters of Bohemia, of the hot torrent of Carlsbad, and the warm springs of Teplitz? Alas! that I must hurry on from the baths, and the gay company, and the pleasant walks about Prince Clary's palace; and from the congress of 1835, where the affairs of Europe were *not* decided. But I must leave the history of that singular summer untold; and if I do not get away from the mountains, and across the plains near Theresein-stadt, we shall not reach Prague to-night.

As we arrived upon the last ridge of the vast and varied range of the Erzgebirge, the view was exceedingly striking: the whole surface of the country appeared like one immense corn-field, now bare of its harvest, but varied by gentle sweeps and hillocks, abundantly planted with fruit-trees, fringed with hop-walks and vineyards, and dotted with the spires and habitations of the Bohemian villages. At Weldruss, in the domain of Jewiöwes, we visited the park of Count Chotek, abounding in Italian poplars and fine oaks, through which we wandered along paths of shrubs, by the side of pleasant brooks. In the grounds of the Bohemian nobles there is a total want of evergreens, which are said not to bear the rigour of the climate. The same reason is assigned for the absence of green crops in their husbandry; and I was informed that the cattle are mainly fed in winter upon hay, which is grown on the lower lands. The price of hay—being then somewhat above the average—was about 2*l.* 15*s.* a ton.

The quantity of fruit grown in the circle of Leitmeritz is so great that the annual exportation to the whole of Germany, and even to St. Petersburg, has been computed at 60,000 cwt. The Prussian Commercial League has now put so heavy a duty upon fruit that it can no longer find purchasers beyond the frontier; and the unfortunate growers are obliged to see their wealth rot about them. It is curious that, notwithstanding the multitude of orchards, cider is unknown; and it is said, that the peasants could not be persuaded to drink it, beer being the ordinary beverage of the people. The wines of Leitmeritz, and particularly the Melniker and Czernoseker, are the best in

Bohemia, but they are only to be tolerated in a country where little wine is to be had except the execrable produce of the Austrian grape. Foreign wines are subject to an enormous duty, and even the wines of Hungary, which are the cheapest in the world on the spot where they are made, pay a heavy impost, on entering the other provinces of the empire.

We drove along this rich arable country till, as we approached the brow of the hills, the clouds of dust and the more frequent traffic apprized us of the neighbourhood of a great city. There passed a Bohemian wagoner, with his train of light and spirited horses, unblinkered and almost unharnessed, struggling along with the ardour of their wild race; there a peasant, driving his heavy equipage drawn by grey Polish oxen slowly up the hill. Suddenly one of those views burst upon us, which, like the prospect from the Jura or the first sight of Venice, can only be seen once in the startling grandeur of its novelty. Upon the shores of the broad Moldau lay the city of Prague at our feet, crowned with countless towers, some tapering with the graceful spires and lanthorn turrets of the earlier periods of architecture, others adorned with the massive cupolas of a later age; and the whole picture was backed by the enormous mass of the Hradschin, with its Gothic cathedral and the immense façade of the palace, glittering on the ridge of the splendid amphitheatre of hills. As we descended from the eminence, what recollections crowded upon the mind!—how many alliances, here contracted and here dissolved—how many armies, here united and here dispersed—how many great historic shadows chasing each other from the scene! Prague is essentially a metropolitan city; there is no other town in Bohemia with a population of more than 8,000 inhabitants. Its circumference is four leagues, its area is 2,115,611 square toises, and its population (with a garrison of 12,000 men) is estimated at 118,000.

Like those Italian cities which it rivals in beauty and surpasses in harmonious grandeur, Prague recals none of the associations of ordinary life or common transactions; its history forms a part of the greatest struggles of principles and powers which the christian world ever witnessed; and it stands preserved, like some great Temple of the Past, in which the memory of the old time, and the monuments of great deeds, fill and fire the mind. Such too is the external character of the city; as you drive along its streets every building has some romantic feature of its own; here an armorial device, there a saint with his golden circlet or burning lamps, or a half-obliterated fresco, an arched balcony, a fortified gateway, or an ornamented shrine. Nor is this old and enduring character of the city without its importance; at a period when every political means are employed to efface and subdue the national character—when every act of social life must be Austrian to be innocent—there is a power and a spirit in these unshaken walls and these perennial customs, which must needs keep the memory of their great origin and their former energy fresh in the hearts of the Bohemian people.

II.—THE CITY OF PRAGUE.

Of all the great men of the fourteenth century, whose energy and wisdom prepared the way for future generations, by strengthening and improving their own, none have been more unjustly treated by history than the Emperor Charles IV. He did not indeed revive the fallen party of the Ghibellines, or give an emperor to Italy; but he conferred the Golden Bull upon the German princes; he made Prague, his city of residence, the rival of the brilliant court of Robert of Naples, by collecting there the choicest artists and most accomplished scholars of Europe; he cherished the language, the manners, and the liberties of his Bohemian subjects; he made their nation the flower of eastern and of western Europe, the centre of knowledge and of power; and, although he incurred the rebuke of Petrarch, his memory is still cherished by the Bohemian people as the greatest of their benefactors and the wisest of their kings. Nearly five centuries have passed since he reigned, and Prague is still adorned with the solid magnificence of the monuments he raised, which have for the most part outlived the institutions he granted to their schools, to their municipalities, and to the ecclesiastical bodies. The splendid bridge which still unites the banks of the Moldau, extending to a length of 1,780 feet, and terminated by strong turreted gateways, was built by the architects of Charles. The battlements of the city wall, which still defend the green sides of the St. Lawrence mountain, were raised by him to give employment, as it is said, to the working population of the city—for of invasion there was, in his time, no fear. The cathedral of St. Vitus, on the summit of the imperial Hradschin, is still in the unfinished state in which it was left by Matthew of Arras and Peter Arlieri, in the year 1380; and there is not a street in the city which does not bear some trace of the taste, piety, and liberality of Charles IV. The world contains few examples of a man who did so much and so well, not only for himself and his people, but for us, who are his remote posterity.

But the seeds of civilisation, thus prodigally sown, bore a speedy harvest and a bitter fruit. In the beginning of the following century, Huss and Jerome taught and perished: the wars of the Hussites, which then broke out, put an end to the blessings of peace and the refinements of prosperity in Prague. Bohemia, which had stepped beyond the rest of Europe in the defence of her civil and religious liberties, maintained the premature conflict for two entire ages. She finally lost those liberties when they were extending most widely in other countries: and the monuments of Prague, which attest her former prosperity and her pride, also recal her long conflict, her heroic leaders, her dreadful persecutions, and her final subjugation to that House of Austria, which has been, early and late, the perpetual enemy of all that was great and free in the provinces of its empire.

> Lì si vedrà tra l'opere d'Alberto
> Quella che tosto moverà la penna,
> Perchè 'l regno di Praga fia deserto.
>
> PARAD. xix. 115.

With these reminiscences of the past, let us wander awhile through this city, still splendid with antiquity—fallen indeed from its former estate, but neither ruined nor decayed. Of the three distinct parts into which Prague is divided (and which had each a separate municipal constitution in the middle ages,) the Klein-Seite, on the left bank of the Moldau, has ever been the seat of the nobility and of the monarch; its streets and squares, rich with churches and palaces, slope up the steep ascent of the Hradschin, whence the royal residence, and the magnificent piles surrounding it, command the whole city. The Alt Stadt, on the opposite shore, is still the seat of trade, and its buildings are for the most part connected with the history of that great Hussite party, which was defended by the burghers of Prague against the world, whose worship was celebrated in the Teyn Church, and whose rights were long asserted and finally destroyed in the venerable chambers of the Town Hall. The Neustadt, or new town, was projected and begun by Charles IV.; it covers an immense space of ground, less peopled than the other parts of Prague, and it contains the vast convents, hospitals, and public buildings, which owed their magnificence to the Jesuits, who interspersed the older monuments of the city with the rich but meretricious Italian architecture of their Order.

It is related by the chroniclers, that Charles IV., (whose ordinary residence was at the old palace of Könighof in the Altstadt,) was wont to take the princes of the empire with him up to the windows of his castle on the hill, and, pointing with delight to the broad site of the Neustadt, to exclaim, "See, this is my work." The present palace of the Hradschin was built at much later periods, and the Hall of Ladislas, with a few of the old towers above the postern, are all that remain of the old castle or burg. But the view from the apartments is still the same—a noble prospect for a monarch's eye. Immediately beneath lies the whole of Prague; the Klein Seite, with the great cupola of St. Nicholas, a church of the Jesuits in the foreground; the long palace of Wallenstein, coiled, as it were, round the foot of the imperial rock; the Lobkowicz palace on the right hand, with its beautiful gardens rising up the side of the adjacent hill, which is crowned by the stately Premonstratensian Convent of Strahow; the centre of the panorama is divided by the Moldau, whose broad and curved stream is broken by green islands and crossed by the long array of statues on the bridge; beyond it rise the cupola of the Church of the Red Cross Knights, the lanthorn-towers of the Town Hall and the Teyn Church, and the peaked roofs of the Altstadt, which is surrounded by the immense white buildings of the suburbs spreading out to the foot of the hills.

On a narrow terrace, immediately below the palace, two obelisks mark the spot where Martinitz and Slawata were thrown out of the windows of the Green Chamber, at the beginning of the Thirty years' war. The windows, which opened their casements to so treasonable an act on the persons of the Imperial Commissioners, have been punished by being half walled up with coarse brick. The proceeding, which the emperor said, with some truth, to be alike contrary to reason and nature, was sanctioned by the immemorial custom of Bohemia. Throughout the wars of the Hussites, we read of whole corporations thrown from the upper stories of the town hall, generally with more unpleasant consequences than befell Martinitz and Slawata, who were picked up, after a fall of thirty feet, and put to bed by a lady of quality, the Princess Penelope Lobkowicz. An attempt was made to justify the measure by an appeal to the fate of Jezebel and to the Tarpeian rock. But this foolish exploit of the rash patriots of Bohemia was rapidly followed by events which give it an abiding place in history. It was the first act of violence in the great struggle of Thirty Years, in which the North and the South, the Protestant and the Catholic, the Austrian and the Swede, contended for supremacy; and the war, which ended in 1648 with the unsuccessful siege of Prague, was begun in 1618 on the spots of ground still marked out by these obelisks. The peace of Westphalia was signed; and Bohemia was surrendered to that sovereign who had rewarded the genius of her Wallenstein with assassination and attainder—who answered her call for freedom and toleration with a lasting edict of blood and chains.

The metropolitan church of Prague stands in the palace yard, on the highest point of the Hradschin. The outer walls are imperfect, and the choir alone was finished—being a very small portion of the original plan. This church, emblazoned with the shields of the house of Hapsburg—with the proud bearings of Bohemia, Hungary, Styria, Moravia, Carinthia, Burgundy, Spain, and Brabant—the rich ornaments of the Golden Fleece and the imperial cipher—is more like the chapel of a sovereign than the cathedral of a nation. The side-chapels, however, retain the memory of the earlier worthies of Bohemian history. That of St. Adalbert, who was the second Bishop of Prague, and was murdered by the Prussians, a heathen horde, whom he went to convert in 997, is still frequented by the people. The song of St. Adalbert has also survived the lapse of years, and its austere but affecting melody is still sung in the churches of his country. The chapel of St. Wenceslas, the fourth Christian Duke of Bohemia, who perished by the hand of his brother in 936, is larger and more splendid. Its walls are inlaid with Bohemian jasper, agates, and chrysophras, and they are adorned with some of the finest fresco-paintings of the fourteenth century now in existence. The lower row of paintings is attributed partly to Nicholas Wurmser of Strasburgh, and partly to the excellent Bohemian artists,* Dietrich of Prague and others, who were encouraged by Charles IV., the builder of the chapel. The outer wall of the building, on the side next the palace, is covered with mosaics. The group in the centre represents the

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* Dietrich of Prague and the school of Slavonian artists to which he belonged deserve more notice than they have hitherto obtained in the history of painting. They emanated directly from the school of Byzantine artists which had sprung up in Kiew, whose works abound in the Russian churches. The paintings of Dietrich of Prague are quite equal to the finest productions of the art, either in Italy or on the Rhine, in the fourteenth century. Amongst the best of his pictures may be mentioned a St. Thomas, remarkable for its expression and correct drawing; a Madonna and Child, which is kept in an abbey on the confines of Bohemia, near Linz; and a group, containing portraits of Charles IV. and his son Wenceslas, then a boy, supported by St. Sigismond and St. Wenceslas, kneeling before the Virgin. The Bohemian artists were remarkable for the perfection of their portraits. In the last-mentioned picture the age of the young Prince Wenceslas (afterwards Wenceslas IV.,) determines the date of the picture, which must have been painted about 1370.

Slavonian saints, St. Sigismund, St. Procopius, St. Vitus, St. Wenceslas, St. Ludmilla (his mother,) and St. Adalbert, interceding with the Virgin; above this mosaic is a St. Veronica head of Christ of the finest character. These works may sustain a comparison with the best mosaics of that age in St. Mark's at Venice.

St. Wenceslas was for many centuries the patron of all that was good and brave and truly national amongst the Bohemians. The ninth jubilee festival of the saint was celebrated on the 28th of September, 1836—the anniversary of his murder nine hundred years before. A kind of altar, ornamented with tapestries, representing the murder of the prince, was erected before an old equestrian statue of him in one of the largest squares of Prague. On the eve of the feast this monument was brilliantly illuminated. The scene was then very striking: in the middle of that immense area stood the statue, glittering with a thousand lamps, and the people, collected in crowds around it, were singing the old Bohemian hymns in honour of the martyr.[*] The shrill, but not unmusical chorus, continued for the greater part of the night; and from time to time a flourish of trumpets announced the commencement of the different verses. Happy the people whose manners have preserved thus much of a solemnity, which has outlived the changes of nine hundred years! Will England remember to celebrate the approaching millennial festival of the birth of her Alfred, to whom St. Wenceslas may be compared for piety, wisdom, justice, and strong national feeling?

But the honours and the veneration once paid to St. Wenceslas, have been almost entirely transferred to St. John Nepomuck, whose shrine of massive silver stands in the same church. The history of this change is curious. St. John Nepomuck is now believed by the people to have been the Confessor of the Queen of Wenceslas IV., and to have been thrown from the bridge into the Moldau, for refusing to violate the holy secrecy of the rite of confession. The real facts are however different, and the origin of St. John's reputation is more recent. He perished a martyr to church reform. During the contests which arose between Wenceslas IV. and the then Archbishop of Prague,[†] with regard to certain matters of church property, the prelate was vigorously supported by his vicar-general, Johanko von Pomuk, upon whom the king wreaked his vengeance; and the spot is still shown from which he was thrown into the river.

[*] The Hymn to St. Wenceslas begins thus:—

Swaty Waclawe
Wewodo Cheske země
Kujze nás, pros za nas Boba,
Swatébo Ducha; Kriste eleyson.

Oh! holy Wenceslas,
Duke (or vaivode) of the Cheskian race!
Oh our prince! pray for us to God,
The Holy Spirit! Christe eleyson.

One of the verses, which went on to pray, "Drive away the stranger!" has been altered in more recent times.

[†] John of Genzstein, whose name is celebrated amongst the Bohemian doctors: he seems to have fared much better than his vicar-general—at least during his lifetime—for he afterwards became the Patriarch of Alexandria.

This event took place in 1381: and was soon forgotten by the people. Time, however, rolled on; John Huss perished in the flames of Constance, and as his schism was followed by the larger portion of the Bohemian nation, "Saint John Huss" became an object of popular reverence. I have seen hymns in his honour, which were sung in churches even towards the close of the sixteenth century. But when the Jesuits were installed in Prague to extirpate the Bohemian heresies, they found it useful to have a St. John of their own. The legend of St. John Nepomuck was invented; his relics were shown; an epic poem, the Nepomuceidon, was composed by the Jesuit Persicus in his honour; in 1729 he was canonized, and his fame spread with amazing rapidity throughout the Catholic church. These honours are now so intimately connected with the system in which they originated, that I once heard a distinguished Bohemian declare that no good could befal his country till St. John Nepomuck was once more thrown into the Moldau.

Every part of the cathedral, in which these tombs are placed, contains traces of the exquisite taste and feeling of the artists of the middle ages. I passed delightful hours in exploring the details which lie concealed by the massive parts of the edifice, for Gothic architecture is as lavish of its beauties, and as modest in concealing them, as Nature herself.

In the court of the palace, just below the mosaics I have described, stands a bronze statue of St. George, which is a unique specimen of art in the fourteenth century. It is hollow, and about one-third of the size of life. The horse is bounding forwards, whilst the Christian Perseus, poised on his saddle-bows, plunges the short end of his lance perpendicularly down the throat of the dragon. This statue was cast for Charles IV., in 1374, by two German artists, named Martin and George von Clussenbach or Clussenberg, and it has stood in the court of the palace ever since.

Some time or other we may return to wander in the immense palace, built by Albert of Waldstein, to eclipse in his disgrace the splendour of the imperial court. It still belongs to his collateral descendants, though they do not bear the name of Wallenstein (in three syllables) by which he is more commonly designated.

But our present path, across the bridge and down the narrow streets of the old city, leads to the irregular area which is formed by the Town-Hall on one side, and the Teyn Church on the other. On this spot the tournaments were held, for which the chivalry of Bohemia was so celebrated, and the knight-errant King John, who, blind as he was, perished in the thick of the fight at Crecy. It was in this place that the Utraquist Bishop Augustin communicated the eucharist to the whole people, under both elements, in 1484. It was this same Ring which witnessed the festivities to welcome the house of Hapsburg to Bohemia's throne; and which afterwards drank the blood of her religionists and her patriots shed upon the scaffolds of the Ferdinands.

The time is long past since the inscription, still to be seen over the Town-Hall, told the truth:—

> "Hæc domus odit, amat, punit, conservat, honorat,
> Nequitiem, pacem, crimina, jura, probos."

But in the middle ages the municipality of Prague was one of the most powerful in Europe: it was the focus of the liberties of the country. The Rathsherrn, or senators of the city, governed the country in case of an interregnum, and presided at the election of the king. They gave advice to the sovereign as the most powerful, and supplies as the most wealthy, of his subjects. These great privileges are now reduced to very narrow limits by the jealousy of the imperial administration; and the senators, who were elected by the burgesses till the reign of the late emperor, are now solely appointed by the crown. The building still remains entire; but the rich oaken ceiling of the senate-hall is already condemned as insecure. The small chapel occupies an oriel window which projects over the square below; but the only memorial it contains of the ancient powers and martial prowess of the burghers of Prague, is one of those heavy-spiked flails which were used to such deadly purpose by the peasant army of Zizka—the Puritans of the fifteenth century.

The church of the Teyn stands immediately opposite the great front of the Town-Hall. From every part of the city, and from the neighbouring hills, you discern the two light towers of the old church, delicately tapered, and flanked each by a double circlet of four turrets of the most simple and tasteful architecture. A church was dedicated to the Virgin on that spot by Boriwoi, the first Christian Duke of Bohemia, as early as 868: but the present edifice was erected by German merchants in 1407. Shortly afterwards the Germans were driven out of Prague by the patriotic exertions of Huss, and when the Hussites had become the national party in Bohemia, the Teyn was, in fact, the metropolitan church of the bulk of the people. It was the seat of the eloquent prelate, John of Rokyzan, who extorted religious toleration from the Council of Basle, and who raised his friend, the virtuous George of Podiebrad, to the throne, by an election which took place within its walls. Of the greatness of those men, who preceded the more successful reformers of Germany by half a century, and far surpassed them in tolerance and enlightened policy, history has not yet taken a sufficient account. The building in which so many of their great acts were proclaimed to the people, has long since been restored to the pure Latin rite; but the rude antiquity of its ornaments, the simplicity of its architecture, and the class of people by whom it is frequented, show that it is still the church of the Bohemian populace. The service is almost entirely performed in the vernacular language; and the whole congregation joins with the fervour and musical taste of the Slavonians in the hymns and responses, which are peculiar to their country.

After the accession of George of Podiebrad to the throne in 1458, which insured the supremacy of the Hussite or Calixtine party, a huge statue of that prince was put up over the Teyn church, with a sword in one hand and a cup in the other, to betoken the cause he had supported. Now one Peter Eschenloër, who was no great friend of the party which gloried thus in having obtained the sacramental cup for the laity, says—"In the year after this statue was erected, the storks came and built their nests in this cup, which was so big that it might well have held a quarter of a cask of beer. And so unnaturally did the storks fill up this cup with adders, snakes, toads, and all manner of poisonous worms, that the cup could not contain them, and they fell alive into the streets, whence they were so numerous, that great alarm came upon the Bohemians in Prague. Gladly would they have taken down that cup, but for shame they durst not. Whereupon Rokyzan sent a man up to cover the cup, so that no stork should sit and make its nest there any more. Truly this was a plague of God: and the Bohemians ought, in all reason, to have acknowledged that their cup was poison, and straightway made themselves like other Christians." Since that time a statue of the Virgin has been put up in the place where King George of Podiebrad once stood.

On the 25th of March, 1348, the Emperor Charles IV. laid the first stone of the Neustadt, or new town of Prague, outside the moat which then protected the old city. The plan of the new city was already drawn out; convents and churches arose at intervals to mark its grandeur and its extent; but Charles contented himself with insuring the breadth and regularity of the streets by building the corner houses, leaving them to be filled up by private individuals, upon whom great privileges were conferred. From these judicious arrangements it is probable that no city of the Middle Ages could boast of such wide thoroughfares and areas within its walls. The distinct municipal privileges of the Neustadt frequently brought its citizens into collision with those of the old town: and from its immediate access to the open country, the comparative absence of foreign students and merchants, and its greater removal from the palace, it always had a more genuine Bohemian character than the other parts of Prague, which it has retained to the present day. During the wars of the fifteenth century, it was there that Zizka and Procopius, the heads of the ultra-puritanical party, with the Taborites, the Heborites, and the Picardites, had gained the firmest footing. These fanatics pillaged and destroyed almost all the works of art and religious edifices of the earlier Catholic era.

The establishment of a Jesuits' college again changed the face of this great suburb; and on the suppression of the Order, the magnificent building they had erected and occupied, was converted into a military hospital. Its admirable proportions support, without effort, the rich ornaments clustered about its long lines of windows; whilst the church, which terminates the edifice, loaded with a profusion of Italian decorations, and surmounted by a statue of St. Ignatius in a complete aureole of gold, attests the ancient pomp of the Order, and its devotion, in the words of the inscription, "to the greater glory of God, and the honour of St. Ignatius."

The architecture of the Jesuits admirably corresponds to their character amongst the religious orders: it has none of the gloom of cloistered solitude, none of the tender grace and majesty of Gothic buildings, in which every arch is an aspiration to Heaven; but it holds a medium between the school and the palace—an apt symbol of the functions of its authors, and of their influence over secular learning and secular power.

Very different in its character and its history is the Convent of Emmaus, a little further on. It was founded by Charles IV., in his new city, for certain Benedictine monks, who had been driven from their abbey at Sazawa,[*] where they had enjoyed the unique privilege of singing the mass and the hours in the old Slavonian tongue. The chief object of the founder was to maintain a perpetual school and monument of the old vernacular language, and to preserve those advantages, " quæ nobis natalis linguæ dulci et suavi consuetudine connectuntur."

But the Convent of Emmaus now bears sad marks of its decline: the orchard within the gate is a wilderness of boughs and weeds: and when the lay-brother opened the latchet which led to the cloister, he seemed to be conscious of the rude and fallen condition of his house. The celebrated frescoes on the walls of that cloister[†] are now effaced, save that here and there a figure emerges faintly from the mouldy mass of colour, with all the grace and true feeling which belonged to the early christian painters. In the church no remains of its primitive condition are to be found, except a curious wooden statue of St. Procopius, and its own chaste Gothic walls. Under Ferdinand III., the old Slavonian monks were ejected to make room for certain Spanish Benedictines from Monte Serrato. The number of the brethren is reduced from upwards of a hundred to twenty-five, many of whom are Germans, doubtless ignorant of the very origin and former privileges of the convent to which they belong. As if in triumph at the change thus wrought, the tattered banners taken from the Swedes in the thirty years' war, are hung above the altar; and hard by is a trophy of weapons taken at the rout of the White Mountain.

I extended my walk one evening to the confines of the Neustadt, first ascending the Windberg, upon which stand the magnificent convents, converted into hospitals by Joseph II. The hospital of Karlshof, on the summit of this hill, was once an Augustine monastery, built in honour of Charlemagne by Charles IV.: the only memorial I could discover of its former architecture, was a gateway into an adjoining field, surmounted by a well-preserved bust of Charles IV., perfectly similar in dress and feature to the portraits of him so often repeated by the painters and sculptors of his age.

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[*] This mother-convent of the Slavonian rite was founded by Duke Ulrich in 1032, for the hermit Procopius, his confessor: it was endowed by Bretialaw in 1039. In allusion to the great works undertaken and promoted by the Benedictines in the early ages, St. Procopius is represented in old monuments ploughing the earth, with the devil harnessed to his plough.

[†] The Nuremberg Chronicle says, that the Bible history of both testaments was legibly *written up* in this " weyter schöner vieregketer kreutzgang:" it should be *painted*, as it must refer to the subjects of the frescoes, which are all from sacred history.

The view from this point was vast and beautiful: on the other side of the large grassy basin, which slopes down from Karlshof, rise the angular bastions of the citadel of Wyssehrad upon the rock, where, in the heroic age of Bohemia, Libussa made her court with Premysl the ploughman for her husband: to the right the eye sees quite across the valley of the city to the Hradschin, to which the castle of the Bohemian kings was removed at an early period. The Wyssehrad and the Hradschin were chosen by the first inhabitants of the site of Prague for their steep and secure position. *Hrad*, in Bohemian, means a steep hill; and it is curious to trace the gradual descent of civilisation from the brow of the cliff to the busy shores of the river.

I wandered on to the banks of the Moldau, at the foot of the Wyssehrad. A sentinel was standing by the wall of the city, a fisherman's daughter was drying her father's nets, the evening was sweetly calm, and I heard the Angelus along the waters ringing from all the church bells in Prague—a concert which was so celebrated in ancient times, when the city could still boast of three hundred towers, that a scholar of the Middle Ages exclaimed, " Quam gratum erat omnium campanarum Pragensium voces sono serè per superficiem fluminis Moldavæ propagante percipere! nihil in vitâ ejusmodi audieram, nec satis explicare hodieque possum illam aurium voluptatem."

(To be continued.)

ANACREONTIC.

COME, THROW BY YOUR BOOKS.

Come, throw by your books! it is wise to unbend
  The mind, and enjoy the brief moments that pass;
There is nothing that lightens the heart like a friend,
  Or gives wit, like the nectar that flows from the glass.
They may talk as they will of the sages of old,
  Who spent all their lives in the shade of the schools,
To find out the stone that turns all things to gold;
  By the quill of a goose, they were nothing but fools
Who could never discover, that heart-easing mirth
Is the only " philosopher's stone " upon earth.

This world is a beautiful world to the sight,
  If man did not shadow its glories with care,
And shut out the God that makes all things as bright
  As the Eden that bloomed for the first happy pair.
Let them toil for the joys of ambition and wealth,
  For the temple of Fame on its pillars of brass;
Give me a clear conscience, snug cot, and sound health,
  With a friend now and then, to give zest to the glass,
And I'll prove it sound logic, that heart-easing mirth
Is the only " philosopher's stone " upon earth.

PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

CHAPTER I.—Liberal Members.

MR. SANFORD—MR. VILLIERS STUART—MR. THOMAS WENTWORTH BEAUMONT—MR. JAMES—MR. RIGBY WASON—MR. BROTHERTON.

Under the head of "Parliamentary Portraits," I intend to give a series of sketches, in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, of the best known members of the House of Commons, not included in my "Random Recollections." And I shall endeavour, in every instance, as in the work just mentioned, to write in the fairest and most impartial spirit, without giving utterance to a single expression of an ill-natured kind. I shall also endeavour, while penning my sketches, to divest myself as completely of all political feeling, as if I had never entertained a political opinion of my own. I shall take the various members at random, without regard to their relative importance in the house.

Mr. Sanford, member for Somersetshire, does not often trouble the house with his speeches. He has the good sense to perceive that he is no orator. Hence he sometimes prudently remains mute for a whole session at a time. And when he does open his mouth, it is usually when a sort of necessity is imposed on him by circumstances which he cannot control,—at least not very conveniently to himself. His longest speech—the longest, at any rate, which I recollect him to have made—was that which he delivered at the opening of the present session, when he proposed an address, in answer to his Majesty's most gracious speech. This was one of those compulsory speeches to which I have just alluded; and like everything done on compulsion, it was no very successful effort. Falstaff was right after all, when he refused to render a reason on compulsion. If members were their own friends, they would follow his example, at least in so far as speech making is concerned. It is a curious fact, that the most obscure members—obscure, I mean, as speakers in the house, members who scarcely ever utter a syllable at any other time—are almost invariably chosen by ministers to move and second the address in answer to the King's speech. What the motive is which prompts this selection, is one of those things which are not, as yet, dreamt of in my philosophy. It was clear, in the case of Mr. Sanford, that the task of moving the address was one which he would never have thought of imposing on himself. He manifestly rose under the impression that in making a speech, he was making a personal sacrifice of no ordinary magnitude to please his ministerial friends. He entered on the thing with a reluctance so visible, that no one could fail to perceive it. I am sure he would have been infinitely better pleased, had Lord John Russell, who, as the ministerial leader of the house, must be supposed to have been the selector on the occasion, desired him to go and break stones on the road for an hour or two. The punishment, in the one case, would not have deserved the name compared with the punishment in the other. The hon. member toiled through his speech as one who was suffering the pangs of a severe penance at every sentence he uttered. His articulation was very indistinct—much worse than usual. His voice was so feeble* that there was no hearing him in any part of the house but that immediately opposite and on either side of him. There was no variety in its tones: he spoke in the same conversational manner from beginning to end. As for action, again, he was as innocent of anything of that kind, with two or three exceptions which I shall mention presently, as the speaker's chair. He displayed eight or ten folio sheets of paper, folded precisely like a lawyer's brief, which he firmly grasped at either end by either hand. The only other use he made of his hands from the commencement to the close of his oration, was that of giving them a rapid shake when he stammered or stuttered at any sentence. It occurred to me at the time, as a curious fact, that a sudden movement of his hands, in this way, seemed to produce the immediate *accouchement* of the refractory words with which he travailed; and I wondered, in my own mind, whether a similar process would have brought up the "Amen" which stuck in Macbeth's throat. Be this as it may, the hon. gentleman managed to get through his speech, which occupied, as well as I can recollect, about twenty minutes in the delivery. He had one consolation after the delivery of the first half dozen sentences, namely, that if he did trip, or give utterance to anything stupid, nobody could have detected it; for scarcely any one paid the slightest attention to what he was saying. This, however, as I have shown in my former series, is no uncommon thing: it is a tribute of respect which is often, when the house is in an uproarious mood, paid to members of considerable reputation as speakers. The only persons I could not forgive for their inattention in this case, were the ministers themselves. They at least ought to have listened with a respectful attention to the speech of the hon. gentleman. They had imposed a very unpleasant task upon him; and they had, further, put him to the expense and trouble of appearing in a dress peculiar in the house on such occcasions. And yet, notwithstanding the fact of his being obliged to appear in this dress, sporting a sword by his side, and with wrists ornamented by lace frills; and notwithstanding the fact, moreover, that he was doing their service at the expense of a species of temporary martyrdom to himself,—notwithstanding all this, they were actually so deficient in common politeness, to say nothing of gratitude, as to pay no attention whatever to his speech. Lord John Russell seemed quite fidgetty. He assumed every conceivable position he could, so as to retain a sitting posture: how his mind was exercised, is a question I cannot answer. One thing must have appeared sufficiently clear to every one who observed the noble lord, that he must have been somewhat more sedate in his appearance when he wrote his "Essay on the British Constitution," or his unread and unrepresented tragedy of "Don Carlos."

Lord Morpeth, again, was still worse. He occasionally moved his outstretched legs as if he had been beating time to some tune he was whistling. Then he would throw back his head as far as it could go with safety to his neck, and look with as earnest a gaze to the ceiling as an astronomer would do to the starry firmament. The noble under-secretary for Ireland has the reputation of manifesting great physical excitement when he hits on what he considers a good idea either in poetry or in politics. I do not by any means wish to be understood as hinting that when he makes any such hit he would run about under the same circumstances as Archimedes did, crying, "I have found it! I have found it!" when that great philosopher, on leaping into the bath, made his celebrated discovery. I do not, I repeat, mean anything of the kind in the case of the noble lord; but I do say he is reported to display very great physical activity when what he conceives a happy idea flits across his mind; and I do most certainly also say, that during the greater part of Mr. Sanford's speech, he evinced as much restlessness as if he had been making a constant succession of "hits" for his verses to the "Keepsake" or any of the other Annuals to which he contributes, or for some of his parliamentary orations.

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* It is but right to mention that the hon. gentleman complained of labouring under indisposition on this occasion, which may have impaired, to some extent, the effective delivery of his speech.

As for Mr. Spring Rice, his conduct was still less respectful to the Hon. mover of the address, than that of either of his titled colleagues. Will it be believed, that he actually quitted his seat, though it was immediately before the place from which the Hon. gentleman spoke, and went up to the gallery, where he put himself into various ludicrous positions, and carried on a great deal of nonsensical conversation with other members, as listless and as loquaciously inclined as himself? I know people will be apt to question this. It is true, nevertheless.

But, bad as all this was, worse yet remains behind. Mr. Poulett Thompson either did not countenance the Hon. mover of the address, by vouchsafing his presence at all; or if he did, he lost no time in making himself scarce. Of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, I may write ditto. If this game be repeated by ministers, matters will come to this pass, that either some of themselves must move the address, or there will be no address at all.

Mr. Sanford, though an indifferent speaker, is a very intelligent man. His speech on the occasion to which I refer, was characterised by the quality of good sense. He is a man of excellent private character, and has always been consistent in his public conduct. His age is seemingly about fifty. He is middle sized, has brown hair, a fair complexion, and an angular face. The expression of his countenance is pleasant, and his appearance altogether is that of a country gentleman.

Mr. Villiers Stuart, the member for the County of Waterford, is, like Mr. Sanford, seldom heard of in the House. He contents himself with uttering some half dozen sentences on some unimportant subject, three or four times in the course of a session. He was chosen, however, at the commencement of the present session, to second the motion for an address to his Majesty, in answer to his Majesty's most gracious speech, and in adverting to the way in which the hon. gentleman acquitted himself on that occasion, the reader will be able to form a very accurate idea of his usual characteristics as a public speaker. Before he commenced his motion, he looked up most significantly to the reporter's gallery, as much as to say to the reporters, "Now, gentlemen, I am about to speak; I beg your special attention to what I am going to say, and I hope, whatever may be the reception my oration may meet with from the House, that you will do your duty, and give a faithful report of my eloquence in your papers of tomorrow morning." No one certainly could have witnessed the repeated and significant glances which the hon. gentleman cast towards the reporter's gallery, immediately before rising to deliver himself of the speech with which he was labouring, without coming to the conclusion that those were the feelings and sentiments which were working in his mind. Nor was he disappointed; the reporters, or, as his Irish countrymen call them, the reporthers, did do their duty, and he next morning appeared to much greater advantage in typography than he did that evening as an orator. Mr. Villiers Stuart is one of the stock-still gentlemen. It is true, he showed by example, that his head possessed the power of motion; but as for his body, it was as innocent of anything of that kind, as the sword which hung by his left side, while gently sleeping in its scabbard. Here it may be right to repeat what I believe I mentioned in my first series of "Random Recollections of the Commons," namely, that the mover and seconder of the address always sport an apparently good broad-sword. It is one, however, it may be as well to remark, which is quite harmless; it has never been guilty of cutting human flesh or shedding human blood. The blade of the hon. gentleman's weapon may be keen enough, but its merits in this respect have never been put to the test. It may possess the capability of doing a world of mischief, should the hon. proprietor be reduced to the extremity of testing its capabilities that way; but then it is quite possible it may be as incapable of harm as the wooden sword of Falstaff. Whether, however, the sword worn by the hon. gentleman on this occasion was made of steel or of wood, is a question which, as they say in the north of Scotland, I do not feel "obligated" to decide. It is with his speech, and himself as a speaker, and not with his sword, that I in strict propriety have to do. Well, then, the hon. gentleman is no Demosthenes, and yet there are many worse speakers. He got on, upon the whole, in a tolerably creditable manner, though everybody saw, before he had delivered himself of a dozen sentences, that the oration had been the work of most careful previous preparation, and that it had been committed to memory with an assiduousness of application, which would have made the reputation for attention to his tasks, of any third or fourth-form schoolboy. Mr. Villiers Stuart began his speech in a very pleasant chit-chat sort of style. He was quite clear and audible in his voice, without any undue exercise of his lungs. And as he began, so he continued and ended. He was the same in the tones of his voice when he uttered the last sentence, as he was when he broke ground in the first instance. He just hit the happy medium between making himself heard, and neither inconveniencing his own lungs, nor dunning the ears of his honourable auditory. Mr. Villiers Stuart seems so thoroughly a man of monotony, that I believe, had he spoken till four or five o'clock next morning, he would have been innocent of the slightest variation in his tones.

With regard to his action, again, as may be inferred from what I have already said, it was in admirable keeping with his voice. For any thing which appeared to the contrary, one might have concluded that his arms lacked the power of motion. His right hand rested on his breast all the while, as if he had been making protestations of "love to woman;" while his left hand rested, in poetical repose, on the hilt of his sword. The matter of the hon. gentleman's speech was not amiss. Many a worse address have I been doomed to hear in the House of Commons. There was good sense in it, and it displayed reasoning powers. Occasionally, however, the hon. orator suffered himself to wax too poetical. I am sure I need not tell him—for he knows it just as well as I do, and that is well enough—that the House of Commons, so long as there are such men in it as Mr. Hume, Mr. Alderman Wood, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Horace Twiss, Mr. C. Watkins Wynn, &c., is not the place where the beauties and delicacies of poetry have any chance of being appreciated. What wonder, then, that some of his choicest flights of fancy were unadmired and unheeded by the unpoetical members of the Lower House. Some of Shakspeare's characters, I do not now recollect which, blessed his stars that the gods had not made him poetical. If this be a source of self-gratulation, I know of no body of men under the canopy of heaven who have greater reason for indulging in it than that assemblage of personages whose names are graced with the appendage of an M. P. I am not in the habit,—at least, I am sure I ought not to be—of anathematising any class of my fellow men; but if I were, I could have wished to have had some Sterne beside me in the House to invent "a curse" sufficiently bitter to imprecate on the heads of the Whig, and Tory, and Radical assemblage before me, because of the indifference with which they heard the most beautiful of the hon. gentlemen's poetical images. This comes, there can be no doubt, of the violence of party feeling. So intent are our politicians on their sectional objects, that they are equally insensible to the reasonings of logic and the beauties of poetry. The hon. gentleman, if I am not mistaken, compared Ireland—I am quite sure he compared something—to woman's love. And yet, so stupid were his audience, that they appreciated not the beauty of the simile. Their countenances looked as stolid as before. He himself, however, seemed to be powerfully struck with the extreme felicity of the image; for I observed him press with peculiar force, as he spoke, on the hilt of his sword,—just as if afraid that, when talking on so exciting a theme as woman's love, his sword would realise what Burke said every sword ought to realise whenever the name of Maria Antoinette of France was mentioned, namely, leap from its scabbard. However, no such circumstance occurred. His sword seemed quite content to remain quiet enough where it was, while he talked in poetic strains of woman's love, and one or two other kindred topics.

Mr. Villiers Stuart has a very intelligent countenance. I should think he is about forty years of age. His complexion is fair, his eye quick, his forehead well developed, and his features altogether regular. His nose is prominent, but it does not much impair the pleasant effect of the general expression of his countenance. His hair is brown, and is usually "done up" with some care, though I have no idea he employs a friseur for the purpose. He is rather above the middle size, and rejoices in a handsome figure.

Mr. T. WENTWORTH BEAUMONT, the member for Northumberland, has brought himself into prominent notice of late. He is a gentleman of undoubted integrity of character. His political opinions are always formed without regard to party considerations. In fact, he connects himself with no party; he is as independent in mind and in political action, as he is in fortune. What that fortune is may be inferred from the fact that he has a yearly income of nearly 100,000*l.* I may mention, as a proof of Mr. Beaumont's honesty of purpose, that being unable, amidst the conflicting statements made on the subject by interested parties, to make up his mind as to the influence which the state of religion in Ireland has on the social and moral condition of the people, he, in the autumn of last year, made a tour himself, of several months' duration, through that country, in order that he might have an opportunity of arriving at the truth. The result was, that on his return he became a decided advocate for the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland, at least, to the extent of paying the Roman Catholic priests out of the public money. He moved an amendment to the address at the opening of last session, embodying this sentiment; but, finding there was no chance of its being supported to any extent, far less carried, he withdrew it.

Mr. Beaumont is a respectable speaker. He usually addresses the House, when he does speak, which, however, is not often, with considerable fluency. Occasionally he uses the wrong word, and has to correct and recorrect himself two or three times before he hits on the right one; but he is, notwithstanding, a respectable speaker. He is not wordy; there are always ideas in his speeches, though not of a lofty or brilliant order. Let me not be understood by this as intimating that Mr. Beaumont has no original ideas; he sometimes advances positions which are quite new. There is occasionally a good deal of strength in his style; indeed, it is not always so correct as it is vigorous. His voice is clear and his articulation is sufficiently good to make himself audible in all parts of the House, except when it is in a state of uproar; no very unusual state, it must be confessed. His voice wants flexibility. His manner is pleasant; there is nothing violent or extravagant about it. He slowly moves his head in the direction from one part of the House to the other, and gently raises his right hand. He is a gentlemanly-looking man. He is of the middle size, and of a handsome figure. His countenance has the glow of health impressed upon it. His face is round and his features are regular. He has moderately-sized whiskers and light brown hair. He is a middle-aged man, seemingly about his forty-fifth year.

Mr. Beaumont has signalised himself by his exertions on behalf of Poland. That ill-fated country has not a more ardent or more steady friend than she has in the member for Northumberland. He has been untiring in his exertions for the recovery of her independence. He has stood by her when almost all her other friends have either forsaken or forgotten her. He was the principal supporter of the association which existed for several years to aid Poland in her endeavours to regain her rights and liberties. And when he saw her friends in that association become lukewarm in her hallowed cause, and consequently could not reasonably expect any beneficial results from it, he projected "The British and Foreign Review" to advocate her interests. That periodical has, ever since its commencement, been carried on at the expense of Mr. Beaumont; and has undoubtedly been of much service in making known the real situation of Poland, and in boldly and fearlessly denouncing its oppressors. Mr. Beaumont has also contributed largely out of his private purse to the necessities of numerous Polish refugees in this country. His name is justly held in the highest admiration by every intelligent Pole.

Mr. James, the member for Cumberland, is a plain, straight-forward, honest-minded reformer. I mention his name after that of Mr. Beaumont because both hon. gentlemen possess certain qualities in common. Both act independently of parties. They do not identify themselves either with the Whigs or the Radicals, but vote with either or neither, according to their own conscientious opinions on the question before the House. They are both men of sufficient moral courage to think and act for themselves; and it so happens that they sometimes arrive at conclusions and adopt a course of action in which they stand nearly, if not wholly, alone. The circumstance of the amendment moved by Mr. Beaumont, at the opening of last session, to the address to the king, recognising the justice and propriety of making the Roman Catholic religion the established religion of Ireland—the circumstance of this amendment being seconded by Mr. James, is a case in point. Mr. Beaumont, as I have stated before, withdrew his amendment; consequently I cannot say with certainty what would have been the result had it been pressed to a division; but I am convinced, that if it had been so, the two hon. gentlemen would have found themselves alone.

Mr. James is no speaker. He has a curious half-screching sort of voice, with very little if any flexibility in its tones. He does not speak sufficiently loud to be heard in the more distant parts of the house, unless, indeed, an unusual degree of order should chance to reign in it. Mr. James does not speak often; and when he does, I have never seen hon. gentlemen seized with any special disposition to be attentive. He speaks slowly, and with no animation of manner. He is quite a quiet sort of man when on his legs. His style is plainness itself. He seems to have no ambition to be considered an orator. He is sincere in his opinions; and all he appears to be concerned about is that the house should know what they are. To be sure, he would prefer it, were the house practically to adopt them; but he is too much a man of sense, and knows too much of the ways of the world, to entertain any such expectation, constituted as the house now is. He knows full well, that a man who, like himself, stands aloof from all parties, recognises no motives of action but his abstract convictions of what is right, has no chance of carrying his peculiar views into practical effect. His matter is innocent enough of anything indicative of genius. It has nothing but its common sense to recommend it.

The personal appearance of Mr. James, like his matter and his diction, is plain. He has nothing fashionable or affected about him. He is a fine specimen of a country gentleman, fond of associating with the working farmers and looking after his own cattle and horses. He is about the usual height, rather stoutly made. He has an open, generous, or, to use a still more expressive though homely term, jolly-looking face. The man who never gambled before would bet any odds, on seeing his countenance, that he is an honest-hearted unsophisticated man. His complexion is healthy and his features are pleasant, though not boasting a particularly intellectual expression. His face is full without being round. He has a well-developed forehead. The little hair he has is dark, but his head is for the most part bald. He has passed the meridian of life. Judging from his appearance, I should take him to be on the wrong side of fifty-five. As, however, he is in the enjoyment of good health, and possesses a robust frame, it is to be hoped he has still a long and honourable public career before him.

Mr. Rigby Wason, the member for Ipswich, is not in the habit of addressing the House at any length; neither does he speak often; but he is well known and much esteemed by both sides of the house. There are few more honest or more consistent men among the six hundred and fifty-eight who rejoice in the appendage of the magical letters, M.P., to their names. His politics are decidedly liberal, but they stop short of Radicalism. They may, perhaps, be best described by the phrase extreme Whiggism. He is tall and well formed; without being stout, he has all the appearance of possessing great muscular strength. His countenance has something of a serious cast: he usually looks as if he were lost in deep thought. His grave expression of countenance would have well become the pulpit. It is quite a rarity to see him smile. When I say this, I mean, of course, to apply the observation to the hon. member when in the house. I have no doubt he can, when there is occasion, prove, as well as other men, that his features are not immovable like those of a statue. Mr. Wason's face possesses considerable elongation; and his features are strongly marked. His complexion is very dark. His hair is of a deep brown, and is always abundant. His whiskers are so large, that those of most other hon. gentlemen who rejoice in these facial embellishments, present but a very poor appearance beside them.

As a speaker, Mr. Wason has no great pretensions. His voice is not strong; it has something of a bass tone. He is not very audible in ordinary circumstances; sometimes he is not heard at all in the remoter parts of the house. He speaks with some rapidity; usually he is fluent enough in his utterance, but at times he stammers a little. His language is unpolished: no man can be more innocent of anything in the shape of flowery phraseology; but his style is correct. He is not wordy; he expresses himself with great conciseness, and is always clear, were he sufficiently audible, in his statements and arguments. He is not a man of superior intellect; but he has a sound judgment. He is exemplary in his attention to his parliamentary duties. He does not often involve himself in personal altercations with other members, because his own good-nature and inoffensive language prevent any one who may differ from him, finding a pretext to quarrel with him; but if any one choose to venture a personality at his expense, there is not a man in the house who will resent it with more spirit. A memorable instance of this occurred in the session of 1836. An honourable baronet, whose name I do not at this moment recollect, on the Tory side of the house, having made some observation in reference to Mr. Wason, which the latter regarded as personal, he immediately retorted in some remark which the hon. baronet could not pass over without a manifest breach of all the laws of honour—as those laws are understood among persons arrogating to themselves the exclusive title of gentlemen. The house and the speaker perceiving that a duel must be the consequence, interfered to prevent either legislator shooting the other. It was recommended to Mr. Wason, that he should withdraw the offensive expression he had used. But he would only consent to do so on the condition of the Tory baronet withdrawing, in the first instance, the terms he had employed. A difference of opinion arose as to whether the Tory baronet's words could be so construed as to be of a sufficiently personal nature to justify the use of the observations which Mr. Wason had made, and whether, therefore, that gentleman ought not to be the first to retract, and to say he would take no further steps in the matter. Mr. Wason would not for a moment listen to any proposal for his retraction, before his opponent. Most resolutely did he adhere to his determination, not to give way before the other, in spite of all the entreaties of his friends, and the threats of the speaker. After about a two hours' discussion on the subject, in the course of which almost every member—sometimes five or six of them at once—expressed his opinion on the matter, the Tory baronet was obliged to retract in the first instance, when his example was promptly followed by Mr. Wason, with all the plainness and simplicity of manner for which the hon. gentleman is distinguished.

Mr. Wason may be classed among the stock-still speakers. Having put himself into a perpendicular position, he seems to think that he has nothing more to do with his body until he resumes his seat. If you see him make a slight motion with his right hand, it is all the gesticulation he will put himself to the trouble of using. His notion appears to be, that it is sufficient that the tongue move; and that it is too much to expect the movement of his body also. He is quite a quiet speaker—if there be not an Irishism in the expression. He is in the prime of life, being only between forty and forty-five.

Mr. Brotherton, the member for Salford, is not much known as a speaker in the house. That he is not better known in that capacity is his own fault. Were there no other obstacles to his becoming what is called a popular speaker, his modesty alone would prevent his attaining to that reputation. He wants self-confidence: had he only a sufficient reliance on his own resources, and were to address the House with some frequency, he certainly would rank among that class of speakers in the Commons, who are allowed on all hands to be more than respectable. He seldom makes more than two or three speeches in the course of a session; and these are usually short. The longest I ever recollect to have heard him make, was in the session of last year. The subject was the condition of the factory children. The hon. member's speech occupied, if I remember righly, from fifteen to twenty minutes in the delivery. And seldom have I seen a member more respectfully listened to, or cheered with greater manifest cordiality, than was Mr. Brotherton on that occasion. Nor could it have been otherwise; for his speech must have commended itself to every intelligent and well-regulated mind, equally for the soundness of its arguments, and for the spirit of humanity which it breathed, from the first sentence to the last.

Modest and unassuming as was the demeanour of Mr. Brotherton, and little as he fancied himself a political economist, the Poulett Thomsons and Dr. Bowrings, and the other traders in " ten hours " doctrines, would have found it one of the most difficult tasks they ever undertook to have answered it even on their own commercial views. As for the humanity of the question, that is a point on which there cannot be two opinions. Mr. Brotherton, in short, made out one of the strongest cases which it was possible to make out, on behalf of the poor factory children, whether viewed in regard to the interests of the manufacturers themselves, or the interests and happiness of the poor infant slaves. I have not a doubt, from the attention with which the speech was listened to, and the repeated and hearty cheers with which it was greeted, that Mr. Brotherton in no small degree contributed to bring about the fortunate circumstance of leaving the political economists in a miserable majority of two, which of course had the effect of defeating the bill, and scattering the heartless notions of the " ten hours " advocates to the winds. I say this with the more confidence, because the factory question not being a party one, the members were left to exercise their own unfettered judgment, and to give full play to the kindlier feelings of their nature. What doubtless added to the effect of the hon. member's speech on this occasion, was the fact of his being himself an extensive manufacturer; so that, according to the Poulett Thomson notion, he was speaking against his own private interests.

Everything I have ever heard proceed from Mr. Brotherton, has been characterised by sound sense. His matter, too, is always well arranged, and his statements and arguments are so clear, that no one can mistake them. His style is plain, but accurate: it possesses the eloquence of simplicity.

As a speaker he is respectable. He uses little or no gesticulation beyond a gentle movement of his right hand. His voice is not strong; or rather, his self-diffidence prevents his raising it to the proper pitch. It is, however, clear and pleasant. His articulation is distinct, and his utterance well-timed. He never stutters or hesitates in the course of his address, but speaks with considerable fluency.

Mr. Brotherton is a great favourite with both sides of the house. It were, indeed, impossible that even party rancour could entertain towards him an unfriendly feeling. His very countenance is redolent of good-nature. There is a perpetual smile upon it. Some people who pretend to understand these things better than I do, would ascribe his full round face, and somewhat corpulent figure, to his kindly disposition. Nor do his manners belie his countenance in the article of good-nature. A more harmless or inoffensive man was never returned to the house. If all the members were as disposed as Mr. Brotherton to live peaceably with each other, we should be spared those uproarious scenes which, to the discredit of the performers, the floor of the Lower House so often exhibits.

Mr. Brotherton has brought himself into notice, as a member of the House of Commons, principally by his efforts to put an end to legislation after half-past twelve o'clock. A more praiseworthy object was never contemplated. The only source of regret is, that Mr. Brotherton's motions for carrying it into effect have hitherto been defeated. Let him, however, persevere. Triumph is sure eventually, and that at no distant period, to crown his exertions. And when his object is accomplished, he will have the satisfaction of reflecting that he has rendered his country a service of no ordinary magnitude. I can bear personal testimony to the fact, that a great deal of that crude and mischievous legislation of which everybody complains, is to be traced to the late hours to which the house used to be in the habit of sitting. After half-past twelve the great body of the members quit the house, except when a division is expected on some great political question, and proceed either to the club-houses, the gambling-houses, or other places, leaving the work of legislation to be performed by some thirty or forty individuals, some of whom may be personally interested in the questions under consideration or to be brought before the house. If, therefore, there is to be any jobbing, then is the time for it. But even when there is no jobbing, or any disposition to jobbing, the business of the nation must, as a matter of course, be grossly mismanaged from being left in the hands of a few members, who, at such late hours, must necessarily be fatigued and unfit for legislation. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact, that after half-past twelve, a very fair sprinkling of the remaining members is generally to be seen stretched out on the benches in as horizontal and straight a position, as if some undertaker were in the act of taking their longitude. But should a distinction be set up between occupying such a position at that hour of the night—the morning would be the correct term—and the fact of the hon. gentlemen being asleep, let any one listen a few moments, and ten to one but he will be convinced that they are fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, by the unmusical sounds, commonly called snores, with which his ears will be greeted. But what matters it, practically, whether these horizontal, straight-line gentlemen, are asleep or awake? They are taking no more part in the business of the house, than if they were a hundred miles from the locality of Westminster. Only fancy a member suddenly starting up from such a position to make a speech, or to offer some observations on the subject under the consideration of the house! Besides, it is at variance with the habits of all respectable men, and with the usages of society, to do that business after midnight, which may be as well done in the usual hours. It is, consequently, an unseemly thing on the part of the legislature to extend its deliberations—or rather, its sittings—for there is very little deliberation in the matter—beyond twelve o'clock, or half-past twelve at furthest.

To put an end to this improper and discreditable state of things, has been the great and praiseworthy object of Mr. Brotherton for the last two years. And though defeated, as already mentioned, in his efforts to get the house to pass a resolution that its sittings should, on no occasion, except when engaged in debate, extend beyond half-past twelve, there is another way in which the thing may be accomplished. That way is by moving an adjournment of the house whenever the minute hand of the clock points to half-past twelve. This, it is true, would put the hon. member for Salford to a good deal of trouble. That, however, I am sure he would not grudge for the accomplishment of so great an object. Indeed, he has already given abundant proof that the trouble would not cost him a moment's thought; for all last session he regularly, as the hour of half-past twelve arrived, rose to move the adjournment of the house. What Mr. Brotherton wants, to insure the desired consummation of sending all the members home to their beds, or, at all events, turning them out of the House of Commons at that hour, is energy or decision of character. His radical error, in all the instances in which he failed last session, was in listening at all to the entreaties of hon. members to desist from his purpose. I allow that it was no easy matter to resist their solicitations; for to say nothing of the "Oh! ohs!" which proceeded from what Mr. O'Connell would call the "leather lungs" of certain gentlemen whenever he rose, I have seen him entreated by the hands as well as by the "most sweet voices" of three or four other hon. members all at once. I have seen one look him most imploringly in the face, and heard him say in tones and with a manner as coaxing as if the party had been wooing his mistress—"O do not just yet, Mr. Brotherton: wait one other half hour until this matter be disposed of." I have seen a second seize him by the right arm, while a third grasped him by the left, with the view of causing him to resume his seat; and when his sense of duty overcame all these efforts to seduce or force him from its path, I have seen a fourth hon. gentleman rush to the assistance of the others, and taking hold of the tails of his coat, literally press him to his seat. I have seen Mr. Brotherton, with a perseverance beyond all praise in this righteous and most patriotic cause, suddenly start again to his feet in less than five minutes, and move a second time the adjournment of the house, and I have again had the misfortune to see physical force triumph over the best moral purposes. Five or six times have I witnessed the repetition of this in one night. On one occasion, I remember seeing an hon. member actually clap his hand on Mr. Brotherton's mouth, in order to prevent his moving the dreaded adjournment. I mention these things, in order that the public may be able to form some idea of the difficulties with which the hon. member for Salford has to contend, and the amount of resistance, physical as well as moral, which he is doomed to encounter, in his endeavours to insure a regular adjournment of the house at a seasonable hour. Let him, however, as I before said, persevere, and success is sure ere long to reward his efforts. When hon. members see that he is not to be deterred from his purpose, but is determined to accomplish it, under any circumstances, they will soon cease to oppose him; and his object will be gained.

Mr. Brotherton's politics are decidedly liberal, but not ultra-radical. He is a man of excellent moral character. He is a Dissenter; he belongs either to the Independent or Baptist persuasion. He is about the middle height, rather, as formerly stated, stoutly made. His complexion is dark, and his hair is of a jet black. His manners and appearance are plain. He would be apt to be taken for a country gentleman. His age is about fifty. He has only been four years in Parliament; but from his great and merited popularity with his constituents, he is not only sure of the permanency of his seat, but he may rest assured that no man will ever contest the representation of Salford with him, though the Tories may threaten something of the sort.

In my next chapter I shall resume my sketches of the Liberal Members.

FOR ENGLAND! FOR ENGLAND!

RICHMOND'S MARCH TO BOSWORTH.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Away to the battle! young chieftain, away!
  There are laurels to win for the brows of the free:
The fate of our country it hangs on this day,
  And the coward alone from the contest will flee.
The foemen! the foemen! they darken the air,
  They shadow the green earth, with banner and plume:
By the sword of the martyr, their proud heads shall wear
  A lowlier crest, ere the night-shadows gloom.
      For England—for England!
        St. George be our stay;
      Away to the battle,
        Young chieftain, away!

Away to the battle—young chieftain, away!
  Thy war-steed is ready, the trumpet has blown;
The "White Rose" shall blush for her Richard to-day,
  We will scatter her leaves at the foot of the throne.
The tyrant! the tyrant! his fiat is seal'd;
  The sword of a freeman's the bolt of a god;
No true son of England will falter, or yield
  To the sway of a despot one rood of her sod.
      For England! for England!
        St. George be our stay;
      Away to the battle,
        Young chieftain, away!

SNARLEYYOW; OR, THE DOG FIEND.[1]

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

BY CAPT. MARRYAT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

In which there is nothing very particular or very interesting.

We must now change the scene for a short time, and introduce to our readers a company assembled in the best inn which, at that time, was to be found in the town of Cherbourg. The room in which they were assembled was large in dimensions, but with a low ceiling—the windows were diminutive, and gave but a subdued light, on account of the vicinity of the houses opposite. The window-frames were small, and cut diamond-wise; and, in the centre of each of the panes, was a round of coarsely-painted glass. A narrow table ran nearly the length of the room, and, at each end of it, there was a large chimney, in both of which logs of wood were burning cheerfully. What are now termed *chaises longues*, were drawn to the sides of the table, or leaning against the walls of the room, which were without ornament, and neatly coloured with yellow ochre.

The company assembled might have been about thirty in number, of which half a dozen, perhaps, were in the ecclesiastical dress of the time; while the others wore the habiliments then appropriated to cavaliers or gentlemen, with very little difference from those as worn in the times of the Charleses in England, except that the cloak had been discarded, and the more substantial roquelaure substituted in its place. Most of the party were men who had not yet arrived to middle age, if we except the clericals, who were much more advanced in life; and any one, who had ever fallen in with the smuggling lugger and its crew, would have had no difficulty in recognising many of them, in the well-attired and evidently high-born and well-educated young men, who were seated or standing in the room. Among them Sir Robert Barclay was eminently conspicuous; he was standing by the fire conversing with two of the ecclesiastics.

"Gentlemen," said he at last, "our worthy Father Lovell has just arrived from St. Germain; and, as the most rapid communication is now necessary, he is empowered to open here and before us, every despatch which we bring over, before it is transmitted to head-quarters, with permission to act as may seem best to the friends of his majesty here assembled."

The fact was, that King James had lately completely given himself up to religious exercises and mortification, and any communication to him was attended with so much delay, that it had been considered advisable to act without consulting him; and to avoid the delay consequent on the transmission of communications to Paris, the most active parties had determined that they would, for the present, take up their residence at Cherbourg, and merely transmit to their friends at St. Germain, an account of their proceedings, gaining, at least, a week by this arrangement. The party assembled had many names of some note. Among the ecclesiastics were Lovell, Collier, Snatt, and Cooke; among the cavaliers were those of Musgrave, Friend, and Perkins, whose relatives had suffered in the cause; Smith, Clancey, Herbert, Cunningham, Leslie, and many others.

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[1] Continued from page 246.

When Sir Robert Barclay approached the table, the others took their seats in silence.

"Gentlemen," said Sir Robert, laying down the despatches, which had been opened, "you must be aware that our affairs now wear a very prosperous appearance. Supported as we are by many in the government of England, and by more in the House of Commons, with so many adherents here to our cause, we have every rational prospect of success. During the first three months of this year, much has been done; and, at the same time, it must be confessed that the usurper and the heretics have taken every step in their power to assail and to crush us. By this despatch, now in my hand, it appears that a Bill has passed the Commons, by which it is enacted, 'that no person born after the 25th March next, being a Papist, shall be capable of inheriting any title of honour or estate, within the kingdom of England, dominion of Wales, or town of Berwick-on-the-Tweed.'"

Here, some of the ecclesiastics lifted up their eyes, others struck their clenched hands on the table, and the cavaliers, as if simultaneously, made the room ring, by seizing hold of the handles of their swords.

"And further, gentlemen, 'that no Papist shall be capable of purchasing any lands, tenements, or hereditaments, either in his own name, or in the name of any other person in trust for him.'"

The reader must be reminded, that in those days, there was no "Times" or "Morning Herald" laid upon the breakfast table with the debates of the House—that communication was anything but rapid, there being no regular post—so that what had taken place two months back, was very often news.

"It appears then, gentlemen, that our only chance is to win our properties with our own good swords."

"We will!" was the unanimous reply of the laity present.

"In Scotland, our adherents increase daily; the interests of so many have been betrayed by the usurper, that thousands of swords will start from their scabbards so soon as we can support the cause with the promised assistance of the court of Versailles; and we have here intelligence that the parliament are in a state of actual hostility to the usurper, and that the national ferment is so great as to be almost on the verge of rebellion. I have also gained from a private communication from our friend Ramsay, who is now at Amsterdam, and in a position to be most useful to us, that the usurper has intimated to his own countrymen, although it is not yet known in England, that he will return to the Hague in July. Such, gentlemen, is the intelligence I have to impart as respects our own prospects in our own country—to which I have to add, that the secret partition treaty, which is inimical to the interests of the French king, has been signed both in London and the Hague, as well as by the French envoy there. A more favourable occurrence for us, perhaps, never occurred, as it will only increase the already well-known ill-will of his Catholic Majesty against the usurper of his own father-in-law's crown. I have now, gentlemen, laid before you our present position and future prospects; and, as we are met to consult upon the propriety of further measures, I shall be most happy to hear the suggestions of others."

Sir Robert Barclay then sat down.

Lovell, the Jesuit, first rose. "I have," said he, "no opinion to offer relative to warlike arrangements, those not being suitable to my profession. I leave them to men, like Sir Robert, whose swords are always ready, and whose talents are so well able to direct their swords; still, it is well known, that the sources of war must be obtained, if war is to be carried on; and I have great pleasure in announcing to those assembled, that from our friends in England I have received advice of the two several sums of ninety-three thousand pounds, and twenty-nine thousand pounds, sterling money, having been actually collected, and now held in trust for the support of the good cause; and, further, that the collections are still going on with rapidity and success. From his most Catholic Majesty we have received an order upon the minister for the sum of four thousand louis, which has been duly honoured, and from our blessed father, the Pope, an order for five hundred thousand paolis, amounting to about thirteen thousand pounds in sterling money, together with entire absolution for all sins already committed, and about to be committed, and a secure promise of paradise to those who fall in the maintenance of the true faith and the legitimate king. I have, further, great expectations from Ireland, and many promises from other quarters, in support of the cause which, with the blessing of God, I trust will yet triumph."

As soon as Lovell sat down, Collier, the ecclesiastic, rose.

"That we shall find plenty of willing swords, and a sufficient supply of money for our purposes, there can be no doubt; but I wish to propose one question to the company here assembled. It is an undoubted article of the true faith, that we are bound to uphold it by any and by every means. All human attempts are justifiable in the service of God. Many have already been made to get rid of the usurper, but they have not been crowned with success, as we too well know; and the blood of our friends, many of whom were not accessories to the act, has been lavishly spilt by the insatiate heretic. But they have, before this, received immortal crowns, in suffering as martyrs in the cause of religion and justice. I still hold that our attempts to cut off the usurper should be continued; some hand more fortunate may succeed. But not only is his life to be taken, if possible, but the succession must be cut off root and branch. You all know that, of the many children born to the heretic William, all but one have been taken away from him in judgment for his manifold crimes. One only remains, the present Duke of Gloucester, and I do consider that this branch of heresy should be removed, even in preference to his parent, whose conduct is such as to assist our cause, and whose death may weaken the animosity of his Catholic Majesty, whose hostility is well known to be personal. I have neither men nor money to offer to you, but I have means, I trust, soon to accomplish this point, and I dedicate my useless life to the attempt."

It would occupy too much of our pages, if we were to narrate all that was said and done at this conference, which we have been obliged to report, as intimately connected with our history. Many others addressed the meeting, proposals were made, rejected, and acceded to. Lists of adherents were produced, and of those who might be gained over. Resolutions were entered into and recorded, and questions debated. Before the breaking up, the accounts of the sums expended, and the monies still on hand, were brought forward; and in the former items, the name of Vanslyperken appeared rather prominent. As soon as the accounts were audited, the conference broke up.

We have said that, among those who were at the conference, might be observed some persons who might be recognised as part of the crew of the lugger. Such was the case; Sir Robert Barclay and many others were men of good family, and stout Jacobites. These young men served in the boat with the other men, who were no more than common seamen; but this was considered necessary in those times of treachery. The lugger pulled eighteen oars, was clinker built, and very swift, even with a full cargo. The after-oars were pulled by the adherents of Sir Robert, and the arm-chest was stowed in the stern-sheets: so that these young men being always armed, no attempt to betray them, or to rise against them, on the part of the smugglers, had they been so inclined, could have succeeded. Ramsay's trust as steersman had been appropriated to Jemmy Salisbury, but no other alteration had taken place. We have entered into this detail to prove the activity of the Jacobite party. About an hour after the conference, Sir Robert and his cavaliers had resumed their seamen's attire, for they were to go over that night; and two hours before dusk, those who had been at a conference, in which the fate of kingdoms and crowned heads was at stake, were to be seen labouring at the oar, in company with common seamen, and urging the fast boat through the yielding waters, towards her haven at the cove.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Besides other Matter, containing an Argument.

We left Ramsay domiciliated in the house of the syndic Van Krause, on excellent terms with his host, who looked upon him as the mirror of information, and not a little in the good graces of the syndic's daughter, Wilhelmina. There could not be a more favourable opportunity, perhaps, for a handsome and well-informed young man to prosecute his addresses and to gain the affections of the latter, were he so inclined. Wilhelmina had been brought up in every luxury, but isolated from the world. She was now just at the age at which it was her father's intention to introduce her; but romantic in her disposition, she cared little for the formal introduction which it was intended should take place. Neither had she seen, in any of the young

Dutch aristocracy, most of whom were well known to her by sight, as pointed out to her by her father when riding with him, that form and personal appearance which her mind's eye had embodied in her visions of her future lover. Her mind was naturally refined, and she looked for that elegance and grace of deportment which she sought for in vain among her countrymen, but which had suddenly been presented to her in the person of Edward Ramsay.

In the few meetings of her father's friends at their house, the conversation was uninteresting, if not disgusting; for it was about goods and merchandise, money and speculation, occasionally interrupted by politics, which were to her of as little interest. How different was the demeanour, the address, and the conversation of the young Englishman, who had been bred in courts, and, at the same time, had travelled much! There was an interest in all he said, so much information blended with novelty and amusement, so much wit and pleasantry crowning all, that Wilhelmina was fascinated without her being aware of it; and, before the terms of intimacy had warranted her receiving his hand on meeting, she had already unconsciously given her heart. The opportunities arising from her father's close attention to his commercial affairs, and the mutual attraction which brought them together during the major part of the day, she, anxious to be amused, and he attracted by her youth and beauty, were taken advantage of by them both, and the consequence was that, before ten days, they were inseparable.

The syndic either did not perceive the danger to which his child was exposed, provided that there was any objection to the intimacy, or else, equally pleased with Ramsay, he had no objection to matters taking their course.

As for Ramsay, that he had at first cultivated the intimacy with Wilhelmina more perhaps from distraction than with any definite purpose, is certain; but he soon found that her attractions were too great to permit him to continue it, if he had not serious intentions. When he had entered his own room, before he had been a week in the house, he had taxed himself severely as to the nature of his feelings, and he was then convinced that he must avoid her company, which was impossible if he remained in the house, or, as a man of honour, make a timely retreat; for Ramsay was too honourable to trifle with the feelings of an innocent girl. Having well weighed this point, he then calculated the probability of his being discovered, and the propriety of his continuing his attentions to the daughter of one whom he was deceiving, and whose political opinions were at such variance with his own—but this was a point on which he could come to no decision. His duty to the cause he supported would not allow him to quit the house—to remain in the house without falling in love was impossible.

Why should his political opinions ever be known? and why should not Wilhelmina be of the same opinion as he was?—and why—— Ramsay fell asleep, putting these questions to himself, and the next morning he resolved that things should take their chance.

It was about a fortnight since the cutter had left for England. Ramsay was rather impatient for intelligence, but the cutter had not yet returned. Breakfast had been over some time, Mynheer Van Krause had descended to his warehouses, and Ramsay and Wilhelmina were sitting together upon one of the sofas in the saloon, both reclining and free from that restraint of which nothing but extreme intimacy will divest you.

"And so, my Wilhelmina," said Ramsay, taking up her hand, which lay listless at her side, and playing with her taper fingers, "you really think William of Nassau is a good man."

"And do not you, Ramsay?" replied Wilhelmina, surprised.

"However I may rejoice at his being on the throne of England, I doubt whether I can justify his conduct to the unfortunate King James; in leaguing against his own father-in-law and dispossessing him of his kingdom. Suppose now, Wilhelmina, that any fortunate man should become one day your husband: what a cruel—what a diabolical conduct it would be on his part—at least, so it appears to me—if, in return for your father putting him in possession of perhaps his greatest treasure on earth, he were to seize upon all your father's property, and leave him a beggar, because other people were to invite him so to do."

"I never heard it placed in that light before, Ramsay; that the alliance between King William and his father-in-law should have made him very scrupulous, I grant, but when the happiness of a nation depended upon it, ought not a person in William's situation to waive all minor considerations?"

"The happiness of a nation, Wilhelmina?" In what way would you prove that so much was at stake?"

"Was not the Protestant religion at stake? Is not King James a bigoted Catholic?"

"I grant that, and therefore ought not to reign over a Protestant nation; but if you imagine that the happiness of any nation depends upon its religion, I am afraid you are deceived. Religion has been made the excuse for interfering with the happiness of a nation whenever no better excuse could be brought forward; but depend upon it, the mass of the people will never quarrel about religion if they are left alone, and their interests not interfered with. Had King James not committed himself in other points, he might have worshipped his Creator in any form he thought proper. That a Protestant king was all that was necessary to quiet the nation, is fully disproved by the present state of the country, now that the sceptre has been, for some years, swayed by King William, it being, at this moment, in a state very nearly approaching to rebellion.

"But is not that occasioned by the machinations of the Jacobite party, who are promoting dissension in every quarter?" replied Wilhelmina.

"I grant that they are not idle," replied Ramsay; "but observe the state of bitter variance between William and the House of Commons, which represents the people of England. What can religion have to do with that? No, Wilhelmina; although, in this country, there are few who do not rejoice at their king being called to the throne of England, there are many, and those the most wise, in that country, who lament it quite as much.

"But why so?"

"Because mankind are governed by interest, and patriotism is little more than a cloak. The benefits to this country, by the alliance with England, are very great, especially in a commercial point of view, and therefore you will find no want of patriots: but to England the case is different; it is not her interest to be involved and mixed up in continental wars and dissensions, which must now inevitably be the case. Depend upon it, that posterity will find that England will have paid very dear for a Protestant king; religion is what every one is willing to admit the propriety and necessity of, until they are taxed to pay for it, and then it is astonishing how very indifferent, if not disgusted, they become to it."

"Why, Ramsay, one would never imagine you to be such a warm partisan of the present government, as I believe you really are, to hear you talk this morning," replied Wilhelmina.

"My public conduct, as belonging to a party, does not prevent my having my private opinions. To my party I am, and ever will be, stedfast; but knowing the world, and the secret springs of most people's actions, as I do, you must not be surprised at my being so candid with you, Wilhelmina. Our conversation, I believe, commenced upon the character of King William; and I will confess to you, that estimating the two characters in moral worth, I would infinitely prefer being the exiled and Catholic James than the unnatural and crowned King William?

"You will say next, that you would just as soon be a Catholic as a Protestant."

"And if I had been brought up in the tenets of the one instead of the other, what difference would it have made, except that I should have adhered to the creed of my forefathers, and have worshipped the Almighty after their fashion, form, and ceremonies? Are not all religions good if they be sincere?—do not they all tend to the same object, and have the same goal in view—that of gaining heaven? Would you not prefer a good, honest, conscientious man, were he a Catholic, to a mean, intriguing, and unworthy person, who professed himself a Protestant?"

"Most certainly; but I should prefer to the just Catholic, a man who was a just Protestant."

"That is but natural; but recollect, Wilhelmina, you have seen and heard, as yet, but one side of the question; and if I speak freely to you, it is only to give you the advantage of my experience from having mixed with the world. I am true to my party, and, as a man, I must belong to a party, or I become a nonentity. But were I in a condition so unshackled that I might take up or lay down my opinions as I pleased, without loss of character—as a woman may, for instance—so little do I care for party—so well balanced do I know the right and the wrong to be on both sides—that I would, to please one I loved, at once yield up my opinions, to agree with her, if she would not yield up her's to agree with mine."

"Then you think a woman might do so: that is no compliment to the sex, Ramsay; for it is as much as to assert that we have not only no weight or influence in the world, but also that we have no character or stability."

"Far from it; I only mean to say that women do not generally enter sufficiently into politics to care much for them; they generally imbibe the politics of those they live with, without further examination, and that it is no disgrace to them if they change them. Besides, there is one feeling in women so powerful as to conquer all others, and when once that enters the breast, the remainder are absorbed or become obedient to it."

"And that feeling is——"

"Love, Wilhelmina; and if a woman happens to have been brought up in one way of thinking by her parents, when she transfers her affections to her husband, should his politics be adverse, she will soon come round to his opinion, if she really loves him.

"I am not quite so sure of that, Ramsay."

"I am quite sure she ought. Politics and party are ever a subject of dispute, and therefore should be avoided by a wife; besides, if a woman selects one as her husband, her guide, and counsellor through life, one whom she swears to love, honour, cherish, and obey, she gives but a poor proof of it, if she does not yield up her judgment in all matters more peculiarly his province."

"You really put things in such a new light, Ramsay, that I hardly know how to answer you, even when I am not convinced."

"Because you have not had sufficient time for reflection, Wilhelmina; but weigh well, and dwell upon what I have said, and then you will either acknowledge that I am right, or find arguments to prove that I am wrong. But you promised me some singing. Let me lead you into the music-room."

We have introduced this conversation between Wilhelmina and Ramsay, to show, not only what influence he had already gained over the artless, yet intelligent girl, but also the way by which he considerately prepared her for the acknowledgment which he resolved to make to her on some future opportunity; for, although Ramsay cared little for deceiving the father, he would not have married the daughter without her being fully aware of who he was. These conversations were constantly renewed, as if accidentally, by Ramsay; and long before he had talked in direct terms of love, he had fully prepared her for it, so that he felt she would not receive a very severe shock when he threw off the mask, even when she discovered that he was a Catholic, and opposed to her father in religion as well as in politics. The fact was, that Ramsay, at first, was as much attracted by her wealth as by her personal charms; but, like many other men, as his love increased, so did he gradually become indifferent to her wealth, and he was determined to win her for his wife in spite of all obstacles, and even if he were obliged, to secure her hand, by carrying her off without the paternal consent.

Had it been requisite, it is not certain whether Ramsay might not have been persuaded to have abandoned his party, so infatuated had he at last become with the really fascinating Wilhelmina.

But Ramsay was interrupted in the middle of one of his most favourite songs, by old Koops, who informed him that the lieutenant of the cutter was waiting for him in his room. Apologising for the necessary absence, Ramsay quitted the music-room, and hastened to meet Vanslyperken.

Mr. Vanslyperken had received his orders to return to the Hague a few days after the fright he had received from the nasal organ of the corporal. In pursuance of his instructions from Ramsay, he had not failed to open all the government despatches, and extract their contents. He had also brought over letters from Ramsay's adherents.

"You are sure these extracts are quite correct," said Ramsay, after he had read them over.

"Quite so, sir," replied Vanslyperken.

"And you have been careful to seal the letters again, so as to avoid suspicion?"

"Does not my life depend upon it, Mr. Ramsay?"

"Very true, and also upon your fidelity to us. Here's your money. Let me know when you sail, and come for orders."

Vanslyperken then took his bag of money, made his bow, and departed, and Ramsay commenced reading over the letters received from his friends. Mynheer Van Krause observed Vanslyperken as he was leaving the house, and immediately hastened to Ramsay's room to inquire the news. A portion of the contents of the despatches were made known to him, and the syndic was very soon afterwards seen to walk out, leaving his people to mark and tally the bales which were hoisting out from a vessel in the canal. The fact was, that Mynheer Van Krause was so anxious to get rid of his secret, that he could not contain himself any longer, and had set off to communicate to one of the authorities what he had obtained.

"But from whence did you receive this intelligence, Mynheer Krause," demanded the other. "The despatches have not yet been opened; we are waiting for Mynheer Van Wejen. I suppose we shall learn something there. You knew all before we did, when the cutter arrived last time. You must have some important friends at the English court, Mynheer Van Krause."

Here Mynheer Krause nodded his head, and looked very knowing, and shortly afterwards took his leave.

But this particular friend of Mynheer Krause was also his particular enemy. Krause had lately imparted secrets which were supposed to be known and entrusted to none but those in the entire confidence of the government. How could he have obtained them unless by the treachery of some one at home; and why should Mynheer Krause, who was not trusted by the government there, notwithstanding his high civil office, because he was known to be unsafe, be trusted by some one at home, unless it were for treacherous purposes. So argued Mr. Krause's most particular friend, who thought it proper to make known his opinions on the subject, and to submit to the other authorities whether this was not a fair subject for representation in their next despatches to England; and in consequence of his suggestion, the representation was duly made. Mynheer Krause was not the first person whose tongue had got him into difficulties.

So soon as Vanslyperken had delivered his despatches to Ramsay, he proceeded to the Widow Vandersloosh, when, as usual, he was received with every apparent mark of cordial welcome, was again installed on the little sofa, and again drank the beer of the widow's own brewing, and was permitted to take her fat hand. Babette inquired after the corporal, and, when rallied by the lieutenant, appeared to blush, and turned her head away. The widow also assisted in the play, and declared that it should be a match, and that Babette should be married on the same day that she was. As the evening drew nigh, Vanslyperken took his leave, and went on board, giving permission to the corporal to go on shore, and very soon the corporal was installed in his place.

This is a sad world of treachery and deceit.

CHAPTER XXXV.

In which the agency of a red-herring is again introduced into our wonderful history.

We are somewhat inclined to moralise. We did not intend to write this day. On the contrary, we had arranged for a party of pleasure and relaxation, in which the heels, and every other portion of the body upwards, except the brain, were to be employed, and that was to have a respite. The morning was fair, and we promised ourselves amusement, but we were deceived, and we returned to our task, as the rain poured down in torrents, washing the dirty face of mother Earth. Yes, deceived; and here we cannot help observing, that this history of ours is a very true picture of human life—for what a complication of treachery does it not involve!

Smallbones is deceiving his master, Mr. Vanslyperken—the corporal is deceiving Mr. Vanslyperken—the widow is deceiving Mr. Vanslyperken, so is Babette, and the whole crew of the Yungfrau. Ramsay is deceiving his host and his mistress. All the Jacobites, in a mass, are plotting against and deceiving the government, and as for Mr. Vanslyperken; as it will soon appear, he is deceiving everybody, and will ultimately deceive himself. The only honest party in the whole history is the one most hated, as generally is the case in this world—I mean Snarleyyow. There is no deceit about him, and therefore, *par excellence*, he is fairly entitled to be the hero of, and to give his name to, the work. The next most honest party in the book is Wilhelmina: all the other women, except little Lilly, are cheats and impostors—and Lilly is too young; our readers may therefore be pleased to consider Snarleyyow and Wilhelmina as the hero and the heroine of the tale, and then it will leave one curious feature in it, the principals will not only not be united, but the tale will wind up without their ever seeing each other. *Allons en avant.*

But of all the treachery practised by all the parties, it certainly appears to us that the treachery of the widow was the most odious and diabolical. She was like a bloated spider, slowly entwining those threads for her victim which were to entrap him to his destruction, for she had vowed that she never would again be led to the hymeneal altar until Mr. Vanslyperken was hanged. Perhaps, the widow Vandersloosh was in a hurry to be married, at least, by her activity, it would so appear—but let us not anticipate.

The little sofa was fortunately like its build, strong as a cob, or it never could have borne the weight of two such lovers as the widow

Vandersloosh and the Corporal Van Spitter; there they sat, she radiant with love and beer, he with ditto; their sides met, for the sofa exactly took them both in, without an inch to spare; their hands met, their eyes met, and whenever one raised the glass, the other was on the alert, and their glasses met and jingled—a more practical specimen of hob and nob was never witnessed. There was but one thing wanting to complete their happiness, which, unlike other people's, did not hang upon a thread, but something much stronger, it hung upon a cord; the cord which was to hang Mr. Vanslyperken.

And now the widow, like the three fates rolled into one, is weaving the woof, and, in good Dutch, is pouring into the attentive ear of the corporal her hopes and fears, her surmises, her wishes, her anticipations, and her desires—and he imbibes them all greedily, washing them down with the beer of the widow's own brewing.

"He has not been to the house opposite these two last arrivals," said the widow, "that is certain; for Babette and I have been on the watch. There was hanging matters there. Now I won't believe but that he must go somewhere; he carries his letters, and takes his gold as before, depend upon it. Yes, and I will find it out. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see who is the 'cutest—you or the widow Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott, yes!" replied the corporal.

"Now he landed a passenger last time, which he called a king's messenger, and I am as sure as I sit here that he was no king's messenger, unless he was one of King James's as was; for look you, Corporal Van Spitter, do you suppose that King William would employ an Englishman, as you say he was, for a messenger, when a Dutchman was to be had for love or money?"

"No, no, we must find out where he goes to. I will have some one on the look out when you come again, and then set Babette on the watch; she shall track him up to the den of his treachery. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, we will see who gains the day, you or the widow Vandersloosh."

"Mein Gott! yes," replied the corporal.

"And now, corporal, I've been thinking over all this ever since your absence, and all you have told me about his cowardly attempts upon that poor boy's life, and his still greater cowardice in believing such stuff as you have made him believe about the lad not being injured by mortal man. Stuff and nonsense! the lad is but a lad."

"Mein Gott! yes," said the corporal.

"And now, corporal, I'll tell you something else, which is, that you and the Yungfraus are just as great fools as Mynheer Vanslyperken, in believing all that stuff and nonsense about the dog. The dog is but a dog."

This was rather a trial to the corporal's politeness; to deny what the widow said, might displease, and, as he firmly believed otherwise, he was put to a nonplus; but the widow looked him full in the face, expecting assent, so at last the corporal drawled out, "Mein Gott! yes—a tog is but a tog."

The widow was satisfied, and not perceiving the nice distinction, continued.

"Well, then, corporal, as a lad is but a lad, and a dog is but a dog, I have been setting my wits to work about getting the rascally traitor in my power. I mean to pretend to take every interest in him, and to get all his secrets, and then, when he tells me that Smallbones cannot be hurt by mortal man, I shall say he can by woman, at all events; and then I shall make a proposition, which he'll accept fast enough, and then I'll have more hanging matter for him, besides getting rid of the cur. Yes, yes, Mr. Vanslyperken, match a woman if you can. We'll see if your dog is to take possession of my bedroom again."

"Mein Gott! yes," replied the corporal again.

"And now I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Corporal; I will prepare it myself; and, then, Mr. Vanslyperken shall have it grilled for his breakfast, and then he shall not eat it, but leave it for Smallbones, and then Smallbones shall pretend to eat it, but put it in his pocket, and then (for it won't do to do it on board, or he'll find out that the lad has given it to the dog) he shall bring it on shore, and give it to the dog here in the yard, so that he shall kill the dog himself, by wishing to kill others. Do you understand, corporal?"

"Mein Gott! yes, I understand what you say; but what is it that you are to prepare?"

"What? why, a red-herring to be sure."

"But how will a red-herring kill a body or a dog?"

"Lord, corporal, how stupid you are; I'm to put arsenic in."

"Yes; but you left that out till now."

"Did I? well, that was an oversight; but now, corporal, you understand it all?"

"Mein Gott! yes; but if the lad does not die, what will he think?"

"Think! that he can take poison like pea-soup, without injury, and that neither man nor woman can touch his life; be afraid of the lad, and leave him alone."

"Mein Gott! yes;" replied the rather obtuse corporal, who now understood the whole plot.

Such was the snare laid for Mr. Vanslyperken by the treacherous widow; and before the cutter sailed, it was put in execution. She received the lieutenant now as an accepted lover, allowed him to talk of the day, wormed out of him all his secrets except that of his treason, abused Smallbones, and acknowledged that she had been too hasty about the dog, which she should be very happy to see on shore. Vanslyperken could hardly believe his senses—the widow forgive Snarleyyow, and all for his sake. He was delighted, enchanted, threw himself at her feet, and vowed eternal gratitude with his lips—but vengeance in his heart.

Oh! Mr. Vanslyperken, you deserved to be deceived.

The dislike expressed by the widow against Smallbones was also very agreeable to the lieutenant, and he made her his confidant, stating what the corporal had told him relative to the appearance of Smallbones when he was adrift.

"Well then, lieutenant," said the widow, "if mortal man can't hurt him, mortal woman may; and for my love for you I will prepare what will rid you of him. But, Vanslyperken, recollect there's nothing I would not do for you; but if it were found out—O dear! O dear!"

The widow then informed him that she would prepare a red-herring with arsenic, which he should take on board, and order Smallbones to grill for his breakfast; that he was to pretend not to be well, and to allow it to be taken away by the lad, who would, of course, eat it fast enough.

"Excellent!" replied Vanslyperken, who felt not only that he should get rid of Smallbones, but have the widow in his power. "Dearest widow, how can I be sufficiently grateful? Oh! how kind, how amiable you are!" continued Vanslyperken, mumbling her fat fingers, which the widow abandoned to him without reserve.

Who would have believed that, between these two, there existed a deadly hatred? We might imagine such a thing to take place in the refinement and artificial air of a court, but not in a Dutch Lust Haus at Amsterdam. That evening, before his departure, did the widow present her swain with the fatal herring; and the swain received it with as many marks of gratitude and respect, as some knight in ancient times would have shown when presented with some magical gift by his favouring genius.

The red-herring itself was but a red-herring, but the charm consisted in the two-pennyworth of arsenic.

The next morning Vanslyperken did not fail to order the red-herring for his breakfast, but took good care not to eat it.

Smallbones, who had been duly apprised of the whole plan, asked his master, as he cleared away, whether he should keep the red-herring for the next day; but Mr. Vanslyperken very graciously informed him that he might eat it himself. About an hour afterwards Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, taking with him, for the first time, Snarleyyow, and desiring Smallbones to come with him, with a bag of biscuit for the widow. This plan had been proposed by the widow, as Smallbones might be supposed to have eaten something on shore. Smallbones took as good care as his master not to eat the herring, but put it in his pocket as a *bonne bouche* for Snarleyyow. Mr. Vanslyperken, as they pulled on shore, thought that the lad smelt very strong of herring, and this satisfied him that he had eaten it; but to make more sure, he exclaimed, "Confound it, how you smell of red-herring!"

"That's all along of having eaten one, sir," replied Smallbones, grinning.

"You'll grin in another way before an hour is over," thought his master.

The lieutenant, the dog, and the biscuit, were all graciously received.

"Has he eaten it?" inquired the widow.

"Yes," replied Vanslyperken, with a nod. "Empty the bag, and I will send him on board again."

"Not yet, not yet—give him half an hour to saunter, it will be better. That poor dog of yours must want a little grass," said the widow, "always being on board. Let him run a little in the yard, he will find plenty there."

The obedient lieutenant opened the back-door, and Snarleyyow, who had not forgotten either the widow or Babette, went out of his own accord. Mr. Vanslyperken looked to ascertain if the yard-door, which led to the street, was fast, and then returned, shutting the back door after him.

Smallbones was waiting at the porch as usual.

"Babette," cried the widow, "mind you don't open the yard-door and let Mr. Vanslyperken's dog out. Do you hear?"

Smallbones, who understood this as the signal, immediately slipped round, opened the yard door, took the herring out of his pocket, and threw it to Snarleyyow. The dog came to it, smelt it, seized it, and walked off, with his ears and tail up, to the sunny side of the yard, intending to have a good meal; and Smallbones, who was afraid of Mr. Vanslyperken catching him in the fact, came out of the yard, and hastened to his former post at the porch. He caught Babette's eye, coming down stairs, and winked and smiled. Babette walked into the room, caught the eye of the mistress, and winked and smiled. Upon which, the widow ordered Babette to empty the bread-bag and give it to Smallbones, to take on board—an order repeated by Vanslyperken. Before he returned to the boat, Smallbones again passed round to the yard-door. Snarleyyow was there, but no signs of the red-herring. "He's a eaten it all, by gum," said Smallbones, grinning, and walking away to the boat, with the bread-bag over his shoulder. As soon as he had arrived on board, the lad communicated the fact to the crew of the Yungfrau, whose spirits were raised by the intelligence, with the exception still of old Coble, who shook his head, and declared, "It was two-pence and a red-herring thrown away."

Mr. Vanslyperken returned on board in the afternoon, fully expecting to hear of Smallbones being very ill. He was surprised that the man in the boat did not tell him, and he asked them carelessly if there was anything new on board, but received a reply in the negative. When he came on board, followed by Snarleyyow, the eyes of the crew were directed towards the dog, to see how he looked; but he appeared just as lively and as cross-grained as ever, and they all shook their heads.

Vanslyperken sent for Smallbones, and looked him hard in the face. "Ar'n't you well?" inquired he.

"Well, sir!" replied Smallbones: "I'd a bit of a twinge in my stummick, this morning, but it's all gone off now."

Mr. Vanslyperken waited the whole day for Smallbones to die, but he did not. The crew of the vessel waited the whole day for the cur to die, but he did not. What inference could be drawn. The crew made up their minds that the dog was supernatural; and old Coble told them that he told them so. Mr. Vanslyperken made up his mind that Smallbones was supernatural, and the corporal shook his head, and told him that he told him so.

The reason why Snarleyyow did not die was simply this, that he did not eat the red-herring. He had just laid it between his paws, and was about to commence, when Smallbones, having left the yard-door open in his hurry, the dog was perceived by a dog bigger than he, who happened to pass that way, and who pounced upon Snarleyyow, trampling him over and over, and walked off with the red-herring, which he had better have left alone, as he was found dead the next morning.

The widow heard, both from the corporal and Vanslyperken, the failure of both their projects. That Smallbones was not poisoned she was not surprised to hear, but she took care to agree with Vanslyperken that all attempts upon him were useless; but that the dog still lived was indeed a matter of surprise, and the widow became a convert to the corporal's opinion that the dog was not to be destroyed.

"A whole two-pennorth of arsenic! Babette, only think what a cur it must be!" And Babette, as well as her mistress, lifted up her hands in amazement, exclaiming, "What a cur indeed!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In which Mr. Vanslyperken, although at fault, comes in for the brush.

Vanslyperken having obtained his despatches from the States General, called at the house of Mynheer Krause, and received the letters of Ramsay, then once more the cutter's head was turned towards England.

It may be as well to remind the reader, that it was in the month of January, sixteen hundred and ninety-nine, that we first introduced Mr. Vanslyperken and his contemporaries to his notice, and that all the important events, which we have recorded, have taken place between that date and the month of May, which is now arrived. We think, indeed, that the peculiar merit of this work is its remarkable unity of time and place; for, be it observed, we intend to finish it long before the year is out, and our whole scene is, it may be said, laid in the channel, or between the channel and the Texel, which, considering it is an historical novel, is remarkable. Examine other productions of this nature, founded upon historical facts like our own, and observe the difference. Read Scott, Bulwer, James, or Grattan, read their historical novels, and observe how they fly about from country to country, and from clime to clime. As the Scythians said to Alexander, their right arm extends to the east, and their left to the west, and the world can hardly contain them. And over how many years do they extend their pages? while our bantling is produced in the regular nine months, being the exact period of time which is required for my three volumes. It must, therefore, be allowed that in unity of time, and place, and design, and adherence to facts, our historical novel is unique.

We said that it was the month of May—not May coming in as she does sometimes in her caprice, pouting, and out of humour—but May all in smiles. The weather was warm, the sea was smooth, and the men of the cutter had stowed away their pea-jackets, and had pulled off their fishermen's boots and substituted shoes. Mr. Vanslyperken did not often appear on deck during the passage. He was very busy down below, and spread a piece of bunting across the skylight, so that no one could look down and see what he was about, and the cabin-door was almost always locked. What could Mr. Vanslyperken be about? No one knew but Snarleyyow, and Snarleyyow could not or would not tell.

The cutter anchored in her old berth, and Vanslyperken, as usual, went on shore, with his double set of despatches, which were duly delivered; and then Mr. Vanslyperken went up the main street, and turned into a jeweller's shop. What could Mr. Vanslyperken do there? Surely it was to purchase something for the widow Vandersloosh—a necklace or pair of earrings. No, it was not with that intention; but nevertheless, Mr. Vanslyperken remained there for a long while, and then was seen to depart. Seen by whom? By Moggy Salisbury, who had observed his entering, and who could not imagine why; she, however, said nothing, but she marked the shop, and walked away.

The next day, Mr. Vanslyperken went on shore, to put into his mother's charge the money which he had received from Ramsay, and narrated all that had passed—how Smallbones had swallowed twopennyworth of arsenic with no more effect upon him than one twinge in his stomach, and how he now fully believed that nothing would kill the boy.

"Pshaw! child—phut!—nonsense!—nothing kill him?—had he been in my hands, old as they are and shaking as they do, he would not have lived;—no, no—nobody escapes me when I am determined. We'll talk about that, but not now, Cornelius; the weather has turned warm at last, and there is no need of fire. Go, child, the money is locked up safe, and I have my mood upon me—I may even do you a mischief."

Vanslyperken, who knew that it was useless to remain after this hint, walked off and returned on board. As he pulled off, he passed a boat, apparently coming from the cutter, with Moggy Salisbury sitting in the stern-sheets. She waved her hand at him, and laughed ironically.

"Impudent hussy!" thought Vanslyperken, as she passed, but he dared not say a word. He turned pale with rage, and turned his head away; but little did he imagine, at the time, what great cause he had of indignation. Moggy had been three hours on board of the cutter talking with the men, but more particularly with Smallbones and the corporal, with which two she had been in earnest conference for the first hour that she was on board.

Moggy's animosity to Vanslyperken is well known, and she ridiculed the idea of Snarleyyow being anything more than an uncommon lucky dog in escaping so often. Smallbones was of her opinion, and again declared his intention of doing the dog a mischief as soon as he could. Moggy, after her conference with these two, mixed with the ship's company, with whom she had always been a favourite, and the corporal proceeded to superintend the cutting up and the distribution of the fresh beef which had that morning come on board.

The beef block was on the forecastle, where the major part of the crew, with Moggy, were assembled; Snarleyyow had always attended the corporal on these occasions, and was still the best of friends with him; for somehow or another, the dog had not seemed to consider the corporal a party to his brains being knocked out, but had put it all down to his natural enemy, Smallbones. The dog was, as usual, standing by the block close to the corporal, and picking up the fragments of beef which dropped from the chopper.

"I vowed by gum, that I'd have that ere dog's tail off," observed Smallbones; "and if no one will peach, off it shall go now. And who cares? If I can't a kill him dead, I'll get rid of him by bits. There's one eye out already, and now I've a mind for his tail. Corporal, lend me the cleaver."

"Bravo, Smallbones, we won't peach—not one of us."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Moggy; "some won't, I know; but there are others who may, and then Smallbones will be keel-hauled as sure as fate, and Vanslyperken will have right on his side. No, no, Smallbones—you must not do it. Give me the cleaver, corporal, I'll do it; and any one may tell him who pleases, when he comes on board. I don't care for him—and he knows it, corporal. Hand me the cleaver."

"That's right, let Moggy do it," said the seamen.

The corporal turned the dog round, so as to leave his tail on the block, and fed him with small pieces of meat, to keep him in the same position.

"Are you all ready, Moggy?" said Smallbones.

"Back him a little more on the block, corporal, for I won't leave him an inch if I can help it," said Moggy; "and stand farther back, all of you."

Moggy raised the cleaver, took good aim—down it came upon the dog's tail, which was separated within an inch of its insertion, and was left bleeding on the block, while the dog sprang away aft, howling most terribly, and leaving a dotted line of blood to mark his course upon the deck.

"There's a nice skewer-piece for any one who fancies it," observed Moggy, looking at the dog's tail, and throwing down the cleaver. "I think Mr. Vanslyperken has had enough now for trying to flog my Jemmy—my own duck of a husband."

"Well," observed Coble, "seeing's believing; but, otherwise, I never should have thought it possible to have divided that ere dog's tail in that way."

"He can't be much of a devil, now," observed Bill Spurey; "for what's a devil without a tail? A devil is like a sarpent, whose sting is in his tail."

"Yes," replied Short, who had looked on in silence.

"But, I say, Moggy, perhaps it's as well for him not to find you on board."

"What do I care?" replied Moggy. "He is more afraid of me than I of him; but, howsomever, it's just as well not to be here, as it may get others into trouble. Mind you say at once it was me—I defy him."

Moggy then wished them good-bye, and quitted the cutter, when she was met, as we have already observed, by Vanslyperken.

"Mein Gott! vat must be done now?" observed the corporal to those about him, looking at the mangy tail which still remained on the beef-block.

"Done, corporal," replied Smallbones, "why, you must come for to go for to complain on it, as soon as he comes on board. You must take the tail, and tell the tale, and purtend to be as angry and as sorry as himself, and damn *her* up in heaps. That's what must be done."

This was not bad advice on the part of Smallbones—the ship's company agreed to it, and the corporal perceived the propriety of it.

In the meantime, the dog had retreated to the cabin, and his howlings had gradually ceased; but he had left a track of blood along the deck, and down the ladder, which Dick Short perceiving, pointed to it, and cried out "Swabs."

The men brought swabs aft, and had cleared the deck and the ladder down to the cabin door, when Mr. Vanslyperken came on board.

"Has that woman been here?" inquired Mr. Vanslyperken, as he came on deck.

"Yes," replied Dick Short.

"Did not I give positive orders that she should not?" cried Vanslyperken.

"No," replied Dick Short.

"Then I do now," continued the lieutenant.

"Too late," observed Short, shrugging up his shoulders, and walking forward.

"Too late! what does he mean?" said Vanslyperken, turning to Coble.

"I knows nothing about it, sir," replied Coble. "She came for some of her husband's things that were left on board."

Vanslyperken turned round to look for the corporal for explanation.

There stood Corporal Van Spitter, perfectly erect, with a very melancholy face, one hand raised as usual to his cap, and the other occupied with the tail of Snarleyyow.

"What is it? what is the matter, corporal?"

"Mynheer Vanslyperken," replied the corporal, retaining his respectful attitude, "here is de tail."

"Tail! what tail?" exclaimed Vanslyperken, casting his eyes upon the contents of the corporal's left hand.

"Te tog's tail, mynheer," replied the corporal, gravely, "which de dam tog's wife—Moggy——"

Vanslyperken stared; he could scarcely credit his eyesight, but there it was. For a time he could not speak for agitation; at last, with a tremendous oath, he darted into the cabin.

What were his feelings when he beheld Snarleyyow lying in a corner tailless, with a puddle of blood behind him.

"My poor, poor dog!" exclaimed Vanslyperken, covering up his face.

His sorrow soon changed to rage—he invoked all the curses he could imagine upon Moggy's head—he vowed revenge—he stamped with rage—and then he patted Snarleyyow; and as the beast looked wistfully in his face, Vanslyperken shed tears. "My poor, poor dog! first your eye—now your tail—what will your persecutors require next? Perdition seize them! may perdition be my portion if I am not revenged. Smallbones is at the bottom of all this; I can—I will be revenged on him."

Vanslyperken rang the bell, and the corporal made his appearance with the dog's tail still in his hand.

"Lay it down on the table, corporal," said Vanslyperken, mournfully, "and tell me how this happened."

The corporal then entered into a long detail of the way in which the dog had been *detailed*—how he had been cutting up beef—and how, while his back was turned, and Snarleyyow, as usual, was at the block, picking up the bits, Moggy Salisbury, who had been allowed to come on board by Mr. Short, had caught up the cleaver and chopped off the dog's tail.

"Was Smallbones at the block?" inquired Vanslyperken.

"He was, mynheer," replied the corporal.

"Who held the dog while his tail was chopped off?" inquired Vanslyperken; "some one must have held him."

This was a home question; but the corporal replied, "Yes, mynheer, some one must have held the dog."

"You did not hear who it was, or if it were Smallbones?"

"I did not, mynheer," replied the corporal; "but," added he, with a significant look, "I tink I could say."

"Yes, yes, corporal, I know who you mean. It was him—I am sure—and as sure as I sit here I'll be revenged. Bring a swab, corporal, and wipe up all this blood. Do you think the poor animal will recover?"

"Yes, mynheer; there be togs with tail and togs without tail."

"But the loss of blood—what must be done to stop the bleeding?"

"Dat d——n woman Moggy, when I say te tog die—tog bleed to death, she say, tell Mynheer Vanslyperken dat de best ting for cure de cur be de red hot poker."

Here Vanslyperken stamped his feet and swore horribly.

"She say, mynheer, it stop all de bleeding."

"I wish she had a hot poker down her body," exclaimed Vanslyperken, bitterly.

"Go for the swab, corporal, and send Smallbones here."

Smallbones made his appearance.

"Did you come for—to want me, sir?"

"Yes, sir. I understand from the corporal that you held the dog while that woman cut his tail."

"If so be as how as the corporal says that ere," cried Smallbones, striking the palm of his left hand with his right fist, "why I am jiggered if he don't tell a lie as big as himself—that's all. That ere man is my mortal henemy; and if that ere dog gets into trouble I'm a sartain to be in trouble too. What should I cut the dog's tail off for, I should like for to know? I arn't so hungry as all that, anyhow."

The idea of eating his dog's tail increased the choler of Mr. Vanslyperken. With looks of malignant vengeance he ordered Smallbones out of the cabin.

"Shall I shy this here overboard, sir?" said Smallbones, taking up the dog's tail, which lay on the table.

"Drop it, sir," roared Vanslyperken.

Smallbones walked away, grinning with delight, but his face was turned from Mr. Vanslyperken.

The corporal returned, swabbed up the blood, and reported that the bleeding had stopped. Mr. Vanslyperken had no further orders for him—he wished to be left alone. He leant his head upon his hand, and remained for some time in a melancholy reverie, with his eyes fixed upon the tail, which lay before him—that tail, now a "bleeding piece of earth," which never was to welcome him with a wag again. What passed in Vanslyperken's mind during this time, it would be difficult and too long to repeat, for the mind flies over time and space with the rapidity of the lightning's flash. At last he rose, took up the dog's tail, put it into his pocket, went on deck, ordered his boat, and pulled on shore.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIDEGROOM TO HIS SLEEPING BRIDE.

Sleep, loved one, sleep—thy tangled hair
Flows loosely o'er thy bosom bare,
Yet sleep in peace—no prying eye,
Saving thy lover's own, is nigh.
Sleep, dearest, sleep—thy lover's breast
Pillows thy rest.

Sleep on, sleep on—nay, do not start—
'Tis but thy lover's beating heart,
Whose pulses throb against thy cheek,
Tokening the love they cannot speak.
Sweet dreamer, sleep—thy lover's eye
Is watching nigh.

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet folded flower,
Till rosy morning's dawning hour;
Sleep and dream on—thy lover's arm
Is fondly sheltering thee from harm;
Sleep and fear not—thy lover's ear
Is listening near.

Omnipotent of earth and heaven!
By whom all blissful gifts are given—
To whom this treasured one I owe
That sleeps upon my bosom now,—
I give thee thanks for every bliss,
But most for this!

E. J.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS," "THE GREAT METROPOLIS," &c.

Chapter II.—Late Judges.

LORD BROUGHAM—LORD LYNDHURST—MR. JUSTICE GASELEE.

I NOW come to Lord Brougham, the greatest man, taken all in all, which this country has in modern times produced. His career, as a judge, was but short; but the situation he held during that short period was the highest which a subject can fill; and he held it in a most eventful era in our civil and political history. As a barrister, and as a member of the House of Commons, the name of Henry Brougham was as familiar to the public ear and eye as that of Lord Brougham now is, or ever can be. His practice at the bar was extensive; it was very lucrative also. I am confident that, for ten or twelve years previous to his elevation to the bench, it could not have averaged less than 15,000*l.* per annum. He was retained in almost all important cases. It was only in these, indeed, that he appeared to advantage. No two men could be more unlike each other than was Henry Brougham in a case of limited interest and in one of commanding importance. I know some barristers of great distinction and of first-rate talent, that can throw their whole soul into matters of the most trifling kind. I know, for example, instances of the most trivial assaults, in which the counsel for the plaintiff has entered with as much energy into the case as if the defendant had been a second Guy Fawkes, detected in the very act of setting a match to a train which would end in blowing three or four hundred unoffending human beings into the air. I have, too, seen counsel, in cases where the result of the conviction of their client would only subject the party to a fine of a few pounds, as vehement in their gesticulation and as fervid in their eloquence as if his life had been at stake. Mr. Brougham was not a man of this kind. There was in all such cases a coldness in his manner and a languor in his eye which plainly showed, notwithstanding that he would now and then make an effort to rouse himself, that his spirit was not in the task he had undertaken. He was like the schoolboy, who has certain exercises which he knows he must go through, however reluctantly, and he accordingly does get through them the best way he can. To cases of an unimportant kind he never could apply his mind. How striking the contrast when he appeared in an important case, especially if it was one involving any great principle of civil or religious liberty! On such occasions Brougham far exceeded, in the talent and energy he displayed, any man who has practised at the bar for the last quarter of a century. He usually rose in a calm and collected manner, enunciated a few sentences in a subdued tone, expressive of the sense he entertained of the importance of the task he had undertaken, and solicited the indulgence of the jury, while he trespassed on their attention for a short time. He then proceeded, in slow accents and in measured sentences, to develope the generalities of the case, gradually rising in animation of manner and increasing the loudness of his voice and the rapidity of his utterance, until he arrived at the most important parts of his subject. The first indication he usually gave of having reached those points in his speech to which he meant to apply all the energies of his mind, was that of pulling his gown further up on his shoulders, and putting his tall gaunt figure into as erect and commanding a posture as he could assume without endangering his equilibrium. Then came his vehement gesticulation—the rapid movement of his right arm, with an occasional wafture of his left hand, and the turning and twisting of his body into every variety of form. His eye, which before was destitute of fire, and his features, which were composed and placid as those of a marble statue, were now pressed as auxiliaries into the service of his client. His eye flashed with the fire of one whose bosom heaved with tumultuous emotions, and the whole expression of his face was that of a man whose mind was worked up to the utmost intensity of feeling. And this was really the case with Brougham wherever the interests of his client were identified with some great principle. His principles, unlike those of barristers in general, were really a part of his nature. In vindicating or asserting them, therefore, in the person of his client, he was, in point of fact, repelling some outrage which had been offered to himself.

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[1] Continued from p. 272.

To have seen him in some of these moods was truly a spectacle worthy of the name. It was only on such occasions that any accurate estimate could be formed of the vast resources of his mind. He then poured from his lips strains of the loftiest order of eloquence. Idea followed idea, principle succeeded principle, illustration accompanied illustration, with a rapidity which was astonishing. One moment he was strictly argumentative—the next declamatory. Now he stated in winning language and in an engaging manner, whatever was in favour of his client—then he inveighed, in the fiercest strains and in tones which resounded through the place in which he spoke, against that client's opponent. In such moments there would have been something absolutely withering to him against whom his denunciations were directed, in the orator's very countenance, even had he not uttered a word. His dark bristly hair stood on end, or at least appeared to do so. His brow was knit. There was a piercing stare and wildness in his eye; and his sallow complexion and haggard features altogether presented an aspect which it was frightful to behold. The jury on such occasions often forgot the purpose for which they had been called to court: they forgot the case in the advocate. He diverted their minds from the subject matter before them to himself. They lost sight, for the moment, of the merits of the case they were impannelled to decide, in their boundless admiration of the gigantic talents and brilliant eloquence of the speaker. A gentleman who knew the late Mr. Hazlit well, lately mentioned to me, that when Mr. Hazlit was a reporter for the "Morning Chronicle," Lord Plunket, then Mr. Plunket, made so brilliant and overpowering a speech on one occasion, in the House of Commons, in favour of Catholic Emancipation, that he sat entranced for a full half hour, without taking a single note. He forgot, for the time, as he himself used to say, that he was a reporter. The jury often, in some of Brougham's happier efforts, forgot, for the time, that they were jurymen. In the court not a breath was to be heard; all was still, save his own powerful though somewhat harsh voice. In his denunciations of witnesses whose testimony had made against the case of his client, he was terrible. They have often been known literally to quail and totter on their legs under his invective. And yet, notwithstanding all the vehemence of his manner, and the intensity of passion into which he worked himself, his speeches, though sometimes purposely wandering from the principal point before the court, were as well arranged, and every sentence was as correctly constructed—that is to say, according to the massy and involved style which he always preferred—as they could have been had he been speaking in the calmest and most collected manner. He seldom displayed much legal knowledge; and though he could, on occasion, argue closely, he very rarely, in his greatest efforts, exhibited much of argumentative acuteness. He disdained, indeed, when he threw his whole soul into his speeches, to be fettered by what he considered in such a case the trammels of law or logic. Hence he could not so well be said to have gained the great triumphs he so often achieved at the bar by convincing, as by confounding the jury,—just as we often see a person silenced rather than convinced by the dexterity of a skilful disputant. Mr. Brougham may be said to have taken the jury on such occasions by storm. He *compelled* them to surrender themselves to him. His appeals to their feelings and passions were so powerful, and his eloquence was so dazzling, that he deprived them, for a time, of the capacity of dispassionately examining and comparing the conflicting evidence on either side. It is true that the cool and careful summing up of the judge followed his address; but the impressions made on their minds by that address were not yet effaced. Apparently they were all attention to the statements and observations of the judge, but in reality they scarcely knew what he was saying. The penetrating and expressive looks of Brougham still haunted their mental vision; his vehement and impressive, though often uncouth, gesticulation was still before them; the deep and varied intonations of his voice still rang in their ears; and the matchless and overwhelming brilliancy of his eloquence continued to assert its sway in their minds to the exclusion of everything else. It is in this way alone that the fact is to be accounted for, that he often extorted a verdict from the jury in favour of his client, when it was equally notorious to the bench and to every professional gentleman in court, that all the law and the argument were on the opposite side.

I have already said that Mr. Brougham could argue according to the strictest rules. And he did sometimes display his great reasoning powers in his addresses to juries. This, however, was only when he clearly saw that the jury were men of more than the average intelligence, and consequently more likely to be effectually reached through argument; or when the law and justice of the case were most manifestly on the side of his client. In all other cases, experience taught him that to confound the judgments and appeal to the passions of the jury, by means of his overpowering declamation, was the course which promised best for the interests of his client.

In ordinary circumstances he never made the least previous preparation for addressing a jury, farther than acquainting himself with the particulars of the case; and no man could master the details of any case more perfectly or with greater ease. He trusted to the resources he had at all times at command. On very important occasions, however, he did carefully prepare particular parts of his speech, especially the termination of it. In one of my works* I have mentioned, as an instance of this, that so fastidious was he as to the conclusion of his celebrated speech before the House of Lords, when defending Queen Caroline, that he actually wrote that conclusion fourteen several times, before he could get it to please himself.

But I must not occupy too much space in speaking of Brougham as a barrister. It is time I should glance at him in his capacity of a judge. Some men's greatness comes unexpectedly on them. It was so with Mr. Brougham. Two days before he was in possession of the great seal, he had not, I believe, the remotest idea of ever being raised to the dignity of Lord Chancellor. Possibly some of my readers may recollect, that eight days before his elevation, he mentioned in the House of Commons, that the circumstance of the dissolution of the Wellington government, which had then taken place, would not induce him to postpone the motion of which he had given notice on negro slavery more than a few days, adding, that his position could not possibly be affected by any new administration which might be formed. Some persons have doubted his sincerity in this observation, intimating that he must have known at the time, that he was to be included in the ministerial arrangements which were then in embryo. I am able, from a private source of information, to bear testimony to Mr. Brougham's candour and plain dealing, when he made the remark in question. On the following day he accepted a retainer from a country attorney, in a case of some importance, which should have come on in a few days afterwards. This he would not have done if aware that the great seal was so near his grasp. By the time the day appointed for his moving in the case had arrived, the seals were offered to him, and he had agreed to accept them, though not yet formally in his possession. He consequently took no steps in the case referred to. Surprised and indignant at this, the attorney took him severely to task for what he called his improper neglect of his professional duty. "You'll come and take breakfast with me to-morrow morning, when I'll explain the reason of the seeming neglect," said the embryo Lord Chancellor. The attorney accepted the invitation, and breakfasted with Brougham next morning. The former recurred to the inconvenience and disappointment caused by his not taking the particular step in the case alluded to. "I am sure you will excuse me when you know the reason. I am now Lord Chancellor of England. I last night received the great seal," said Brougham. The honour of being the first to breakfast with Brougham, after his elevation to the chancellorship, reconciled the country attorney to the disappointment of the non-procedure in his action.

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* Random Recollections of the House of Lords.

Lord Brougham, as a judge, gave much greater satisfaction than was generally expected. It was thought that his constitutional precipitancy, joined to a deficiency of Chancery knowledge, would have incapacitated him for the important office. In this, however, people were mistaken. He was not so hot and hasty on the bench as he had been at the bar and in the senate,—though his constitutional infirmities in this respect did occasionally show themselves, even on the seat of justice. He carefully applied himself to the merits of every case which came before him, and soon showed with what rapidity he could acquire the quantity of Chancery knowledge requisite to enable him to discharge the duties of his office as judge, in at least a respectable manner.

Perhaps no Lord Chancellor ever presided in Chancery who applied himself more assiduously and unremittingly to the discharge of the duties which devolved upon him, than did Lord Brougham. The amount of physical, not to speak of mental labour, he underwent during the greater part of his Chancellorship, was truly astonishing. For many consecutive months did he sit from ten till four o'clock in that court, hearing and disposing of the cases before it. And on returning home from the House of Lords, after having sate for hours on the woolsack, he immediately applied all the energies of his mind to the then pending cases before the court. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact, that possessing, in a degree seldom equalled, and certainly never surpassed, the power of extemporaneous speaking, he wrote, on particular occasions, his judgments, and then read them in the court. I might also advert, in proof of Lord Brougham's extraordinary application to the duties of his office, to the fact of his having, in two or three years, got rid of the immense accumulation of arrear cases which were in the Court of Chancery when he was first entrusted with the great seal. It is not, however, necessary to allude particularly to this, as it is already so well known.

Lord Brougham's irritable temper often led him, when Lord Chancellor, to squabbles with the counsel at the bar. The furious attack he made on Sir Edward Sugden, must be fresh in the memory of everybody. No person could justify that attack. It was as unjustifiable in principle as it was unseemly in a court of law, and especially as coming from the highest legal authority in the country. It is but due, however, to Lord Brougham, to say, that he often regretted these unbecoming outbreaks of temper; and that he did so in this particular case. It consists with my private knowledge, that he afterwards, on pretext of speaking on matters of public business, called Sir Edward one day into his private room, and made a most ample apology for the attack he had made on him. Sir Edward was generous enough to accept the apology, thus privately given, though the offence was a public one.

Lord Brougham had a great horror of hearing the interminable speeches which some of the junior counsel were in the habit of making, after he conceived everything had been said which could be said on the real merits of the case before the court by the gentlemen who preceded them. His hints to them to be brief on such occasions, were sometimes extremely happy. I recollect, that after listening with the greatest attention to the speeches of two counsel on one side, from ten o'clock till half-past two, a third rose to address the court on the same side. His lordship was quite unprepared for this additional infliction, and exclaimed, "What! Mr. A———, are you really going to speak on the same side?"

"Yes, my lord, I mean to trespass on your lordship's attention for a short time."

"Then," said his lordship, looking the orator significantly in the face, and giving a sudden twitch of his nose, "then, Mr. A———, you had better cut your speech as short as possible, otherwise you must not be surprised if you see me dozing; for really, this is more than human nature can endure."

The youthful barrister took the hint: he kept closely to the point at issue—a thing very rarely done by barristers—and condensed his arguments into a reasonable compass.

The Court of Chancery, as every one who has been in the habit of attending it must have observed, has always been a favourite place of resort with mad people. I might adventure an hypothesis on this subject; but as it would occupy too much space to establish it, I will not allude to the matter further at present. Suffice it to say, that the number of those unhappy persons who haunt the court suffered no diminution during Lord Brougham's chancellorship. I have occasionally seen some curious scenes with such unfortunate persons. While his lordship was presiding in the court at Lincoln's Inn, towards the end of 1833, a mad woman, taking advantage of the temporary absence of the officer, pushed aside the curtain which separates the court from his private room, and having seen him go into that room a few moments before, was making her way in after him. It happened, however, that she met him in the passage, as he was returning to his seat.

"Sir," said she, spreading out the lower part of the skirt of her gown, which was all covered over with dubs, in consequence of her having fallen in the streets; "sir, see what they have done to me."

His lordship in the first instance drew himself back; for the woman so planted herself in the passage, that he could not get past her.

"See, sir, what they have done to me," she repeated.

"That's very improper of them," said his lordship, still drawing back his head.

"They give me bad water to drink," added the maniac.

"Very wrong of them, indeed," observed Lord Brougham.

"I'm a very poor woman, and not able to pay my rent," said she.

"That's very unfortunate; I'm very sorry to hear it," said his lordship.

"Will you, then, pay my rent for me?" inquired the lunatic, hastily, and looking him earnestly in the face.

"O no; I cannot do that. I'm but a poor man myself," answered the Lord Chancellor, looking wistfully for the appearance of the officer to rid him of so disagreeable a visitor.

"What! don't *you* pay your rent, then?" asked the woman.

"O, yes; I'm obliged to pay my rent: they compel me to do that," answered his lordship.

"Then, why won't you pay mine?" added the insane female, with singular adroitness.

Lord Brougham, not perceiving that it necessarily followed according to any known rule of logic, that because he paid his own rent, he was therefore bound to pay other people's, reiterated the assertion, that he was but a poor man, and could not do anything of the kind. "But," he added, pointing to Sir Charles Wetherell, Mr. Jacobs, and the other counsel in the first row, "if you go to those gentlemen, they'll pay your rent for you at once; for they're as rich as Jews, and quite as charitable."

The poor maniac adopted his lordship's suggestion. She immediately stepped up to Sir Charles Wetherell, and after an amusing scene with him and other counsel, consequent on her unsuccessful application to them to pay her rent, the officer, who by this time made his appearance, removed her out of court.

Another such scene occurred in the Court of Chancery between his lordship and a maniac, in the spring of 1834. A man, having the dress, and a good deal of the appearance of a gentleman, taking advantage of a momentary pause in the proceedings, rushed in over to that part of the court where the attorneys usually sit, and addressing his lordship in a broad Irish accent, inquired whether he might be permitted to say a few words.

"What is the nature of the application you are about to make?" asked his lordship.

"Och, and sure, it relates to myself!" answered the insane person.

"I have no doubt of that; but pray what is its nature?" continued his lordship.

"It is of a compulsory nature, plase your honour."

"Still you do not answer my question; and therefore I cannot hear you—you must sit down," said Lord Brougham, tartly.

"Faith, then, if that's the way you are to be after bidding me sit down, I must tell your worship that it's myself don't like that same at all at all. I desarve better treatment for my sarvices," said the poor fellow.

"Pray tell me, then, what you want the court to do for you?" reiterated his lordship.

"Och, if it's to do for me, your honour manes, I'll soon be after telling it you. I want your lordship to institute proceedings against Lord Grey and Lord Althorp and some others of his Majesty's government."

"On what grounds?" inquired his lordship.

"Was it the grounds your honour would like to know? Och, sure the grounds are as good as can be—for refusing to answer my letters, your worship."

"That is a matter in which I cannot interfere. I cannot compel these noblemen to be prompt or punctual in answering their correspondents," said Lord Brougham.

" Ah! but by the powers, it's your honour that can do that same if you likes."

Lord Brougham, who evidently did not perceive until now that the unfortunate man was labouring under an aberration of intellect, inquired, speaking in a more subdued and conciliatory tone, what was the nature of the letters he had sent to Lords Grey and Althorp,,&c.

" Your honour, they were about nothing else than that same cure for the cholera which I have discovered."

" O, you're a doctor, are you?"

" Faith, and whose business is that, whether I am or not, your honour? It's myself that was nine weeks in Tipperary, without being in bed at all at all, during the cholera. I was all this time attending to the sick, your lordship; and I want government to give me remuneration for my humanity and public sarvices, especially as I have discovered an infallible cure for that same disease."

" O you have a very strong claim on government undoubtedly; I'll take care to make them answer your letters," said his lordship, deeming that the best way of getting rid of the unfortunate man.

" Long life to your honour! may you long live to sit in the *sait* of Thomas More!" shouted the poor fellow, in tones which resounded through the court; and then, making a low bow to his lordship, he retired.

On the following day a report of the scene was given in the Morning ——— and Morning ———. The reporter for the first journal represented the unhappy man as having said the seat of Mr. Thomas Moore: the other reporter put it, " Sir Thomas More," but gave in italics, according to his Irish accent, the word seat as " sait." Having seen the report of the affair in the two papers in question, the maniac immediately hurried down to the court, and arrived a few minutes before Lord Brougham had taken his seat. Going over to the reporter for one of the Evening papers, he inquired whether he knew the reporther for the Morning ———. The other answered in the affirmative. " Well, then, would you be after telling him from me, that he is a great blockhead? He has made me say Mr. Thomas Moore for Sir Thomas More. Sure, everybody knows that little Tommy the poet never sate on that sait," pointing to the Lord Chancellor's seat.

" Every one knows that," said the reporter.

" And is it yourself that knows the reporther for the Morning ———?"

The other answered in the affirmative.

" O! then the spalpleen has insulted myself, and radiculed my country."

" He ought not to have done that," said the reporter.

" But, faith, and he has done that same, though, by making me say 'sait,' in italics."

" That was very improper."

" Do you know the fellow?"

The reporter answered in the affirmative.

" Is he respectable?"

" He is quite respectable."

"Is he a gentleman?"

"He is a gentleman, both by education and manners."

"Then will you do me the favour to hand him this?" giving the reporter his card to transfer to the reporter for the Morning ———.

"You understand the thing—do you?"

"Perfectly so."

"Perhaps you'll be his friend; if so, you——"

"I *am* his friend," said the reporter, interrupting the insane man.

"But I mane at the duel; in which case I should like the affair to be proceeded with as soon as possible."

The reporter, not being accustomed to affairs of honour, now, for the first time, discovered the object for which the card of the poor fellow was given him, and discovering that his intellects were disordered—a fact of which he was, until now, ignorant, not having seen a paper that morning, nor been in court the previous day—he conciliated him by promising that his wishes should be strictly attended to.

At this moment Lord Brougham made his appearance in court, on which the lunatic observed, "O I won't trouble your honour at this time: I'm only settling a small matter with the reporthers," and bidding his lordship good morning, he quitted the court.

Lord Brougham never was a favourite with the ladies. And this is not to be wondered at; for of all the public men I know, he has the least gallantry. I recollect one day, a short time before his retirement from the office of Lord Chancellor, that a remarkably interesting and very pretty young lady had been in attendance from a little after the court opened in the morning till nearly three o'clock. She often cast a wistful look towards his lordship, as if she had something she wished to say to himself; but the same case having lasted all that time, no opportunity presented itself of making any communication to him. The counsel, as they passed in and out of the court, bestowed many a glance on the unknown beauty; and even Sir Charles Wetherell himself relaxed in the rigidity of his features as he stole a look at her pleasant and handsome countenance. On the case before the court terminating, she ventured in with a trembling step and a palpitating heart, over to the place where the attorneys sit, and thence endeavoured to reach a paper she held in her hand to his lordship. "What's this?" said he, with all that tartness of manner for which he is distinguished, and without deigning to take the paper from her. "It's a petition, my lord, to your lordship," said the young lady, in a faint and faltering voice, her countenance deeply colouring. "Give it to my secretary—give it to my secretary," said he, in still harsher tones, shaking his hand as if there had been pollution in the touch. The poor young creature seemed as if she could have dropped on the floor. The secretary took the paper from her, and she quitted the court. All the bar, as well as the strangers in the court, though lawyers' hearts are not in general remarkable for their softness, felt deeply for the situation of the young lady; and that feeling was strongly expressed in several of their countenances. I have often before seen Sir Charles Wetherell look sulky, but this was the first time I ever saw him look absolutely savage. Neither Lord Eldon nor Lord Lyndhurst would have acted, for worlds, in the same way to so modest and interesting a young lady. And here I must observe, though myself tinctured with Liberalism, that the Liberals cannot stand a moment's comparison with the Tories, either for politeness to their fellow-men or for gallantry to the fair sex. I am confident that all the knights errant of old must have been staunch Tories, though I by no means intend to say they were acquainted with the term. No Liberal will ever stir a foot to avenge the slights offered to the sex. Had Lord Brougham lived in the days of chivalry, and there had been no judicial protection thrown around him, he would have had to answer in single combat for such ungallant conduct the moment he quitted the court. A score of chivalrous men would have contested with each other who should have the honour of resenting the outrage offered to the sex. As it was, if there be any truth in the science of physiognomy, Sir Charles Wetherell, "braceless" though he always is, felt as if he could have wished to make the matter the ground of a personal quarrel with his lordship.

Lord Brougham, after a temporary absence from public life, caused by serious indisposition, has again made his appearance in the House of Peers, where he takes as active a part in politics as ever. I am sure that, however much some men may differ from his lordship in political feeling or opinion, or whatever may be their impressions as to his conduct as a statesman, every one will rejoice at his restoration to health. He now looks as well as ever, and at no former period did he enjoy better health, or appear to possess better spirits.

Lord LYNDHURST having succeeded Lord Brougham in the Court of Chancery, comes next to be considered as a judge. Though classed at present among the "late" judges, there is a strong probability that amidst the ever-recurring changes which are now taking place in the political world, he will have to be numbered among the "present" judges before many months have elapsed.

Lord Lyndhurst, as I have mentioned in my "Random Recollections of the House of Lords," is an American by birth, but came over to this country at a very early age, with his father, Mr. Copley, who was a portrait painter. He soon afterwards applied himself to the study of divinity, with the view of taking holy orders; but after several years preparation for the pulpit, he turned his attention to the bar. Mr. Copley entered the Temple in the year 1794. For some time after being called to the bar, his prospects were not bright; but they gradually became better and better as opportunities were afforded him of displaying his talents. His business in the course of some years, though by no means extensive, was sufficiently lucrative to enable him to maintain that position in society to which both his talents and profession justified him in aspiring. In 1816 he was appointed to the office of Solicitor General. His knighthood accompanied his elevation. Among the earliest duties Sir John Copley was called to perform as Solicitor General, was that of supporting the prosecution of the late Queen Caroline, it having been instituted by the government of which he was a member. He had before this time acquired for himself a distinguished reputation at the bar; but now his talents appeared to much greater advantage than they had yet done. The extent and accuracy of his legal knowledge—the ingenuity he evinced in bringing forward everything he thought calculated to prejudice the case of the queen—and his acuteness in replying to the counsel on the opposite side, were the admiration of every one, both within and without the walls of Parliament.

As an advocate, Mr. Copley was always admired by his brethren at the bar for the soundness of his views on all questions of civil jurisprudence, and for the remarkable clearness and conciseness with which he, on all occasions, however intricate the subject, expressed himself. The faculty of putting his client's case in the plainest possible light, was perhaps his chief excellency as a barrister. No judge or jury could ever complain of not understanding him. The most common capacity might have followed him with ease from the commencement to the close of his speech. If his client had law or justice on his side, it was impossible that his case could be put in a clearer light than that in which Mr. Copley was sure to put it. If the opposite party had the law or the equity on his side, then Mr. Copley's great object was to throw a veil over the points which were most favourable to the case of the opposing party, and, by that consummate sophistry which makes "the worse appear the better reason," whitewash the darkest features in his own client's case. Nature intended Mr. Copley for a lawyer; for of all the men that I have seen at the English or at any other bar, he was the most dexterous and most successful sophist I ever heard address a judge or jury. His matter was at all times specious in the highest degree; and this speciousness of his matter was made to tell with double effect from the extreme plausibility of his manner. A perpetual smile played on his countenance while he gazed on the faces of the court or the jury; and there was something so winning in the tones of his voice, that he must have been a man possessing a remarkably lively perception of the real facts of a case, of a vigorous intellect, and of a great energy of character, who was not carried away by Mr. Copley's address. His diction was always smooth, yet forcible: he never interred his arguments amidst a load of verbiage. Nothing could be more simple, yet nothing more correct than his language. Every word was in its proper place: and sentence succeeded sentence without any apparent effort. His manner and language could not have been more unpretending had he been addressing himself to a number of children. His voice was clear, and pleasant in its tones. His articulation was always distinct, though sometimes, from his uncommon facility at extemporaneous composition, coupled with zeal for his client, his utterance was somewhat rapid. Sir Egerton Brydges mentions, either in his printed Autobiography or in some part of one of his unpublished manuscripts which was lately in my possession, that this was the only fault he could discover in Mr. Copley, as an advocate. Sir Egerton happened to hear him in some of his earliest forensic efforts, and then confidently predicted in his own mind, if indeed he did not mention it to some of his friends, that he would eventually attain to the highest honours of his profession. Mr. Copley never had recourse to declamation when practising at the bar. He trusted, for his success, to the qualities I have mentioned: and the event showed that he formed an accurate judgment as to where his strength lay. He never raised his voice to a high pitch: he never practised theatrical gesticulation; nor had recourse to any clap-trap expedients. He did not, in other words, according to the sense in which the term is generally used, play the actor. That he left to others, who did not possess his distinguished intellectual or legal resources.

The Tories saw that a man of Mr. Copley's talents must be an invaluable acquisition to any party; and, therefore, Lord Liverpool, then at the head of the administration, procured his return to Parliament for some nomination borough. This was in 1819. In the House of Commons he also distinguished himself; and thus showed that Lord Liverpool's opinion of the service he could render to the government was not unfounded.

I have already intimated that great as was Mr. Copley's reputation at the English bar before his appointment to the office of Solicitor General, it became still greater after that appointment had taken place. In 1823 he was made Attorney General. He had not filled the latter office two years before it was pretty generally understood by the bar that his elevation to the bench was all but a moral certainty; and that, too, at no distant period. In 1826 he was raised to the dignity of Master of the Rolls. Nor did his promotion long rest there. In 1829 he was raised to the very highest station a subject can fill: on the resignation of the great seal by Lord Eldon in that year, Sir John was made Lord Chancellor, and raised to the dignity of a peer of the realm, under the title of Baron Lyndhurst. He did not, however, long retain the seals. The dissolution of the Tory government in 1830 ejected him, as a matter of course, from the woolsack and the Court of Chancery. He was obliged to retire on a pension of 4000*l.* a year. Finding this sum insufficient to meet the expenses incurred by the appearance he was obliged to keep up in society, he applied to Earl Grey, in 1831, for the situation of Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. The noble earl complied with his wishes, and he was appointed to the situation, with a salary of 7,000*l.* On the restoration of his party to power in the winter of 1834, Lord Lyndhurst was replaced on the woolsack and in the Court of Chancery; but his retention of these situations was not of long duration. He was obliged to quit both on the dissolution of Sir Robert Peel's government in April 1835.

As a judge, Lord Lyndhurst[1] has given the greatest satisfaction. Those who knew him well expected great things from him in the administration of justice. They have not been disappointed: their most sanguine expectations, on the contrary, have been far surpassed. I question if ever a better judge presided either in a court of law or a court of equity. His knowledge of the law, as before stated, is extensive and correct: and his judgment is remarkably sound in the application of that knowledge to the cases which come before him.* He has a quickness of perception, almost amounting to intuition, of the real merits of the case under consideration. Though himself so dexterous at mystifying others by his sophistry, when an advocate, no man could be more expert than he is at detecting the sophistry, however fine-spun, of counsel. He keeps his mind, indeed, as steadily fixed on the real points at issue, as if the counsel on either side had never sought to divert his attention from them. He examines the case, in all its bearings, in his own mind; and masters its details, however complicated, with singular facility, and as completely, as if the particular case before the court had been the study of his whole life. His summings up are models of composition, and of judicial statements. He presents the whole merits of the case as clearly to the mind's eye of the jury, as they appear to his own. There is no possibility of misconceiving his meaning. His decisions as an equity judge are no less entitled to praise, than his administration of justice in the courts of law. They are the admiration of the whole bar.

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* I am here speaking of Lord Lyndhurst, for the reason I have already mentioned, as if he were at this moment presiding in one of our courts.

Lord Lyndhurst has always been a great favourite with the bar. His exceedingly bland and courteous manners, coupled with his legal knowledge and masterly administration of justice, could not, indeed, fail to insure him the esteem, in his judicial capacity, of all who know him. His urbanity, in fact, was shown towards all who had any business to do in either of the courts over which he presided. Though most decided in his political opinions, he never betrayed the slightest symptom of political feeling on the bench. He treated those whose politics were the very antipodes of his, with the same courtesy as those of his own party. In fine, he knew no distinctions either of politics, or rank, or anything else, when he sat on the bench. He regarded all as on precisely the same footing. Mr. Cleave speaks in terms of warm admiration of the urbanity of manner which Lord Lyndhurst showed towards him, when tried a few years since in the Court of Exchequer on a government information. Mr. Cleave, on that occasion, acted as his own counsel, and in order that he might feel as much at his ease as could be expected with a host of the most eminent of the long-robed gentlemen pitted against him, his lordship indulged in various good-natured, familiar jokes in the course of the trial. Several of these jokes were directed against the lawyers, and were decidedly excellent. A very good one was passed at the very commencement of the defendant's speech. Mr. Cleave began by observing, that he was afraid he should, before he sat down, give some rather awkward illustrations of the truth of the old adage—"That he who acted as his own counsel, had a fool for his client." "Ah! Mr. Cleave," said his lordship, in his own peculiarly pleasant manner, "ah! Mr. Cleave; don't you mind that adage: it was framed by the *lawyers*."

A great deal of discussion has taken place as to the early political opinions of his lordship. I have access to some peculiar sources of information on the subject, and can state in the most positive terms, that they were of the most liberal kind. I mention, as presumptive proof of this, what has never, so far as I am aware, before transpired, namely, that on the completion of his studies, he made the tour of a great part of the continent of America, in company with the celebrated Volney. Mr. Copley was at that time an ardent admirer of the politics of the French philosopher; and the latter, in return, was captivated with the distinguished talents of which his youthful companion then gave promise, though only, I believe, in his eighteenth year. But even after Mr. Copley had settled in this country, he was in the habit, for a long time, of attending the political meetings got up towards the close of the last century, by the admirers of the French revolution. At one of these meetings, the proceedings of which had been of a most violent kind, he rose to speak, and was in the act of pronouncing the words, "Mr. Chairman," when a friend, a barrister, pulled him down to his seat by the tails of his coat. He again rose, and said, "Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen, allow me, in offering myself——." Here he was again interrupted by the same friend repeating the process of pulling him down to his seat by the same means as before. He had got on his legs a third time, on which his friend gave him another forcible "tit." The youthful aspiring Liberal turned about, and was in the act of darting some most savage glances at his friend, as if he had meant to prepare him for a vigorous blow, should he again prevent his speaking; but his countenance assumed a milder expression on his friend rising up and whispering into his ear, "Copley, what are you about? They have been speaking treason here to-night, and if you take any part in the proceedings, you will be held equally responsible with the rest."

This had the desired effect; Mr. Copley resumed his seat, and did not quit it till he rose to leave the meeting. He thought it much better to bottle up his eloquence on the occasion, than to run the risk of the probable consequences of a government prosecution on a charge of sedition.

But the liberal character of Mr. Copley's politics in the earlier part of his public career, is matter of historical fact. He and Sir Charles, then Mr. Wetherell, were counsel for Watson and others, when tried for high treason in 1818; and his name was toasted at that time by the Radicals in all parts of the country, in conjunction with their most cherished principles. Nay, even the dead walls of London and all the large towns in the kingdom, were placarded with "Copley and Radical Reform."

It is true, that Lord Lyndhurst's politics have for many years past been those of unqualified Toryism. But how many are there who, like him, have begun their public career as Liberals of the first water, and as they advanced in years and experience have settled down in pure Conservatism? With regard to the circumstances under which his lordship's change in his political opinions has been brought about, it is not for me to say anything. I wish to avoid the expression of all political feeling in these sketches. My object is simply to state facts, and to mix them up with as much amusing matter as I can.

In private life Lord Lyndhurst has performed many generous actions. I will just mention one instance. A year or two ago, one of the most violent Radicals of the present day addressed a long letter to his lordship, detailing the distressing circumstances in which, through ill health, the infirmities of old age, and the want of even the necessaries of life, he was placed, and soliciting charity. His lordship read the letter with attention, and feeling for the painful situation in which the party was placed, handed it to his secretary, saying, "Make up a check on my banker's for five pounds, to this poor man." The secretary, on looking at the signature, exclaimed, "My Lord, are you aware who this man is?"

"No," said his lordship; "I do not recollect having before seen the name."

"Why this is the notorious Radical, G——— J———, who has for many years been so grossly and virulently abusing your lordship."

Lord Lyndhurst stretched out his hand for the letter, looked again at the contents for a few seconds, and then observed, addressing himself to his secretary, "O never mind what he has been in the habit of saying about me; the poor man seems to be in a very distressed condition—get the check ready, and send him the money."

Lord Lyndhurst's personal appearance is very prepossessing. He is somewhat above the middle size, and possesses a figure of great symmetry. His countenance has something exceedingly soft and pleasant in it. It has something of a feminine expression. He seems always on good terms not only with himself, but with everybody and every thing around him. There are always the indications of health in his complexion. His features are small and regular. He looks much younger than he is. He is in his sixty-fifth year. He always wears a brown-coloured wig, when not presiding as judge.

Mr. Justice Gaselee, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, has just retired from the bench My notice of him will be brief. His practice when at the bar was never large; neither did he ever raise himself into special notice as a pleader. He was a bad speaker. His manner wanted animation, and his matter was heavy. As a lawyer, he was looked on as a man of respectable attainments. Perhaps his legal knowledge was more correct than extensive. When raised to the bench he was what the profession call a back-seat man, the meaning of which was, that he had not attained to that rank at the bar which would entitle him to take his place in the front row of benches. He was little known as a judge. He never did anything to distinguish himself from his brethren of the bench. His views were on the whole sound, and his decisions gave general satisfaction. There was a good deal of pomposity in his manner, when laying down the law of a case. In person he is slightly above the middle size, with a tendency to stoutness. His features are strongly marked. His eyes are large and grey. The advance of years has begun to leave traces on his face, in the form of wrinkles. He is seemingly not far from his seventieth year. A defect in his hearing, with the growing infirmities of old age, were the causes of his determination to close his judicial career, by resigning his seat on the bench.

In my next chapter I shall commence the present Judges in the Courts of Westminster.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT LAW.

We are happy to find that this important question is, at length, beginning to excite the attention it deserves. That it will now be placed on a right basis seems certain, for the unmixed evils of the present system are such, as can no longer be tolerated in civilised society.

The remarks we have before made on this subject* render it unnecessary for us here to do more than announce the measures recently adopted for effecting that most desirable object—an International Copyright Law. To show, however, the necessity for it in other words than our own, we shall first quote the observations of a contemporary.†

> " We trust we shall not weary our readers by our endeavours to enforce on public opinion, and thus rouse a spirit that *will* be heard by the government, the absolute necessity of making an attempt to establish an international law of copyright. Surely the fact, that a committee is actually sitting at Paris to consider and report on the subject, and that M. Ancillon, the Prussian minister, has officially announced that his government will second the efforts of the French ministry, to prevent the piracy of French works, ought not to be disregarded. A like communication from the British government would be of immense importance at this moment —not only as giving us a right to have England included in the protecting treaty, should such be concluded, but as strengthening and stimulating the friends of the measure, who are now engaged in the inquiry. And why cannot application be made to the American government, to ascertain its feeling on this important subject? It is utterly impossible that the law can remain as it is. We have now before us a double number of *The Philadelphia News*, of the 26th of November, containing a verbatim reprint, from title-page to colophon, of ' Friendship's Offering ;' thus, says the editor, giving to the public for four cents, what he could not otherwise procure for less than four dollars! And this, be it observed, is but the first of a series, each to contain an English Annual! We observe too from the advertisements, that eight of Marryat's novels have been republished after this same fashion, and in the same journal. Is it possible, then, we ask, with such a system in vigorous operation, that more than one copy of any popular work can ever again be sold in America? and yet we have known, heretofore, an American bookseller take five hundred copies of a single work. As to retaliation, America can never have literature to retaliate on, while this systematic piracy is tolerated. How could a Philadelphia publisher venture to give three or four hundred pounds for the literary contents of an *original* ' Friendship's Offering,' which he could not sell at a reasonable profit for less than the before-mentioned four dollars, when opposed by those who offer a ' Friendship's Offering ' of even higher pretension, and with established prejudices in its favour, at four cents! It certainly is most strange that literary property is the only property which is considered beyond the protection of the law. Neither the government nor people of America would pretend that they were justified in seizing on and appropriating the worthless paper and print of a single volume of this work ; and yet

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* Vide Metropolitan, Aug. 1836.

† Athenæum, Jan. 28, 1837.

its literary contents, which have cost many hundred pounds, are deemed fair spoil, not only in America, but all over the world.

"So far, indeed, as France is concerned, a literary crisis seems fast approaching. Even now, says M. de Balzac, in an able paper in the *Chronique de Paris*, 'books which under the restoration sold four thousand copies, do not sell more than one thousand, and of those that heretofore sold one thousand, not three hundred can be disposed of,'—and why? Because all these works are reprinted in Belgium. Germany, England, America, the Colonies, the whole world, except France itself, (and hundreds of copies are sold even there,) are thence supplied. We are told that the trade is so profitable, and carried on so extensively, that the Belgian government would not dare to become parties to the treaty. So be it. The contracting powers would of course prohibit the introduction of even a single copy of such pirated edition into their several states: where then are the purchasers to be found? To what extent the English author is injured by the system, is not so directly capable of proof; but a reasonable guess may be made from the fact stated in regard to America;—from a further and important fact, that our colonies are supplied by the Americans; that even the East Indies are stocked full to overflowing with American reprints; and that a Paris edition of an English popular novel is never under fifteen hundred copies, frequently, as of Mr. Bulwer's novels, the first impression is from four to five thousand, and that of Mrs. Trollope's 'America' not less than from twelve to fifteen thousand were sold! It has been said, that there are difficulties in the way of any general arrangement. We really cannot divine what they are. Let the author, as now, establish his claim to copyright in his own country; let him at the same time, and prior to publication, deliver at the same office, a copy for each contracting power; and let such copy, with a proper certificate, be forwarded *officially* to the several governments, free by post; and, to save expenses, let the affidavit of the officer in whose custody such certificate and copy are deposted, be received as legal proof in each of the several countries. It were not unreasonable, perhaps, to require that *two* copies should be delivered, and thus an intellectual exchange be made among the different nations, one of them being deposited in the National Public Library. The cost would be trifling, for expensively illustrated works can protect themselves."

The authors of England have stood forth nobly in this matter. They have signed, and sent over to the Congress of America an address, and statement of their grievance, which *must* be heard. The following is a copy of it:—

"ADDRESS OF CERTAIN AUTHORS OF GREAT BRITAIN TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES, IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED,

"Respectfully shewing—

"That Authors of Great Britain have long been exposed to injury in their reputation and property, from the want of a law by which the exclusive right to their respective writings may be secured to them in the United States of America.

"That, for want of such law, deep and extensive injuries have, of late, been inflicted on the reputation and property of such authors; and on the interests of Literature and Science, which ought to constitute a bond of union and friendship between the United States and Great Britain.

"That, from the circumstance of the English language being common to both nations, the works of British authors are extensively read throughout the United States of America, while the profits arising from the sale of their works may be wholly appropriated by American booksellers, not only without the consent of the authors, but even contrary to their express desire—a grievance under which authors have, at present, no redress.

"That the works thus appropriated by American booksellers are liable to be mutilated and altered, at the pleasure of the said booksellers, or of any other persons who may have an interest in reducing the price of the works, or in conciliating the supposed principles or prejudices of purchasers in the respective Sections of your Union: and that, the names of the authors being retained, they may be made responsible for works which they no longer recognise as their own.

"That such mutilation and alteration, with the retention of the authors' names, have been of late actually perpetrated by citizens of the United States: under which grievance, such authors have, at present, no redress.

"That certain of such authors have recently made an effort in defence of their literary reputation and property, by declaring a respectable firm of Publishers in New York to be the sole authorised possessors and issuers of their works; and by publishing in certain American newspapers, their authority to this effect.

"That the object of the said authors has been defeated by the act of certain persons, citizens of the United States, who have unjustly published, for their own advantage, the works sought to be thus protected: under which grievance the said authors have, at present, no redress.

"That American authors are injured by the non-existence of the desired law. While American publishers can provide themselves with works for publication by unjust appropriation, instead of by equitable purchase, they are under no inducement to afford to American authors a fair remuneration for their labours; under which grievance American authors have no redress but in sending over their works to England to be published, an expedient which has become an established practice with some of whom their country has most reason to be proud.

"That the American Public is injured by the non-existence of the desired law. The American Public suffers, not only from the discouragement afforded to native authors, as above stated, but from the uncertainty now existing as to whether the books presented to them as the works of British authors, are the actual and complete productions of the writers whose names they bear.

"That in proof of the above, the case of Sir Walter Scott might be referred to, as stated by an esteemed citizen of the United States,* that while the works of this author, dear alike to your country and to ours, were read from Maine to Georgia, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, he received no remuneration from the American public for his labours; that an equitable remuneration might have saved his life, and would, at least, have relieved its closing years from the burden of debts and destructive toils.

"That, deeply impressed with the conviction that the only firm ground of friendship between nations, is a strict regard to simple justice, the undersigned earnestly request the Senate and Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, speedily to use, in behalf of the authors of Great Britain, their power 'of securing to the authors the exclusive right to their respective writings.'"

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* Dr. M'Vicar. Vide Letter to the Editor of "New York American," Nov. 19, 1832.

List of Authors, whose Signatures were attached to the Address.

Names.	*Works.*
Thomas Campbell, Esq.	Pleasures of Hope, &c.
Charles Lyell, Esq.	Geology, &c.
Miss Martineau,	Political Economy.
Mrs. Somerville,	The Physical Sciences.
The Rev. H. H. Milman,	Fall of Jerusalem, Hist. of Jews,&c.
Dr. Roget,	Bridgewater Treatise.
Miss Edgeworth,	Tales, Practical Education, &c.
Dr. Bostock,	Physiology.
Henry Hallam, Esq.	Constitutional History of England.
T. N. Talfourd, Esq., M.P.	Ion, &c.
Edmund Lodge, Esq.	Illustrious Portraits, &c.
Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., M.P.	Pelham, Eugene Aram, Athens, &c.
Rev. J. P. Potter,	Religion of Socrates, Cowper, &c.
H. F. Chorley, Esq.	Memorials of Mrs. Hemans.
Rev. Dr. Buckland,	Geology and Mineralogy.
Allan Cunningham, Esq.	Lives of the Painters, &c.
Thomas Carlyle, Esq.	Sartor Resartus.
James Montgomery, Esq.	World before the Flood, &c.
Thomas Moore, Esq.	Irish Melodies, Life of Byron, &c.
Sir Grenville Temple, Bart.	Travels in Greece and Turkey.
G. P. R. James, Esq.	Richelieu, The Black Prince, &c.
Charles Macfarlane, Esq.	Residence in Constantinople.
Rev. T. S. Grimshawe,	Life of Rev. Legh Richmond, &c.
William Howitt, Esq.	Book of the Seasons.
Mrs. M. Howitt,	Wood Leighton, &c.
Mrs. Callcott,	Brazil, Chili, and India.
Charles Babbage, Esq.	Science and Manfactures.
Miss Mitford,	Our Village, &c.
Miss Aiken,	Court of Queen Elizabeth, &c.
Charles White, Esq.	Belgic Revolution, &c.
I. Disraeli, Esq.	Curiosities of Literature, &c.
B. Disraeli, Esq.	Vivian Grey, &c.
S. C. Hall, Esq.	Book of Gems.
Mrs. Hall,	The Buccaneers, Outlaw, &c.
Dr. Prout,	Chemistry, Meteory, &c.
The Countess of Blessington,	Conversations of Lord Byron, &c.
Miss Joanna Baillie,	Plays of the Passions, &c.
Rev. W. Kirby,	Habits, &c. of Animals.
Miss Pardoe,	Residence in Portugal.
G. Griffin, Esq.	The Collegians, &c.
Mrs. Marsh,	Old Men's Tales.
Prince Lucien Buonaparte,	Memoirs, written by Himself.
Thomas Keightby, Esq.	History of Greece and Rome.
H. L. Bulwer, Esq., M.P.	France, Literary and Political.
Samuel Rogers, Esq.	Pleasures of Memory, &c.
Rev. Dr. Chalmers,	Discourses, &c.
Sir Charles Bell,	Bridgewater Treatise, &c.
J. C. Loudon, Esq.	Encyclopædia of Gardening, &c.
Lady Emmeline Wortley,	Poems, &c.
Professor Whewell,	Bridgewater Treatise, &c.
Edward Tagart, Esq.	Life of Captain Heywood, &c.
R. Murcheson, Esq.	Geology, &c.
Rev. Dr. Vaughan,	History of the Stuarts, &c.
Rev. G. Skinner,	
A. Heywood, Esq.	Translator of Faust, &c.
The Rev. J. H. Caunter,	Romance of History, India.
Robt. Southey, Esq., Poet Laureate,	Thalaba, &c.

The address was presented on the 2d of February, as we learn from "The New York Daily Express," in which it is announced, that "Mr. Clay presented the Memorial of British authors,* praying for a law to secure the Copyright of Works of British authors. It was signed by the most distinguished living writers, and stated that their works were reprinted and frequently mutilated. He expressed a hope that a law would be passed tendering to all authors the benefits of a reciprocal copyright. The memorial was ordered to be referred to a select committee of five, to be appointed by the Chair. The Chair then appointed Mr. Clay, Mr. Preston, Mr. Buchannan, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, to be of such Committee. An address from American authors, recommending the passing of such a law, has also been presented."

Thus far then the question has progressed in America.† In France, a commission has been appointed consisting of Villemain, president, Arago, Victor Hugo, Letrone, Rossi, Lenormant, Thénard, Dubois, Dumont, A. Didot, Gosselin, Hachette, H. Royer Collard, and Cavé, who have made the following Report:—

"REPORT OF THE COMMISSION CHARGED WITH EXAMINING THE QUESTION RELATIVE TO THE FOREIGN *contrefaçon*, OR SPURIOUS EDITIONS OF FRENCH WORKS.

"'Monsieur le Ministre.—The Commission formed according to your order of October last, to examine into the above subject, has collected facts and documents; and after prolonged discussion, has come to several resolutions, which it begs to submit to the attention of the government. Even before its labours were terminated, the Commission could judge of the salutary effect produced even by the knowledge that they were so engaged, and about to affix censure on an abuse daily increasing and unrepressed. A numerous committee of English writers has met, with a similar intention, and has drawn up a request to the American Congress, 'to obtain a reciprocal guarantee of literary property in the two countries.'

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* "This Memorial is probably one of the most valuable collections of English autographs in this country. It is on parchment, and contains the signatures of almost all the distinguished literary men in Great Britain."—*New York Express.*

† Arguing on the merits of this question, a correspondent in the "Plain Dealer" (American paper,) observes, "But our system is, as regards literary property, worse than a *Droit d'Aubain,* for it enforces against the proprietor himself the same confiscation which the French law only carried into effect against his representatives. Our declaration is to all authors, you shall not bring your property here; and if you do, any one may plunder you that chooses. The rights which we give our citizens we deny you.

"It may be said, perhaps, in argument against the proposed extension of copyrights to foreigners, that many works will come dearer to the readers than they now do, as we shall have to pay the author as well as the publisher. No doubt this is true, and it is equally true, that thieving is cheaper than labour; and that of all modes of living, the least expensive is that of living on your neighbour. The population along the coast, which exists by the pillage of stranded vessels, must think it monstrous to enforce the rights of the unfortunate wanderer of the sea to his wrecked property. To this pass it seems to have come with us. We are a nation of wreckers.

"We are, as regards this subject, behind the whole civilised world. Our law gives its protection solely to the native or resident. The English law gives it to the author, whether native resident or non-resident, and the French law not only to the author himself, but also to his family."

The abuse of spurious editions, which militates against the interest of English authors in America, is more actively employed in Europe to the detriment of French writers. Everything has tended to render the spoliation as easy as it is lucrative. Establishments for producing spurious editions have been made beyond the frontier. The low price, rendered possible by their having to pay merely the expense of the materials of printing, has allowed them to supply all the markets in Europe; and, by means of the transit laws, these Belgian editions traverse our territory, to reach their markets. The registers of the Customs prove the increase of this trade. Although spurious or foreign editions are prohibited, nevertheless they are enabled to enter the country, owing to the law, which permits *return (rentrée)* of books printed in France formerly exported.'

"The report then enumerates the pernicious results to authors, booksellers, and literature in general, of the successful contraband trade.

"It then proceeds—'Some members of this Commission thought that spurious editions of scientific and literary works being, even as between nation and nation, an immoral act, and a fraudulent traffic, it should no longer be tolerated amongst us, and that we ought to take on ourselves immediately, by an absolute prohibition, the defence of foreign interest and the honour of a noble example, at the risk even of not meeting with a return. France would thus do for foreign copyright what she did in the case of the *droit d'aubaine*—abolish the injustice in her own territories, without securing equal advantages in foreign countries for her own people; and, in fact, such a measure in France could only apply to English literature. But the majority of the Commission was opposed to this vain generosity, preferring to offer reciprocity, and make it a condition of granting protection, that it should be also extended to us. The Commission, therefore, is of opinion, that either in addition to the projected law on literary property, or by a special disposition, it should be enacted, that all works, foreign or French, published abroad for the first time, should not be allowed to be reprinted during the lifetime of the author, or a term regulated by law, without his consent, or that of the person to whom he ceded his rights.

"'In proposing this, the Commission is aware that it would be disadvantageous to France if the reciprocity was thus limited; for it is not in printing spurious editions of French works, but in buying them, that the English bookselling trade does injury to the French. To prohibit the republication of English modern books in France, is to do injury to many persons settled in France, and to give great advantage to English literary property, for which the French would find no compensation in a similar law promulgated in England. The very unequal price of printing and its materials, in the two countries, explains the difference. The English cannot gain by issuing spurious editions, but they gain by buying them of the Belgians. It is, therefore, from the English Customs that compensation is to be sought. It would be advisable to stipulate for a law or order, that no edition of modern French works should be received into England but the genuine French edition. This alone would deprive the Belgian spoliators of their chief market, and the English publishers would find compensation, not only in the prohibition to re-publish English works in France without consent of the author, but in the shutting of French ports against American editions of English works.

"'It is by a like negotiation and administrative measures, that a useful protection to French literary interests is to be procured in the numerous states of North Germany, where our books are so much in request. These States might grant reciprocity in this respect, especially as many German authors have suffered from reprints of their works in our great frontier towns.

"'The measures above indicated depend on the consent of foreign powers and the chance of negotiation; but there are others which regard the French territory alone, which might be immediately put in execution.'

"The latter recommendations have exclusive reference to internal regulations and the law of transit, and would therefore have no interest for our readers; and the commission concludes with a *résumé* in the form of special conclusions, which it is needless to repeat."

From these statements, therefore, it appears that the precise moment has arrived for the intervention of our Government. We therefore, if needful, which we do not think it can be, would call for such intervention, that a debt so long due to the commonwealth of literature throughout the world may now be discharged by the amicable and simultaneous consent of all nations.

THE STOIC.

Ye sons of Pride! who with severe control
Repress each finer feeling of the soul:
Who wander sullen, reckless of delight,
Like lonely meteors through the gloom of night;
And falsely boast that in some joyless breast
Reason has lull'd each passion into rest;
Say—though ye gaze unmov'd on pleasure's bow'r,
Or smile unfeeling in affliction's hour;
Say—does that smile of stubborn pride impart
One conscious glow of rapture to the heart?
No; in your bosom reigns a moonless night,
Cheer'd by no ray of soul-reviving light,
And Nature sits amid the dreary gloom,
Like a pale spectre weeping o'er the tomb.
 What though the world is like the stormy deep,
And man is born to murmur and to weep,
In ocean's caves full many a treasure glows,
And roses bloom amid Siberian snows!
 Though desolation, with a demon frown,
Has mark'd Arabia's deserts for her own;
And Death, the monarch of her potent reign,
Throned in the sandy whirlwind sweeps the plain;
Yet still some spots of greener verdure rise,
To mark the influence of milder skies;
Some cooling streams with grateful freshness roll,
Imparting vigour to the fainting soul:
Thus social joys, sweet springs of comfort flow,
To cheer the pilgrim through this world of woe.

ARDENT TROUGHTON, THE WRECKED MERCHANT.[1]

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RATTLIN THE REEFER," &c. &c.

In such a vessel, with such a commander, and such a crew, it may well be supposed, that my sister and myself preferred to have the gorgeous vault of heaven as our canopy, to the carlines and planking of the decks. It was not until night had closed around us, and threw over us something more tangible than her veil of darkness, in the shape of a filmy mantle of cold dews, that we sought the shelter of the cabin of the "Lively Sally." We there found a regular gaming-table established, to which, not only the officers, but every man on board who had money, had also access. A more grasping set of human beings were never collected. Avarice seemed to have hardened, verily, to have been burnt into them. Yet were the demoralised individuals who composed this set, neither outrageous under their losses, nor apparently insolent over their gains. A quiet, yet desperate eagerness distinguished all their proceedings.

We retired early, and in disgust; and, in the act of withdrawing ourselves from this scene, could not Honoria prevent herself from evincing something almost as marked as contempt, an expression of her feelings very virtuous, but, in our present situation, rather dangerous.

And this, thought I, is man. Truly may it be said, that he is endowed with a plastic soul. Is it the same being, who, in civilised courts is the refined hypocrite, and the oily-tongued sycophant—in the city, the overreaching merchant—in the wilds of New Zealand, the ferocious cannibal—in the backwoods of America, the stoic and the scalper of sculls—in this American whaler, the sordid and grasping gambler—and everywhere the child of circumstances? It is—let us all therefore be as virtuous as we can, but let us be no longer proud in our virtue. "Here," said I, to myself, "is the wily and sentiment-professing Nathaniel Willis, exhibiting astonishing energy, and the most Machiavelian finesse, to possess himself of the small portions of property belonging to his officers and crew; had he been born in Austria, and the portals of the court been open to him, he might have out-manœuvred Metternich. As a hetacomb of murders constitute a victory, so does a vast cheat, that wrongs millions, make an excellent stroke of diplomatic policy. I have therefore no right to judge this man more hardly than I would any able minister or skilful politician—at least, until I have heard what he has to say for himself. At the age of fifty I shall, perhaps, be able to form an opinion, which of the two antagonist principles, extreme selfishness, or a liberal philanthropy, is the better calculated to preserve unbroken the bonds that hold society together. I already know which does."

A sojourner on the vast waters, with a rebellious heart, broken fortunes, and a lovely sister both to guard and guard myself against, I might, by these appalling circumstances, have been subdued into despondency, had I not been compelled to brace myself up against contumely. I soon found that this Temple of Benevolence, the "Lively Sally," was nearly as inhospitable as were the shrines of the middle ages—affording sanctuary, but also denying sustenance. I was treated, not only as an unwelcome, but as a suspected guest. Nothing so beautiful as Honoria, disguise it as you might, could be looked upon with any sentiment at all resembling ill-will, and yet her reserve, her extreme shyness, and the silent contempt that would often momentarily pass its shadow over her features, made them regard her with a feeling of respect, and a deference too abject to be pleasing to them; but yet, with no ill-will. We were daily growing more uncomfortable.

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[1] Continued from p. 325.

And Jugurtha, my own dark friend, my dingy, adopted brother, he, even he, with his vivid animal spirits, and almost inexhaustible good-humour, seemed, at last, to droop among these uncongenial Americans. He, from the first, ceased to assist in the working of the ship, and unremittingly confined all his attentions, to make as little comfortless as he could, the uncomfortable situation of Honoria and myself. The other individual of my suite proved to be the best philosopher among us; his equanimity remaining unruffled, his teeth and his claws having early taught the seamen that a kick would be acknowledged with promptitude, and that he was not in the habit of receiving cuffs, without bestowing instant payment.

The weather had now become very warm, and the nature of the cargo disagreeably distinguishable to the olfactories; consequently, my sweet companion and myself were always to be found in the most windward situation of the vessel. By our reckoning, we were fast approaching the principal port in the northernmost part of New Zealand, and I began to anticipate an early deliverance from this greasy receptacle of oil and gamblers, for I was determined to embark in the first vessel we met, be her destination what it might.

The skipper had lately begun to bestow the vanity and the vapidity of his conversation upon me more often and more plentifully than I, with all my politeness, could find agreeable. I shall record only the last, as it will form rather a curious episode upon the ruling passion. The wind was nearly aft, trending a little to the starboard quarter, the breeze moderate, and the day joyous in a brilliant sunshine, and the "Lively Sally" was racing with her own effluvium, which, active as she was, much to our satisfaction, she could not overtake. Honoria and I were sitting, hand in hand, upon the taffrail, each of us wandering through a little world of our own—now straitening, now releasing the tender clasp, as our fitful imaginings rose, lingered, and departed, in our minds. As we thus sate in a blissful distraction, happy, yet conscious of the miseries that were darkening around us, the too shrewd and unwelcome visage of Mr. Willis appeared suddenly close to us. We neither of us saw him approach.

"Well," said he, "I've a particular sharpset notion that you two slick-away-roarers are a considerable curious family. You've been spying into one another's eyes this last half hour."

"Have we?" said I, a little embarrassed; "have we? But what better could we look at, captain?"

"O, why, that's as that is—but our main-royal draws tarnation well. The "Lively Sally's" a regular clipper, I calculate; but vanity is a pitfall for the feet of man, and a stumbling-block for the righteous."

"Now don't be sentimental, Mr. Willis; anything but that."

"Come, come, Mr. Spaniole, was not you and that young strip a-doing the sentimental particularly 'cute just now—looking, as the scriptures saith, for the motes in each other's eyes—more beams than motes, I speculate, in one at least, in those blue peepers of pretty face's."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That I don't palaver as much sentiment in three days as you two acts and looks in three minutes. Ay, you may cast off that sheep-shank in your hands, but its 'nation true for all that."

The constant exposure to the sun and air had already made too ruddy the cheek of Honoria—now a lovelier red rushed through the glowing crimson—no, it was only—it was merely the blush of indignation. Not knowing what the man meant, or fearing that he meant too much, I suddenly changed the subject, by asking him if he had had a run of luck the previous evening. He brightened up at the question, yet it did not afford him all the pleasure that I anticipated.

"There is scarcely anything to win," said he, shaking his head mournfully, "scarcely anything. There's Timothy Clayton, the carpenter, has rather won than lost—greedy, over-reaching rascal—will only play at-all fours, and I calculate he cheats mainly. No, I'll have nothing to do with him—wish you'd take him in hand."

"Why should I?"

"Yes—know you're sharp as a wild cat—heard of your being booked up always to win. Got the trick at the hells in London, on course."

"But I've no money wherewith to play with this carpenter."

"Advance you a hundred dollars directly on your nigger, and for all interest only ask to go your halves in your winnings—so pelt away."

"This is excessively kind of you—I feel it as very great kindness indeed. One hundred dollars on the negro—play with the carpenter at all-fours—yours the half of the winnings. It *is* kind—especially the last condition."

"Always told you so—always said that you would find me an uncommon, pretty-considerably, out-of-the-way kind sort of man, with a great deal of sympathy for the unfortunate. Ah, Mister Spaniole, to relieve the wretched is one of the first duties of humanity—but you don't like sentiment though it comes from the heart; so let us send for the carpenter—you can play very well here—better let me lend you a pack of cards, though."

"Not just now—we'll despatch that little affair by-and-by, to your satisfaction, depend upon it. But now let me correct a little mistake of yours—I do love sentiment dearly, let it come from whence it will—even from the heart of a gambler—I love it for its own sake; therefore mark you, Captain Willis, as you afforded me a very great supply of this valuable article lately, some of it hangs about my heart heavily—how could I reconcile it to my conscience to impoverish and perhaps ruin this poor carpenter, although he does cheat a little at all-fours, and will not let others cheat him at loo, monté, or brag."

"Sir," said the American, "now I honour you much—I find you are a man after my own heart. These very reflections troubled me at first, so I reflected again—nothing like reflecting twice, when once won't do—especially when you have a point to carry with your conscience. Try it, sir—you'll find the stiffest conscience listen to reason in time—I have won nearly all the money due to every one in the ship—conscientiously, sir, conscientiously, or Nathaniel Willis would not have won it."

"Now we come to the point—make that clear to me, and this carpenter of yours shall be beaten high and low, and he shall never score Jack for the loss of the game."

"A certain class of persons, poverty keeps virtuous. Poverty will not let a man get drunk, or gormandise, or run after the allurements of naughty women. It is a great destroyer, is vanity in dress. Poverty and idleness cannot exist together. Poverty makes men laborious, and go to sea, and take more spermaceti whales for the good of the community at large. I labour hard for the good of the community."

"Oh! I see—the sacrifices you make are great. But what will the owners say, when your crew return to port, after three years' labour, ragged and pennyless?"

"Why, I'm principal owner myself."

"But the other owners?"

"They'll be glad of it. The men must be off again directly."

"But the authorities of the town?"

"All owners of vessels too."

"Now I perfectly understand it. You make great sacrifices for the public weal. But your reward also must be great."

"My property is."

"So my remark must be understood. You have a large and numerous family?"

"Know better than that."

"Numerous and dependent relations?"

"Not a soul I care for in the world."

"No friends—no objects of love—of charity?"

"I am not a fool—but Nathaniel Willis."

"Then, in the name of all that is rational, for what purpose do you continue amassing wealth at your age; and labour to wring from the hard hands of your own crew the painfully-earned wages of their toils and privations?"

"Told ye before—to keep them virtuous."

"As regards them—but as regards yourself. What do you want with all this money?"

"What do I want it for? I do want it—and more—more—much more. Did I say there was nobody I cared for? I hid it in my very heart. There is one I care for—one I live for—to ruin—to beggar—to cast out of his splendid home."

"Who is he?"

"The first merchant—the first man in our place—or was."

"What did he do to you?"

"When I was a young fellow, and we were strictly governed in our parish, he put me in the stocks for playing at cards on a Sunday. By cards he shall be ruined yet—if money and hate can do it. And what can they not do in the hands of an injured and an honest man?"

"I was going to correct a little mistake of yours—to tell you exactly what you are; but I will postpone it at present, for the breeze is freshening. There are a few black, ugly clouds in the south-east, and you had better take in your royals, and have hands by your top-gallant sheets and haulyards, if the gentlemen playing their various games will permit themselves to be disturbed."

"You're right, master, I affirmate. Hands up, shorten sail."

And thus ended my last continued conversation with a nautical and sentimental gambler.

The peaceful, prosperous, playful, playing days of the "Lively Sally" were rapidly drawing to a close. Without a metaphor, her captain had not done speaking many minutes before she threw up her hand and threw down her cards, in a very droll, yet a very ominous manner. I have before observed, that the men would, sometimes, when sent aloft in a hurry, thrust into their bosom their cards, in order that they might not be tampered with by those left below. Four of the maintop-men were having a comfortable game at long whist, penny points, in the maintop. One of those who was sent up to furl the royals, happened to be dealer, so, according to custom, he placed the whole pack between his canvass shirt and his breast-bone, and went and laid out on the yard: owing to a violent pitch, and a sudden gust of wind, the fifty-two cards were discharged from their resting place, and fluttered in all directions about the rigging, so that the ship seemed to be making her way through a cloud of coloured pasteboard. But few fell on the deck, the rest whirling, darting, rising, and sinking, with the eddies of the wind, finally settled upon the now half-angry bosom of the ocean, for the amusement of the dolphins, porpoises, and barracoutas—or any other odd fish who might understand them—and never did a pack of cards turn up for so large a pool before.

The breeze gradually freshened, and the commander and his crew were now obliged to occupy themselves with more serious subjects than was even that of juggling from each other their respective properties. The rigging began to strain, the masts to bend, and the ship's timber creak. Sail after sail was reduced, and now the ocean began to toss about his multitudinous arms, to moan over his vast surface, and burthen the winds with his ceaseless and plashing sighs.

This was the first time that Honoria beheld the rising of a storm, and her soul seemed to rise with it. The increasing wind was still nearly aft, and the vessel seemed to be striving with it in an emulous race, whilst the vexed billows foamed and bayed after it vainly, and were left, alternately, behind, like wearied hounds that strain and fall in the chase of some noble stag. As yet, there was no actual danger, but much to be apprehended. The storm continued gradually increasing, not in sudden gusts, but equably, as when some heaven-gifted orator, who, haranguing the multitude, grows into pathos and into passion, until he moves the minds of thousands, and concentrating them into one, hurls the mental shock against an altar or a throne.

The topsails were first doubly, and then closely reefed. The coming tempest seemed to disdain to take its weak opponent, man, by surprise. The spirit that guided it, appeared to say to us, "Come, and we will wrestle together on the ocean. Gird up your loins for the struggle;—be firm, and waver not, but let us contend like foes worthy of each other. Let there be no mean surprise—no subterfuge—no ambuscade. Listen to the blasts of my unearthly trumpets. Mark how the waves leap to the echoes. I am the strong South-East. Prepare yourselves. Lo! I come."

"I hear the god of the tempest talking to me," said Honoria to me. "How awful—how magnificent—how terrible is his voice—and yet how beautiful! Hold to me—support me, Ardent—I can no longer face his breathings. How the ship reels! Large as she is, now she seems to me but as a particle of dust bounding before the breath of the mighty Invisible. Ardent, my brother, is there danger?"

"Not yet, my sister."

"But what is that bustle and knocking that I hear in the after-cabin."

"They are only, my dear love, putting up, shipping they call it, the dead-lights—that is, barricading the cabin windows against the assaults of the wave."

"What a dismal term is that—dead-lights!"

"It would be a curious speculation, my Honoria, to attempt to discover the origin of many of these sailor's phrases, almost as curious as speaking on the subject just now. Had you not better go below?"

"If there be danger, no—and if there be not—that cabin is the last place to which I would confine myself. With what a measured yet mighty intensity the hurricane increases!"

"It does indeed."

"Would it not be truly noble, could we take wings to ourselves, and dart over these boiling surges, and outspeed this blast? Noble sport, Ardent—would it not be glorious?"

"You may do it, Honoria, even now—no wings can outstrip the flight of the mind; it is a strange and a bold wish you utter, my sister."

"Yes, and 'tis better I should do so; what circumstances may make me yet, I know not. Scenes like these, and scenes, Ardent, that will be remembered, must make me either an Amazon, or destroy me. And yet I feel that I want, yes, in spite of all my boasting, greatly want some sustaining feeling—some grand principle for which I would struggle to live, or in which I would rejoice to die. Do you hear me, Ardent? the roar of the waters has become terrible."

"I hear you perfectly, Honoria; your silver and bell-like tones are beautifully distinct amidst these hoarse rushings of uncouth sounds."

"And yet I hardly hear myself."

"Stand more closely under the bulwark, and speak on. There is a comfort in your voice. I want no sustaining principle whilst Honoria is near me."

"Thank you, Ardent. Thank you, my brother. How lone and solitary we appear—no one comes nigh us; and methinks that there is a sickly terror on the faces of those that I see at the wheel. How they seem to labour—and there are four—must there now be four to do that which I have seen one do, listlessly, and by his single hand?"

"There must. Those men need much of their strength, and all their watchfulness, to keep the ship flying *before* the wind, straight, like an arrow shot from a bow. The least error, the least remissness on their part, and the ship would fly *into* the wind, and be instantly on her beam ends."

"What is that, brother?"

"The ship will have her side turned to the wind, and will turn over."

"Horrible! and must this be so?"

"We are in the hands of God. Crouch down more; it seems to me that no one could face this blast and live."

Seated on the deck, close under the lee of the bulwark, and with our arms interlaced, we waited patiently, yet with thrilling awe, for the event. Since Jugurtha had been on board this vessel, he had, with many amusing airs of pomposity, enacted the gentleman. He perfectly well knew that his passage was paid for, and he had hitherto shown himself infinitely above the degradation of soiling his ebony hand by touching a rope. But now, we caught a glimpse of him, dancing about the deck, not only working with all his energies, but also, by his gesticulations, directing and encouraging others. However, he came not near us. The ship still flew before the wind.

"Talk to me, Ardent. Let me hear the sound of your voice. It may be our last conversation. Joyful we cannot make it. Let it be tranquil and tender. Tell me of the green fields of my father's England—of the England of your infancy—the land you love so much."

"With all my heart, Honoria—in all but three or four months of the year the smiling fatness of that land is wonderful. There are vales in the midland counties that appear to burst the very bosom of the earth with over-abounding fertility—the quiet and humble cottages——"

But this pitiable attempt to cheat the dreadful scene of its horrors was interrupted by a piercing shriek from my sister."

"What, what, my brother, is all this?—see the ruin that is upon us!"

"Have we not made our minds up to the worst? I will not ask you not to tremble. It is nothing but the three topmasts snapped off clean in the caps. You see, now, we have nothing but the foresail set, and that, owing to the tremendous force of the wind, they dare not clew up. The ship will steer the better for it.—Look not among the wreck, Honoria—'twere best you should not."

There were several mangled bodies crushed to the deck by the fall of the top-hamper, and our dog Bounder had a narrow escape as he plunged through the entangled rigging.

I remember but little more of this disastrous day. The waves were beaten down by the wind, and the whole surface of the sea was covered with a white haze, that looked half vapour and half snow. The atmosphere was darkened, and nothing could be seen above but a lurid haze; for a space less than two minutes there appeared right a-head, and directly in the ship's course, heavy masses of blackish-blue mountains belted as high as the maintop, with a ridge of foam of a dazzling whiteness. But the sounds that, for a few moments, burst upon us, were overwhelming, and imagination can only give a faint idea of it, by supposing legions of demons endeavouring to drown with hisses the thunders of the Almighty.————

What more do I know of all that immediately ensued? Nothing,——save that I felt my sister creeping and cleaving more closely to my bosom—a shock, a hurling about of many things—a howling of eddying waters in my ears, and all, for a time, was still. And then, methought, that I was lying upon a downy and velvet bed, and much need had I of such yielding softness beneath me, for my body seemed to me to be one entire bruise, and all the bones of my limbs to be broken; and the loud strife of the waters with the winds and the rocks was still howling in my ears; but then that noise was not the voice of the waters to me, but the hum of a vast multitude, among which rose the angry revilings of human voices, and distinct execrations upon the name of Ardent Troughton. So powerful is the omnipotence of the mind in its health and in its hallucination, that I conceived my whole situation at once. I then knew that I had never embarked on the ocean—that I had never seen father, mother, or family—that I had never been articled to a merchant in Lothbury—I had heard certainly of such a person, or, at least, an indistinct rumour of him; but, in a few moments, I lived out a whole foregone existence—I was a knight—I had undertaken to prove the innocence of a fair damsel falsely accused—I had been overthrown in the lists—there was no strength, or fortitude, or virtue in me—I was the derision of a reviling crowd, so I resolutely kept my eyes closed, resolving to die by a mighty effort of the will, and I fancied I had succeeded.

But the grim hunter, Death, that pursues us all so indefatigably, and overtakes us so surely, will, in his caprice, sometimes suffer himself to be pursued, and unsuccessfully. I had chased him into the cold vestibule of oblivion, but the mocker eluded me still, and led me many a weary step through romantic scenes, gorgeous temples, and fancy-built cities; and, emerging from those visionary regions that separate the mortal from the eternal world, I once more found myself breathing upon the green sod, a gentle breeze playing upon my face, bringing with it a thousand aromatic odours, with a bright sun above me, that dazzled my eyes into blindness each time that I attempted to open them.—I was again *Ardent Troughton, the Wrecked Merchant.*

(To be continued.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ACTRESS OF OUR OWN TIMES.[1]

WITH SKETCHES OF HER CONTEMPORARIES.

What, my young lady and mistress?—
Your ladyship has grown nearer to heav'n
Than when I saw you last, by the altitude
Of a chopin!———
Come—give us a taste of your quality.
HAMLET.

I CONCLUDED my last chapter by describing Sipwater as he was and as he is; and to this strange-minded man—as the husband of my only sister, my only relative, and, alas! my only friend—I was indebted for the shelter of a roof. I found myself possessed of youth, health, and an almost coinless purse, with the wide world before me, in which wide world I was to fix myself. My sister received me with all the affection which a kind heart could feel towards an orphan girl, thus suddenly thrown upon her own exertions for support—for to exert myself I was determined. I had to choose a profession. 'Tis true, that from my kind and affectionate mother I had received a tolerably well-grounded education, with a smattering of many of those lighter accomplishments which are expected in our sex, especially if they have to force their dowerless way to a comfortable settlement in life. We therefore held "a family consultation" on this, to me, difficult point. It was composed of a relative trio—Sip, wife, and self.

"What are you fit for?" very naturally demanded Sip.

I timidly replied, that I thought a governess.

"A governess!" growled he; "pha! governesses are as plenty as blackberries—governesses well trained to the line, at "finishing establishments," as they are called in our various suburban villages, where they are trained up to the calling at so much per head, by regular professors; these have all experience and friends to recommend them—you have neither."

I could not gainsay this, for I was indeed inexperienced and friendless. I was ruminating on this damper to proposition number one, when my sister, measuring me from head to foot with her calm blue eye, ventured to suggest that, as I had face and figure for tragedy, the stage——

"What," cried Sip, "the stage! what does she know about the stage?—was she ever in a theatre twice in her life?"

"But she can soon learn, mildly responded sister Jane.

"Humph! learn, can she; and who the d——'s to teach her?" grumbled Sip.

"Nature, perhaps, might——"

"Nature!" cried he, "psha! what has nature to do with the stage now? You are speaking of what it was, not what it is—all nonsense about nature at present. Why, there's my friend * * * * * of the Covent Garden boards, he frankly confessed to me, that whenever he speaks naturally he passes unnoticed, or is perhaps abused for being tame and insipid; but whenever he chooses to shout (which, by-the-bye, he is frequently obliged to do in self defence,) he can always obtain applause, with sometimes an added 'Bravo, * * * * *!'—but as it is a ridiculous compliment to his lungs, he scorns to apply it to his understanding; therefore, good silly wife of mine, don't talk of nature and the modern stage—why, there's Ducrow—cunning Ducrow, acknowledged to me that he had retained a very bad actor in his theatre during many years, for lungs, not brains, because he could shout loud enough to be heard above all the kettle-drums and trumpets."

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[1] Continued from page 300.

I attempted to put an end to all argument on this subject, by, at once, declaring that I had no taste for the theatre, or any wish to embrace it as a profession; for, from what I had heard and read of the drama and its professors, I considered it certainly an idle, comparatively a vulgar, and, in some measure, a profane pursuit.

Sipwater stared at me, as though he was extremely nettled at this. As a member of a theatre, he was evidently hurt; and drawing himself up for a forensic effort, he began to address me, in a firm tone of voice, with a force, and, at the same time, an elegance of language, that would not have disgraced the ancient Roman forum. Of course, I had never, at that time, heard it equalled, nor have I since ever heard it surpassed by any of the very few orators who have had taste, talent, or spirit, to volunteer their services in the drama's defence. Though not fully understood by me, or much regarded at that time, his remarks have since made a powerful impression on my mind. He commenced thus:—"Young lady, you ventured, just now, to stigmatise, as idle, vulgar, and profane, the dramatic profession. Idle! when it calls into exertion every faculty of the mind and body. Vulgar! though it imperiously demands all the accomplishments of the gentleman and the information of the scholar. And profane! though its sole purpose is to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own image, scorn his own feature, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure—though it upholds vice to our abhorrence; and exhibits all that is noble and attractive in virtue to our admiration. Even before the Christian era, the stage had its advocates—great and powerful ones. In the list of its defenders I have found enrolled many of the brightest names of antiquity; and in every age, and in every nation, some of the wisest and the best of men have contributed their support to its cause. Socrates brought the stores of his rich and comprehensive mind to aid the compositions of Euripides; Plutarch bears honourable testimony to the beneficial tendency of the drama; and even Solon did not think it inconsistent with the rigid virtue of the sovereign magistrate of the people, to unbend from the cares of state at the public spectacles of his country. The eloquent tribute paid by Cicero to the memory of Roscius, is well known to every classic reader. But there exists on record a still more flattering compliment to the stage and its professors. Brutus, the purest model of heathen virtue, travelled to Naples, at one of the most turbulent periods of Roman history, for the sole purpose of visiting a company of comedians; and, after witnessing their performance, sent them to Rome, (then a prey to the violence of contending factions,) with a particular recommendation to Cicero, wisely judging, that nothing could more effectually tend to compose and tranquillise the public mind, than the soothing and instructive lessons of the drama. Such, miss, was the opinion which the ancients entertained of that drama which you have this day thought proper to condemn as idle, vulgar, and profane. I have described to you the opinion which the ancients entertained for the drama: now for the moderns. In our own country, among the foremost of the drama's champions stand the immortal names of Johnson, Addison, and Young. Surely Johnson, the rigid, the austere, the censorious Johnson, was anything but a latitudinarian, either in principle or practice; yet Johnson frequented theatres, patronised theatricals, and was himself the author of a play—the tragedy of Irene. Addison, whose exemplary death worked an instantaneous reformation in the conduct of a young and dissipated nobleman under his charge, is the author of the tragedy of Cato and other pieces; and finally, Dr. Young, the justly-celebrated author of the 'Night Thoughts,' whose works bear unequivocal testimony to his principles as a Christian, and his virtues as a man, enriched our national drama with the tragedies of 'The Revenge,' 'Busiris,' and 'The Brothers,' the last of which, (a fact that is not universally known,) was written and acted for the express purpose of adding to the fund for the propagation of Christianity. Now, miss, the great and good men whose names I have mentioned knew that the stage was destined to answer a nobler purpose than mere amusement—they rightly deemed it a powerful instrument in the hands of the legislature, if they knew how to use it, to refine the taste and chasten the morals of the giddy and dissipated multitude, and, as such, they regarded its perfection as a work of high and meritorious achievement. They knew how much easier it was to insinuate than enforce instruction; that the pride of our nature revolts from anything which comes to us under the authoritative form; and hence, by a certain class of society, even the sacred orator himself is listened to with listless and divided attention, while the gilded moral of the stage is swallowed with avidity, and has a powerful, because unsuspected, operation.

"And, though last, not least, in my enumeration, the stage has another claim on public regard. It is the grand national school of elocution—that fascinating, that soul-subduing art, which is the triumph of language, and the nerve of argument; without which, the speaker is a dull and monotonous detailer of unheeded sounds. It was the theatre that tempered into method the impetuosity of a Burke, and supplied the chastened and classic delivery of a Fox and a Pitt. From the theatre flowed those touching intonations, which thrilled through the melting periods of a much-regretted Sheridan and a Canning. And it was from the theatre that the prince of orators—our modern Athenian—Brougham, derived that overwhelming eloquence, which has so often struck a panic into the adherents of corruption. This, miss, is the theatre—not as it is—but as it ought to be."

He concluded. I was dumb from astonishment, and he from want of breath. At length I ventured to compliment him on the very eloquent and forcible manner in which he had defended the dramatic profession,—a profession, I added, into which an evil destiny had thrown him, against his better wishes and inclination. He started, and fixed his sunken eye upon me with an expression which I shall never forget—a withering frown came over his iron features—and a sigh, or rather groan, seemed to force itself from the very bottom of his heart. He turned from me, took his hat from a corner table, and left the house for his evening's walk of rumination.

Without apparently noticing the sudden exit of her moody husband, my sister mildly asked me, what were my personal objections to attempting the actress's calling—if, on a probationary trial, I found that I possessed sufficient talent to warrant a hope of success. I replied, that my innate delicacy shrank from a public exhibition of myself, for I thought it must be extremely painful for any woman of cultivated mind and delicate feelings, to be, night after night, the gaze of a miscellaneous mob, to be hissed, perhaps, by a drunken apprentice from the purlieus of St. Paul's, or to have her form criticised, limb by limb, by some gloating libertine, hot from the club-house orgies of the west. Could any real respect be felt, I added, for a woman who is handled, and often kissed, before a thousand spectators, in a way that would be reckoned outrageously indecent between a man and his wife, even in a party of their nearest and dearest friends? I spoke as I really felt, for I frankly confess, that, at the time I mention, such was my opinion of the theatrical profession. That though I may never greatly advance by my public talent; I never have, and never will, degrade it by my private conduct. I owe it a debt of gratitude for benefits received, for in its pursuits I have gathered wisdom and experience in England's metropolis, and health in her provinces, pleasure and refinement in Paris and the vine-clad valleys of La Belle France; and though last, not least in memory's seat, *beaucoup d'argent* (alloyed by much annoyance) in the rich and populous cities of America.

I was new to London, its manners and amusements; I had but once been in a metropolitan theatre, and that occurred when I was a mere child. I was then incapable of judging. Therefore the evening following the one on which we had the "family consultation" I have described, my sister and myself were accommodated with a tragedian's "order," procured by her husband, with the understanding that we were to applaud and support the donor, who, on that night, had to act (for act read shout) a new part. I must here explain to the uninitiated reader, the use which the privileged actors make of these "orders," and also the cause of the immense, apparently unnecessary and undeserved, applause which is frequently heard in our national theatres, to the great annoyance of the respectable part of the drama's patrons, who pay their money with a wish to hear the author, and quietly enjoy the best acting that the state of the theatre will allow; for it must really be very disgusting to those who wish well to the cause of the drama, to hear some half dozen noisy and hired ruffians, fright a whole theatre from its propriety, by insisting (even against the general and expressed wish to the contrary,) insisting upon the encore of some stupid and unmeaning song. To hear, as I have done, even in 1837, these retained claqueurs, demanding the instant resuscitation of the departed hero, who, sensible creature, during three hours perhaps, had been regardless of the strong yet well-meant advice of the immortal Shakspeare. Though on the occasion to which I shall now allude, Shakspeare's satire on the Pittites was undeserved, at least, by one gentleman, who appeared to be the particular, and what's more, the real friend of the iron-lunged hero of the buskin, for when annoyed by his "out-heroding Herod," this real and particular friend, very familiarly thus addressed him by his well-known sponsorial, (I heard it, so did hundreds, who can vouch for the fact, and who could not suppress their smiles, for it was so completely out of keeping with poor woe-worn Jaffier,) it rose from the pit in a tone of mild entreaty, thus, "Come, come, draw it mild, George." But George was stubborn—though the audience laughed, George shouted to the end of the play. There are mysteries in all professions, and to expose to ridicule a silly one in mine, I will return to the orders. They are allowed occasionally throughout the corps, as the actor's privilege, to force applauses—though many of them (male and female) have it stipulated in their articles of engagement, to command a certain number of free admissions for the boxes and the gallery on every night they play; and those auditors who enter with such orders, do it with an understanding, that when the "generous donor" makes his or her appearance, they are to force a reception, as it is called—which means, that they are to continue clapping their hands till they decoy a good round number to do the same, and this is called "forcing a reception;" and the reader, if a play-goer, may observe, that many of our actors and actresses will not proceed with their parts till their bribed claqueurs have done their stipulated duty.

There is a tall, thin, grey-headed actor, now on the shady side of half a century—the only salmon in the market, as he calls himself; he always appertains to one or other of the patent theatres, and is justly celebrated for enacting the testy old bachelors. This egotistical and very clever actor, but silly man, will verify my assertion as to the application of the orders. Whenever he comes on the stage, he bows and smirks, and then smirks and bows again; but never will attempt his dramatic part till his four well-trained and well-planted claqueurs in the boxes, and the like number in the gallery, with their eight sweet voices—eighty fingers and sixteen hands—have done their previously-understood good service as decoys.

These "orders" are frequently withheld from second-rate performers, in consequence of the boxes being well attended by ready-money customers; when that is the case, such is the craving of some actors for applause, that they will gratify their vanity, even at the expense of their often ill-furnished purses. I am well assured, by those who have traced the cause and witnessed the effect, that an operatic actor or actress can obtain an encore to any stupid song for the small sum of three shillings and sixpence, judiciously and scientifically employed at the present reduced prices; and that a certain tragedian, more notorious for the strength of his lungs than the force of his judgments, when he happens to play a first-rate part, always contrives to have himself "called from the silent dead" for the trifling charge of the well-disposed-of "quadrant of a sovereign!"

I opine that these hired claqueurs are amongst the greatest abominations that are suffered to disgrace our theatres; though "this calling for the silent dead" is a nuisance of very recent date, and sprang from the silly vanity of certain empty-headed performers; but it is a nuisance that may be easily abated: thus, the instant that these hired and boisterous claqueurs demand "resurrection of their bellowing hero," let the anti-follyites call for, and insist upon the appearance of, the candle-snuffer or the call-boy—ridicule is the best, the safest, and, I believe, the only weapon that can completely expel the claqueur's bullying nuisance. By-the-bye, I am assured that they once actually attempted this "cure by ridicule," at Sadler's Wells Theatre, where the wags called for Wieland, the gentleman who pantomimed the monkey in some silly melo-drama, which gentleman—gentleman! heaven save the mark!—nothing loath, but highly honoured, appeared, bowed, made a speech full of good thanks and bad grammar, —but what could be expected of a monkey?—put his hand on his heart,—which action, on the stage, gentle reader, always means gratitude—then gracefully retired, with all the generally-admired dignity of a Little Keeley and the well-known modesty of a Tyrone Power. What would the shouting tragedian of the national theatre have said to a monkey rival in a public call? Now for Miss Wilhelmina Scrags's ingenious method of forcing an encore.

Miss Scrags (and this is no fancy's sketch) has the tact to force an encore in our national theatre for the small expenditure of three shillings and sixpence, by placing only five ayes against an overflowing theatre of noes. This is a piece of generalship worthy of a nobler cause than that of vanity. She selects (or mama, or the servant-maid, can select them for her) three needy persons, with stentorian lungs, and who like amusement *gratis*—(those who cry oysters are preferred on account of their sweet voices)—these three, furnished with Miss Scrags's sixpence each, pass to the gallery; when there, being muscular and dirty men—some of the great unwashed—they push through all impediments to the front seat. In that "strong position," as Wellington would call it, they command the stage, and overawe the house. Her eighteen-pence being thus bestowed, next let us inspect her *parterre's* auxiliary force of two half-price, one shilling each. These are equal in lungs to the gods above, but showing superior broad cloth—(the butcher's or the baker's men in their Sunday suits will do, if trained to the work, and like it)—these having paid and entered, with most undaunted front, under pretence of passing to seats they had left, squeeze into the very centre of the pit, regardless of frowns or oaths extorted from the writhing owners of many a corn-trod toe. Now is the *claquerus* time to act; for, hark! Miss Scrags' song is just commencing. Being the second singer, Miss Scrags shares in an opening duet; but her only song commences act the third, to allow the prima donna breath, and the half-price folks to finish squabbling for their seats. During the usual noise Miss Scrags' song is ended, when, lo! five voices—three above and two below—

five voices of such deafening strength, they would drown great Jove's own thunder, are heard by the astonished audience, shouting "encore! hancore! uncore!". This barbarous and partial yell calls forth the general cry of "no, no, no!" accompanied by that small, ill-omened sound—a hiss; at which more *fortè* yell the stentorian five, "hancore! uncour! oncur!" All harmony seems banished—a row is threatened between the furious ayes and somewhat passive noes—until tired with the contest, common sense yields to bullying noise and impudence, and Miss Wilhelmina Scrags strains her throat, and squeaks again. And this, gentle reader, is the way that a hired, noisy, and determined five, can often put many hundreds down.

A few seasons since, the Haymarket theatre became the nightly arena of brutal contention between opposing *claqueurs*, sent in by a male and a female singer. It was a nuisance so injurious to the treasury, that the manager, in self-defence, suspended, for a time, all musical pieces, as he found them the cause of so much discord. This male singer was intended by nature and education for a butcher and a prize-fighter; but he would, *malgrè nature*, attempt to act, and also to sing, to the loss of the manager, and the displeasure of the audience. Then why was he engaged? Ay, reader, there is the professional mystery. This butcher-boxer-actor-singer had money, and bought his engagement through a celebrated vocal teacher, who is nothing loath to pocket cash, and hoax an unmusical manager. His *claqueurs* he hired nightly.

But to return to myself, and my first visit to the national theatre, with a tragic actor's orders—Mr. ———, or whatever name the applause-craving actor may have thought proper to assume, to save from disgrace his ancestral patronymic of Buggins or Wiggins. As I have observed, except to the privileged few, like "the only salmon," these orders are only allowed on those nights when managers expect (O direful sight!) "a beggarly account of empty boxes." Having delivered our fragile talismanic "Open, sesamè" to a small man in a small box, Sipwater accompanied us, much against his inclination, I believe, indeed he scarcely concealed it, but observed that under his arm we should be safe from personal insult, though not from mental disgust; therefore he gave us his protection through a scene that I, young and uninitiated in the ways of a theatre as I then was, could not have believed to exist in a splendid temple dedicated to the Muses. I repeat, that I could not have believed such a scene could exist, if I had not had the evidence of my eyes, or what was worse, perhaps, the evidence of my ears.

And appalling was the account that he afterwards gave us of the base and wretched purposes to which these splendid lobbies and gorgeous saloons are appropriated; but, as he very justly observed, this is no fault of the drama, but of those who suffer her temple to be thus desecrated.

This, my first visit to the national theatre, happened on a Saturday evening in Lent; and such was the immense quantity alluringly offered by the manager, in his extra-sized play bills—such was the great quantity given on this unfortunate evening—that the sabbath morning had somewhat advanced before the commencement even of the third and last piece, which, by-the-bye, was a horrible amalgamation of murder, slang, and blasphemy, seasoned with terrific combats, and blue and red blazes, alike offensive to the morals as to the nostrils of the tired auditory.

For, as that forcible writer and clever observer of the vices of human nature, (Mr. W——, auther of the "Autobiography of Jack Ketch," so justly popular, some time since, in the columns of the *Metropolitan*,) very justly observes, that

"The blood-stain'd muse of Lambeth Marsh, that shows
Each daring youth how murder may be done,"

is the favourite one with the juvenile delinquents who crowd our London jails; and who always, in conversation, quote from "Jack Thurtle, or the Gill's Lane Murder;" or "Corder, or the Murder of the Red Barn;" or that still more horrible and blood-thirsty production, "Jonathan Bradford, or the Road-side Murder;" and which juvenile delinquents—if wanted at any period after their term of incarceration has expired—are generally to be found in the gallery or pit of one of the south of Thames theatres, contributing their dangerously-earned sixpences for the profit and encouragement of the aforesaid "great Shakspeare of Pedlar's Acre."

In a word, it is the duty of those in authority, to command that the entertainments which are forbidden as profane on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent, (and in the whole of Passion week, to the great loss, not of appetite but of food, to the ill-paid and ill-fed subordinate actors,) should, in the name of common decency, if not of common sense, forbid the London theatrical managers to violate with slang and murder, the aforesaid first hours of the sabbath morning.

With respect to the unnaturally late hours at our theatres, on what are termed the workday mornings, I am of opinion that theatrical performances after midnight are very impolitic—they are injurious to the health of the spectators, and I think that manager must be a very bad calculator, who sends an audience out of his house at two in the morning *ennuyé* from the dull prolixity of our great monopolising modern dramatists.

"Wine is to wit, as water thrown on fire,
By duly sprinkling, both are rais'd the higher;
Too largely dealt, the vivid blaze they choke,
And all the genial flame goes out in smoke."

(Par parenthèse—the above four lines are supposed to have been written by the whimsically-poetical Mr. John Reeve, soon after he had become a tee-totaller, and a distinguished member of the Temperance Society. If I am in error in the above supposition, I will beg his pardon *sur le champ*.)

I felt completely exhausted long before I quitted the theatre. Bloomsbury church clock had struck the awful hour of two ere we passed it, on our way to my sister's humble, but comfortable domicile: the gentle breeze of an April morning was most delightfully refreshing, after having, for seven hours, imbibed a gas-impregnated atmosphere; yet, with an aching head, I went supperless to bed, and there dreamt of combats, blood, and murder.

At breakfast, next morning, many were the little arguments held between myself and my poor anxious sister Jane, as to my future pursuits. She was decidedly for a theatrical attempt—I was as decidedly against it. The gloomy Sipwater humphed and haed, but neither attempted to persuade or deter me: he remained perfectly neuter.

The quiet, monotonous avocation of "governess to the junior branches of a respectable family," as the various daily advertisements denominate it, struck me as the one best suited to my ability and retiring disposition; and, if I were fortunate enough to meet with such a situation, I was prepared to enter upon its duties immediately; but independent of the trouble, glare, and glitter of the actress's arduous and apparently dangerous pursuit, there was the necessary probation—a tiresome novitiate to be gone through. I urged this to my sister, but she met the objection with a smile, observing, that her husband should immediately introduce me to the conductor of a highly respectable and much patronised "*Ecole des Elèves*," at which many of our best and most fortunate theatrical favourites had made their *coups d'essai.*

This information, I must confess, soon created in my mind a curiosity to witness the ordeal which "young aspirants after histrionic fame" had to undergo.

Tickets of admission had been procured for the next evening of exhibition, and by thus venturing to indulge my curiosity, my strong prejudices, one by one, were beaten down by Sipwater's sound advice, delivered through my sister; and having no better or more profitable avocation, I embraced that of "an actress." But now to describe *Le Théatre des Elèves et des Amateurs.*

I believe it is a circumstance little known, and less cared for, by the million-and-a-half of human beings who inhale the bilious atmosphere of this vast metropolis, that, in the somewhat out of the way *quartier de Londres*, the N.N.E. and by N., a *terra incognita*, according to the indisputable authority of that elegant and whimsical inventor of fashionable ideas for the upper classes, the ever witty author of "Sayings and Doings," there is in the aforesaid out-of-the-way quarter, *en dos* of a neat and very comfortable brick dwelling, in a quiet street, running out of Upper Gray's Inn Lane, a small temple, dedicated to Melpomene and Thalia by some of their private devotees. It had originally been built and occupied by their more agile sister Terpsichore, who, being a sad wild sort of lady, had been ejected on account of the late, or rather, early hours she kept, and her general noisy conduct; and worse than all, (O hear it not Taglioni and Duvernay!) her non-payment of rent.

At this critical moment, a gentleman stepped forward as the self-appointed minister of Thalia and Melpomene, and with the necessary cash in hand, took possession of the vacated premises, and embarked his capital in those handsome decorations so necessary for the fane of his adored muses; and poor Terpsichore would actually have been compelled by her prudish sisters, (who pride themselves very much on their respectability in private, though in public they are frequently thought to be very so-so,)—I say, that poor Terpsichore would have become a houseless vagabond, if she had not had sufficient tact to gain admission to Almack's, by Germanizing her name, and ingeniously imposing herself on the most reverend and haughty lady-patronesses as a "foreigner of distinction," making a tour of observation, with the after-intention of "writing a book;" in which book, of course, were promised a few pages devoted to flattery, and "the truly amiable condescension of the female nobility of England." But, to return to the neat and convenient little private theatre on the far east of Russell Square. The presiding priest, or "monsieur le directeur," (every French manager, whether of a puppet-show, or of the *Académie Royale de Musiquè*, is called monsieur le directeur,) is, a gentlemen well-known for a very short temper, and, if possible, a shorter name—Mister * * *. His bread-winning pursuit is a very active official one, in one of our highest courts of law, in which court, he is, I am told, what the prompter is to a theatre: he arranges the changes of the scenes, *alias* the causes; and, by-the-bye, they are very similar in court and theatre.

A court of law is, in fact, only a theatre on a more expensive scale, where even a first appearance too often causes the ruin of the debutante. But man is, by nature, a pugnacious animal; and if he cannot fight his fellow-man with hands and arms, he will attack him with his purse, even though ruin be the consequence to both.

Mr. * * * is what may be termed a marked man about town; everybody seems to know him and respect him; he has a visage that, once seen, can never be mistaken for another—a visage to which Octavian's celebrated speech cannot be applied. Nature may very justly be ashamed of some of the faces she makes, but not of Mr. * * *'s. She has set a mark upon it—an indelible one—that of ruddy kindness. Nature may have formed a million of her Smiths, her Browns, and her Bakers, and formed them all alike; but she never formed but one * * *, and then she wisely resolved that there should be no duplicate of him from the hand of art. He has nearly ruined the reputation of nine painters, who flattered themselves that they were rising artists; and so in truth they were, until they undertook to paint Mr. * * *, (they failed, of course, and down they went again.) Even Prentis—who has hit off every face from smiling Harley's to sour Macready's—Prentis had painted an Apollo, an Adonis, an Hercules, but he could not paint a Mr. * * *; in short, poor Prentis, with all his acknowledged talent, threw his pencil from him in despair, and swore, (yes, the naughty little word slipt out,) he swore that * * *, like Richard the Third, was "himself alone;" and therefore nobody could make a copy of him.

There was a certain ruby tint in his countenance, so beautifully arranged by Dame Nature, that art attempted it in vain, for it was inimitable; but more anon respecting the glorious ruby tint, for candour compels me to observe that Mr. * * * is one of the most hospitable and convivial gentlemen of his clique: he is universally respected for his integrity and his kindness of heart; but above all, for his sound judgment of old port. His opinion is much sought for on that difficult point by numerous young gentlemen of the bar and other professions; and though he has been blessed by kind nature with a nasal promontory that would do honour to the face of any grape-loving potentate, from Bacchus, the king of good fellows of the olden time, down to —— ——, the admiration of the modern wine-bibbers; yet it is not by the smell that * * * has ever been induced to pass even an observation, as many of our would-be thought old port connoisseurs presume to do—no, not even when the first bottle is finished, can a word on the interesting subject be extracted: he very wisely "takes time to consider;" (for * * * was bred under Lord Eldon, and very good bread Lord Eldon proved to * * *;) but when the proper time arrives, and bottle *numero trois*, has dwindled into an evident and undeniable consumption, then he smacks his lips, twinkles a pair of laughing grey eyes, and pronounces judgment—a judgment which, for soundness (like many of his great and estemed master, Eldon's,) cannot be excelled, and is never reversed. * * * says, and with much apparent justice, when pressed for an early opinion of a batch of port, "better wait till the end of the third bottle for a sound judgment."

Manager * * *, be it known to all the world, as it is to his forensic and dramatic friends, has much quaint wit, peculiar perhaps to himself: he always has the ready *quid pro quo*. A *bon mot* is related of this hospitable and hilarous gentleman, and as it is said to come directly from a certain well-known learned lord, of course I have no reason to doubt its truth. It appears that the fine healthy tint of Mr. * * *'s visage, so pleasantly and jovially characteristic of the happy Englishman, attracted the notice (some say the envy) of the pallid Lord —— when in office. One afternoon, when * * * (as in official duty bound) was waiting on his lordship to settle the next day's performance on the legal theatre; or, in other words, for the names of the causes which it was his lordship's will and pleasure to have rehearsed, "Why, zounds, * * *," cried his lordship, fixing his well-known eagle eye upon the ruddy countenance of his jolly subordinate, (being the son of a painter, his lordship is as good a judge of colours as of law,) "why, zounds, * * *, it must have cost you a good round sum to paint that face of yours in such an admirable style." "Why, yes, my lord," cried the smiling sub, "it has cost me some thousands; but, thank heaven, the picture's not finished yet, by many a ruby tint."

(To be continued.)

FAMILY [illegible]

A TALE FOR [illegible] MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Caroline endeavoured to comfort poor Mary as well as she was able, but she required consolation herself: she was deeply wounded and grieved: she had a high sense of honour, and her husband had degraded himself in the eyes of the upright and just: she was proud, and she felt that he had been deceived and duped, entirely from his own willingness to confide in Webster, and his contempt for the proffered warning and counsel of her relations. Clifford appeared at dinner, looking haggard, anxious, and weary. Caroline immediately informed him of all that she had heard, and poured forth on him a torrent of angry upbraidings. We often imagine that we are guided entirely by virtuous indignation in our reproofs of the erring, when perhaps, could we analyse our emotions, we should find that selfish feeling has a great deal to do with them. Under any circumstances, Caroline would have felt grieved and shocked at the conduct of her husband, but had his behaviour to herself been uniformly kind, she would have soothed and pitied, even while she blamed, him; and, instead of pronouncing his misdeeds irreparable, she would have endeavoured to concert with him some means of checking the ill-effects of them. Clifford was not of a temper to bear patiently with even well-merited censure; he retaliated on Caroline's love of admiration and dislike of home; the subjects of Webster, poor Mary Preston, and her five thousand pounds, were dismissed, and Mrs. Dornton, Mrs. Clifford, Lady Bradbury, and Sophy Bennet, were all in turn summoned into the field, as subjects of recrimination and reproach. A last Clifford left the house, without mentioning the time he should return: two hours slowly passed on, the clock struck twelve, and, in about half an hour afterwards, Caroline, seriously alarmed, sent the man-servant to Keppel Street, to inquire whether Mr. Clifford was there. The man brought back an answer, that Mr. Clifford had been there since ten o'clock, that he and all the family had retired to rest, but that he had knocked up a servant, who gave him the information he requested. As soon as Caroline ceased to be alarmed, she began, like many other people under similar circumstances, to be very angry; she considered that Clifford had not only behaved with great want of feeling, but with absolute disrespect towards her; he had held her up to the pity of her own servants, and those of his mother; he had fled from the society of her who had tried to save him from his dangerous and contemptible connexion with Webster, to those whose persuasions had enticed him into it. The next morning came. Clifford did not appear, and no message arrived from him. Caroline was more indignant than ever, for she would not for a moment allow that her language and manner

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[1] Continued from p. 287.

of the preceding evening could have given him any just cause of offence. About eleven o'clock a carriage stopped at the door; it was Mrs. Sedgewick's chariot, and its mistress entered with a face so mournful, that Caroline immediately imagined she was deputed to break some distressing tidings to her; but Mrs. Sedgewick had heard nothing of Clifford's speculations; her grief was entirely her own. Lady Bradbury, she informed Caroline, had suddenly been taken very ill at Wimbledon, and Sir James had written to beg that her mother would immediately come to her. "I am, however," said Mrs. Sedgewick, "a poor helpless creature when my nerves are affected: you are alone, Caroline, day after day: will you come with me, and judge how Kate really is; she will be delighted to see you; your presence will be a real comfort to her and to me, and I can send you home to-morrow, if you will not be persuaded to prolong your stay."

Caroline was glad to think she could be a real comfort to anybody, and was not sorry to have an opportunity of retaliating on Clifford's carelessness and neglect towards her. She left a verbal message with the man-servant that she was going with Mrs. Sedgewick to stay with Lady Bradbury, at Wimbledon, without mentioning the illness of her cousin, or the proposed duration of her visit.

Mrs. Sedgewick and her niece arrived, after a sad and silent drive, at Wimbledon, where they had the satisfaction of finding Kate much better, (for, like most of the spoiled children of prosperity, she was easily alarmed about herself,) and able to enjoy the society of her mother and cousin. The little party were assembled in her boudoir at tea, when the sound of carriage-wheels was heard, and shortly afterwards Mr. Fletcher entered the room. The unexpected guest in "*Le Festin de Pierre*" could scarcely have excited more surprise, for Mr. Fletcher was the last man in the world to pay sociable visits, even in London; and they felt that some very extraordinary event must have been the occasion of bringing him to "drop in" at Wimbledon. Mr. Fletcher requested a private interview with Caroline, in whom he had really taken much interest since he had discovered her abilities for calculation; he began by saying, "Don't be alarmed," —an injunction which, delivered in a certain tone and manner, always means "Do be alarmed,"—and then proceeded to give her ample reason why she should be so. The sum of his information may be detailed in few words. He had heard that morning in the city that Webster had failed under peculiarly disgraceful circumstances, and had absconded. He immediately went to Keppel Street, where he understood Clifford passed the greater part of his time, to inquire whether he was aware of the circumstances. Clifford was not there, but Mrs. Clifford's own maid informed him that all was known to them, and that Mrs. Clifford was in violent hysterics; that she had, on coming down to breakfast that morning with her son, who had slept at her house, waited some time for Miss Bennet, who did not appear, nor did her room seem to have been slept in the preceding night; that soon after breakfast a letter arrived from Miss Bennet, in which she stated that the temporary disarrangement of Mr. Webster's affairs rendered it necessary for him to quit the country, and that, as she had been for some time privately married to him, it was alike her duty and inclination to accompany him; she concluded by professions of sympathy and affection for her aunt and cousin, which, as the lady's maid observed, "were just in Miss Bennett's old wheedling way, and were not worth repeating." Clifford, it appeared, had immediately set off to the city to learn particulars, and Mr. Fletcher proceeded to Torrington Square, to break the news to Caroline. Caroline, however, he heard, had gone to Wimbledon; and while Mr. Fletcher was debating what step next to take, Clifford entered with a wretched and agitated countenance, having gathered sufficient particulars to inform him of Webster's complete villany and his own ruin. Mr. Fletcher was not formed to soothe and console the afflicted, but he did what most husbands, it is to be hoped, would have considered the best thing he could do, he offered to go to Wimbledon and bring Caroline back. Clifford could not refuse this proposal, but he expressed himself bitterly respecting the conduct of Caroline in leaving home for an indefinite period without his knowledge, at a time when she knew him to be suffering so severely from the threatening state of his circumstances; and he made some observations about Caroline's general frivolity and levity, which Mr. Fletcher could not but think were very inaccurately and unjustly applied to a lady who understood decimal and vulgar fractions; but he kept his opinion to himself; and when he ordered his coachman to drive to Wimbledon, he had the pleasing reflection that he was doing, as was his usual wont, that which was perfectly consistent and proper. Caroline received his communication with fortitude; she was in a great measure prepared for it, and she now felt her heart melt with pity towards her unfortunate husband, alone, deceived, and ruined, and resolved to meet him with tenderness and kindness.

The clock struck eleven as Mr. Fletcher's carriage stopped in Torrington Square. Caroline, as soon the door was opened, ran into the hall, and her uncle declined accompanying her; he justly thought that at a late hour at night it was neither pleasant nor necessary to be a third person in a "scene." Caroline went into the drawing-room—Clifford was not there. The man-servant, who followed her with lights, said that his master had left the house about half an hour after Mr. Fletcher, but that he had first written a letter, which was lying on the table. Caroline dismissed him, and with a beating heart and crimson cheek, opened the letter; it was as follows:—

"I leave you, Caroline, for ever! I am ruined in property: I can no longer offer you support, and I have too long seen with pain that your feelings and affections are alienated from me, and that my society is a source rather of disquietude than of comfort to you. I can never hold up my head among my former friends and acquaintance. I feel that I deserve, and should receive, commiseration for the loss of my whole fortune, and that of my mother, through the villany of Webster, who had promised us a large and exorbitant profit from its investment; but the abstraction of poor Mary Preston's portion is the bitterest source of my grief. The name of Webster did not appear in reference to it; it was entrusted to my care, and I am legally, as well as morally, accountable for it. I met Mr. Preston to-day in the city: he was violent in his language—he threatened revenge. I went home with the vain delusive hope of receiving at least a small degree of sympathy from my wife, but I found that she had left my home—gone to see the relation whose style of living and gay circle of acquaintance have power to gratify her thirst for adulation—gone without even mentioning the period of her return! O Caroline! after your wounding expressions last night—after the conviction you then unhesitatingly expressed that my ruin was near at hand—how could you desert me in my need?—how could you abandon me to brood over my folly and my disgrace in solitude? Your conduct, however, perhaps, is merciful, although not intended to be such. England is no longer a home for me—the legal measures threatened by Mr. Preston would, of themselves, be a sufficient motive for quitting it. I shall seek another country, where, unless I am greatly deceived, I shall be able to procure a hard-won, slender, but honest subsistence. I do not ask you to share my poverty—poverty, which you would doubtless justly remind me, has been entirely brought on by my own rashness and obstinacy. You will be secure of a comfortable asylum in the house of your mother: to take you from relations whose society you so evidently and undisguisedly prefer to mine, would be as cruel as it is unnecessary. My poor mother must be received under the roof of her sister, Miss Chesterton. She is, like myself, deeply wounded at the ingratitude and deception of her niece; but, perhaps, Sophy Bennet might have had less influence over us, had not her affectionate and soothing manners derived an artificial attraction from being contrasted with the coldness and unkindness of your own. Pardon me, Caroline, if I write harshly; I have perhaps been to blame, as well as you; but even were I disposed to admit an equal proportion of error on my part, it could only furnish an additional reason for the expediency of our separation. Poverty often causes love to die; but never, I fear, revives it where it has once ceased to exist. I can, however, with sincerity say that I forgive you—that I entreat you to forgive whatever may have been amiss in me, and that I earnestly wish for your future happiness and prosperity."

Hard must be the heart that cannot feel for the sufferings of poor Caroline, while perusing a letter of this description, without a friend to soothe her, none but servants in the house, and her mother and sisters at a distant place. Again she had recourse to the expedient of sending to Keppel Street; and O, how happy—how grateful would she have felt for the mesage which the night before had caused in her such emotions of anger and mortification! Mr. Clifford, however, she learned, had not been there since the morning, and Mrs. Clifford was suffering under a relapse of hysterics from a letter which she had just received from him. Who can paint the agony of the mind of Caroline during the ensuing dreadful and apparently endless night? It has been said by several persons who have been rescued from drowning, that, during the time of their struggles in the water, every past event of consequence in their life has seemed to arise before them in due succession, and with startling minuteness. The sensations of poor Caroline were exactly similar—every dispute between herself and Clifford—every particular in which she had acted contrary to his wishes—haunted her in colours of dreadfully vivid fidelity, and her conscience, once so careless, now became awakened to the opposite extreme of painful susceptibility, and she was ready to acknowledge herself the principal or indeed the only aggressor.

Vainly she tried to think over the harsh words that Clifford had often addressed to her, and they had been many. All that she could now retrace were her own bitter expressions to him, and they seemed to be echoed over and over in her ear, till, shrinking from the mocking sound, she wondered with shame and weeping, how any provocation could have induced her so to speak. Oh! should not such moments of life (and all occasionally experience them in a degree) prove to us an awful forewarning of what our feelings will be when we stand at the throne of an Almighty Judge to answer for our earthly misdeeds? We now excuse our faults by speaking of the aggression we have received, of the unkindness and injustice of our fellow-creatures, but the time will come, and does come sometimes, even in this world, when we shall be denied power, memory, and language to recal the transgressions of others, but all shall be multiplied to us in a tenfold proportion, to enable us to dwell with poignant and bitter remorse on our own.

Before the morning Caroline was in a delirious fever; the servants went for her aunt, Mrs. Morris, but she did not know her when she arrived; she called piteously on the husband of her youth, the chosen one of her affections, and implored him to return to listen to the assurances of her unabated tenderness. At length her ideas took a still more afflicting turn; she imagined all in the room to be her enemies, endeavouring to separate Clifford and herself, and addressed them in the most heart-rending tones of supplication, urging them to cease their cruel persecution, and forbear to divide those whose hands had been joined by God.

The third day of her illness, she fell into a deep, heavy sleep, and on awaking, found a female form bending over her. "My mother," whispered Caroline, feebly, and Mrs. Dornton clasped her to her bosom in a shower of grateful tears at the recovery of her reason. Mrs. Dornton was vain, weak, and often misjudging, but she had the warm feelings of a mother, and bitter had been her grief when she watched by the bed-side of her apparently dying child, and sincere were her words when she again and again assured Caroline, that she should find a refuge of comfort and tranquillity in the home of her youth.

It was the end of October before Caroline was restored to convalescence, and dreary and discouraging seemed the prospects of her future life. The immediate excitement was over which had been caused by her misfortunes and her illness, and Mrs. Dornton now began to lament her unhappy marriage, and to pity her so much for being obliged to return home, that it was evident she pitied herself a little for being obliged to receive her. Gertrude and Emily, too, shared in the same feeling; they said to each other, that the melancholy looks of Caroline made them quite low-spirited, and, "that it was impossible to enjoy a little harmless joking while she was sitting by." Emily was just coming out, and full of joyful preparations; but Caroline could take no interest, and give no vote respecting the materials of dresses, and the arrangement of ribbons and flowers. I would not have it supposed that the relations of Caroline were particularly hard-hearted and unfeeling, but such are the sentiments generally created by the return of a married woman to the roof of her parents,—she seems out of her station; her place has been filled up, she has no longer a right to it, she is an interloper, and is too often made to feel that she is so. Caroline could not help thinking that she should have had more satisfaction and respectability in sharing the fortunes of her husband, however confined and humble, than in remaining a useless and sad spectator of the gaieties and amusements of her mother and sisters. Clifford, however, did not write to her, nor to any one else; his mother imagined he must be dead. In reality, he had gone to America under a feigned name, and had proceeded to New York, where a former friend of his was at the head of a mercantile concern; he revealed the whole of his circumstances to him, and prevailed on him to give him employment in his counting-house, under the assumed name of Wilson.

November came with its mists and fogs, and Gertrude and Emily predicted that they should pass a most gloomy, melancholy month; but their anticipations seemed likely to be agreeably disappointed, and Caroline was in danger of a fresh season of popularity with them. Lady Bradbury, who had recovered from her illness, was now at Brighton, the gayest of the gay, and had written to invite Caroline to stay with her. Mrs. Dornton earnestly recommended her acceptance of this invitation, and said that in that case, she herself would take a small house at Brighton for a month; for although Lady Bradbury evidently cared for none of the family but Caroline, she could not well avoid including them in her parties and engagements while Caroline was with her. Caroline sickened at the idea of this plan; she could not brook the thoughts of entering into scenes of gaiety, while her husband was an exile, a sufferer, perhaps not even among the living. It was difficult, however, to refuse a request urged with such persevering vehemence by her family; she was repeatedly told that Brighton in November, *must* be better for her health than London; that she might be as quiet or as cheerful there as she liked, and that she need never exert herself to accompany Lady Bradbury to any party or public place which was not quite agreeable to her, because Gertrude or Emily would always be at hand to take her place. Caroline happily, however, before she returned an answer of acquiescence to Kate, was relieved from her perplexities by a visit from one who was personally almost a stranger to her, but whom she well knew by report. How little did Caroline Dornton surmise, when five years ago, she had one formal matter-of-course interview with her cousin Lucy's contracted husband, Mr. Bernard, and thought him a very shy, grave-looking young man, and wondered what Lucy could see in him to be willing to encounter the evils of a narrow income for his sake, that a time would come when a visit from the poor curate would be received with rapture by her, when a sojourn at the poor curate's humble abode would be considered by her as far preferable to a visit at a splendid mansion at Brighton.

Bernard was the bearer, he said, of a pressing letter of invitation from his wife to her cousin, and he trusted that he might strengthen it by adding his solicitations to it, and by offering his escort to Mrs. Edmund Clifford to accompany her to his house in the course of a week. Mrs. Dornton and her daughters rallied and remonstrated with Caroline when she told them of her determination to accept Lucy's invitation, and ended by being very angry with her; but Caroline longed for quiet, longed for the country, longed for the affectionate kind words of Lucy; and, although she knew it not at the time, she secretly longed for that which can alone heal and soothe a wounded, irritated spirit—the consolations of religion. Caroline was received by Lucy with the utmost tenderness and attention: a few years ago she would have been greatly disconcerted by the inconveniences of her cousin's small house, her solitary servant, and the complete retirement of her manner of living; but Caroline had experienced so much unhappiness in the midst of the conveniencies and luxuries of life, that she had ceased to identify them with real comfort and enjoyment.

The great subject that impressed her mind in her new situation, was, the attachment of Bernard and Lucy, and their mutual anxiety and eagerness to oblige. "You are happy, Lucy," said she, one day, "in the disposition and temper of your husband, but your own sweetness is such, that I am sure you would have softened and conciliated even poor Clifford, acting under all the influence of his mother's artful instigations; you, to quote Miss Landon's beautiful words, possess

"'The will that yields, and the winning smile
That soothes, till anger forgets the while;
Words whose music never yet caught
The discord of one angry thought;
And all those nameless cares that prove
Their heaviest labour work of love;
Oh! these are spells to keep the heart,
When passion's thousand dreams depart.'"

"Beautifully expressed," said Lucy, who had a true and valuable taste for poetry; "pity that there should ever be a reverse to so exquisite a description of the married state as it ought to be."

"But there is a reverse," answered Caroline, "described with equal force in the very next page—I will repeat it to you.

"'Alas! when angry words begin
Their entrance on the lip to win,
When sullen eye and flushing cheek
Say more than bitterest tone could speak,
And look and word than fire and steel
Give wounds more deep—time cannot heal,
And anger digs, with tauntings vain,
A gulf it may not pass again.'

"Such, alas!" said Caroline, with a sigh, "has been realised in my own sad experience."

"And why was this, Caroline?" asked Lucy; "not from any natural defect in your temper, for it was always considered remarkably good; not from any fault in your understanding or feelings, you are the possessor both of intellect and sensibility; but you wanted, dear Caroline, the best, the only safeguard in time of trial; we may store our memories with beautiful passages of poetry, we may dwell with rapt attention on the writings of morality and philosophy; they are all good in turn, and desirable to be studied, but the wisdom and precepts of the scriptures are the only true sources of support in the real evils of life."

"But suppose I had quoted scripture to a woman like Mrs. Clifford," answered Caroline, "she would only have answered me with a sneer, and perhaps have accused me of cant and hypocrisy."

"I do not say," replied Lucy, "that it is desirable to make frequent quotations from scripture to those who are yet unawakened to the importance of religion; but the influence of scripture may be shown in our general manner, although its precise words may not be uttered by our lips; and should we fail to conciliate our adversaries, we shall still benefit ourselves; she who can return angry revilings with gentle and humble expressions, even although she may not succeed in disarming them, will be amply repaid by the freedom that her own spirit will enjoy from all those violent, vindictive feelings which rack and agitate the mind of the proud, when they muse on the insult which they fancy they have received."

"Which they have very likely really received," said Caroline quickly.

"Perhaps they have," answered Lucy; "but let me recal to you what Mason, in his 'Treatise on Self-Knowledge,' says on that subject. 'Suppose my adversary hath done me a real and undeserved injury without my fault or provocation, yet does not my present discontent greatly aggravate it? Does it not appear greater to me than it does to anybody else, or than it will to me after the present ferment is over? And lastly, after all, must I never forgive?'"

"You are right, quite right," said Caroline, after a pause; "I wish I could attain your principles, Lucy, and resemble you in character; but even if I could, it would be too late to insure happiness; I mean, of course, in a temporal point of view. My husband has forsaken me in anger, and will never return; no repentance, no alteration of spirit on my part, can blot out the past."

"Do not place limits to the goodness of Providence," said Lucy; "Clifford may return, and a long life of happiness be yet before you; or even should such not be the case, your conduct and example may be the means of benefiting many of your fellow-creatures. When you are wishing, however, to fix on a model for imitation, do not choose so weak and fallible a being as myself; and, above all, dearest Caroline, do not imagine that you can resemble anybody by your own efforts, but depend entirely for success on the grace of God."

This is merely a slight specimen of the conversations which passed between Caroline and her cousin, many of which were of a more decidedly serious character, and Caroline derived gradual but lasting benefit from them.

A foggy November was succeeded by a rainy December, and snowy January; all outward appearances were unpropitious to enjoyment, but quiet and harmony were in the dwelling of the humble curate; books, music, and intellectual and instructive conversation, at once amused and improved the passing hours; and the purest description of peace, "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," began perceptibly to shed its soothing influence on the heart of the young and deserted wife.

Above two years had elapsed since the period at which I paused in my story. An interval of that length makes a degree of difference in the circumstances and feelings of all, and to some, the important difference of wealth and poverty, honour and shame, happiness and misery, life and death. To Lucy and her husband the lapse had brought none but pleasant and welcome changes. Bernard had been presented to a living in the near neighbourhood of Bath; there was a good house on it, with sufficiently spacious and lofty apartments, a wide staircase, a pretty lawn and flower garden, and, best of all, an income quite competent to keep up all these comforts and conveniences in appropriate style. The loss of their lovely boy had been supplied by a pretty little girl, who had just accomplished the feat—which is considered nearly miraculous by all parents, when performed by their own children—the feat of walking alone. Lucy and her husband were now sitting at their drawing-room window, anxiously watching the arrival of a visitor. Mr. Ellerby was an old friend of Bernard's, whom he had not seen for five years; he was a man of independent property, and had been employing that period in travelling through foreign countries, but he had now come to the conclusion that nothing is like England for comfort, and had returned with the intention of passing the remainder of his days there. He had written to Bernard the day before from an hotel at Bath, saying that he would drive over and pass a few hours with him and Lucy on the ensuing morning; and apologising for the liberty he was going to take in bringing with him a young friend, whose state of nerves and spirits was such that he should not feel easy in leaving him, but who would be no interruption to their conversation. Mr. Ellerby was punctual to his time, and was followed by a pale, pensive looking young man, who appeared not only very ill, but very shy; but his friend placed him in an arm-chair in the corner of the room, and he certainly showed no inclination to break in upon the discourse. I will not recount the warm greetings that ensued, nor Mr. Ellerby's expressions of admiration at the beauties of the house, the garden, and the baby, but will take up the conversation at the time when the visitor had been arrived about an hour.

"I saw by the London newspapers," said Ellerby, ("which, by the-bye, Bernard, first gave me the pleasing news of your preferment,) that Mrs. Clifford, late of Keppel Street, died in this village a few months after your arrival here; of course, as you are connected with her by marriage, you saw something of her."

"I saw her almost daily," replied Bernard.

"Indeed," said his friend, "may I then request that you will favour me with every minute particular respecting her? I have reasons which I will explain to you hereafter for wishing to gain an accurate account of the whole of that family, especially of Caroline, the wife of Edmund Clifford; I conclude she is still with her mother, Mrs. Dornton."

"No, indeed, she is not," said Bernard; "but as Caroline is the relation and intimate friend of my wife, and as ladies are generally allowed to be better skilled than gentlemen in the art of telling a long story, I think you cannot do better than prevail on Lucy to give you all the details you wish to hear, which will also involve the history of Mrs. Clifford's death."

Lucy was not difficult to be prevailed on; she related the early troubles of her cousin's married life, the misfortunes of her husband, the illness of Caroline, and her subsequent visit to her own house, and then continued in the following terms:—

"Caroline had remained with us three months, and I trust her visit was a benefit to her in every sense of the word; we earnestly pressed her to prolong it, but Mrs. Dornton, who was fearful her daughter would be buried alive, and rendered quite moping and misanthropic by us, constantly wrote to her urging her to return; and as Caroline was delicately scrupulous on the subject of being a burden on our slender income, she seemed to have no alternative but again to become an inmate of her mother's house. Just at that time, a letter arrived for Caroline, with the London post-mark, but written neither in the fair neat characters of Mrs. Dornton, nor in the delicately illegible running-hand of her daughters; it was folded in a square shape, the direction was misspelt, and a thimble had served the purpose of a seal; it was from Betty, the faithful and meagre servant of Mrs. Priscilla Penry, to announce the alarming illness of that lady, and her wish for the presence of her god-daughter. Caroline arrived in town just in time to receive her old friend's last breath, and to be honoured by her with a parting panegyric, in which she compared her to one of Richardson's heroines; but as her voice was very broken and indistinct, Caroline could not make out whether it was Clarissa or Clementina. When her will was opened, it was found that, with the exception of a life-annuity to Betty, (of whose fidelity and steadiness she in reality entertained a high opinion, although from long habit she was accustomed daily to inveigh against her wastefulness and love of finery,) the whole of her large property was bequeathed to her god-daughter, Caroline Clifford. I say, her large property, because the amount really excited general surprise; it seems a received rule to be astonished when a person living with one servant, and in a very frugal manner, dies worth a considerable sum, but in reality the very circumstance of their thriftiness and slender establishment tends to account for it; they spend but a small portion of their income, and the remainder goes to increase the capital, which gathers in circumference like a snow-ball by these frequent additions. Mr. Penry left his daughter a comfortable property thirty years ago, and by her rigid economy, constant recurrence for apparel to the wardrobes of her mother, aunt, and grandmother, which filled two large chests in the spare-room, (destined always to remain a spare-room in her house,) prudent horror of dining company, and watchful scrutiny of the outgoings of Betty, she contrived to amass a sum amounting to nearly fifty thousand pounds. Her will was made by a lawyer, and my husband and Mr. Fletcher were appointed the executors; the money was carefully secured to the sole use of Caroline, who was, however, allowed the control of a part of the principal, provided she obtained the consent of the executors. Caroline was not long in preferring a petition to them: there was a circumstance that had long lain heavy on her heart. Her husband happily had no debts, for the sale of the furniture in Torrington Square had settled all his current accounts; but the five thousand pounds, the fortune of poor Mary Preston, concerning which Clifford had expressed such contrition, was a subject of at least equal regret to Caroline, and she rejoiced in having it in her power to restore it. The consent of the executors was easily obtained; I need not say what the principles and opinions of my husband are, and Mr. Fletcher is an upright man, and immediately expressed his conviction that the payment of debts was equally a mercantile and a moral duty. I have heard Caroline say she has seldom experienced so happy a moment, as when she called on Mr. Preston, and informed him that the five thousand pounds were waiting his acceptance."

" She acted nobly and honourably," said Ellerby, and his silent friend in the corner gave an inarticulate murmur of assent, the first sign he had shown of understanding the conversation.

" The father of Lucas," continued Mrs. Bernard, " was now eager to apologise to Mr. Preston for his unjust suspicions, and preparations for the marriage were speedily resumed. The sweet Mary, whose health and spirits had been gradually failing for some months, seemed now almost magically restored to both, by the happy alteration in her affairs, and the kindness and affection with which she was treated by her lover's family, who all united in pitying her for her past trials, and admiring the uncomplaining meekness with which she had borne them, had the effect of thoroughly completing her cure. The elder Mr. Lucas was so struck by the conduct of Caroline, that he requested an introduction to her, and became, as he jestingly told all his friends, in great danger of fancying that he had at length discovered a faultless woman. Caroline would have given a very different account of herself; but I merely mention this trifling circumstance, because it led to an highly important result."

(To be continued.)

THE

METROPOLITAN.

JANUARY, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Merchant's Daughter. By the Author of "The Heiress," "Agnes Searle," &c. &c. 3 vols.

This is a very clever performance, highly interesting—calling into action many of our best feelings, eloquent in the narrative, and judicious in the portraiture of some of the characters—but most lamentably deficient in common sense. This is a fault, however, that will not strike those very vividly who read only to be amused or to feel; though it is glaring in the eyes of those whose onerous and invidious duty it is to read—to criticise. The hero and the heroine of the tale act like two boobies; indeed, their folly is only possible in a novel. It is the besetting sin of female writers to be ever "gilding refined gold," and attempting to whitewash the lily. The delicacy of their heroines is made so delicate, that it ceases to be delicacy at 'all, and becomes fatuity; and the self-abandonment of their heroes is so complete, and the reader grows so disgusted with it, that he feels inclined to abandon him, and leave him alone in his glory. So it is with the "Merchant's Daughter" and her lover. They have got each upon a pair of the loftiest and most ricketty stilts that ever displayed two fools to disadvantage; and thus they overstep the most obvious considerations that lie spread out before them on their path. Besides, it was a dangerous experiment to make these patterns of morality and virtue guilty of forgery! "You shall *not* do ill that good may come of it," is the soundest principle in ethics. A murder would often do infinitely more good than a forgery—we may next expect to have three volumes of fiction in order to justify it. But though we have been compelled to speak thus of this novel, we shall say that it is a well-written, and most amusing work, and full of excellent and highly-wrought scenes. A work, too, that cannot be read throughout, without causing certain watery dimnesses to float before the eyes.

Henrietta Temple; a Love Story. By the Author of "Vivian Grey."

Anything written by the Author of "Vivian Grey" will be sought for with avidity and read with prepossession. But, upon this, we should hope, that this rising and highly talented author does not rely—we are sure that he has too much tact and taste to presume upon it. Vivian Grey was an eagle's flight, high, and of vast range, yet it never exceeded those limits beyond which there is nothing but mystery and madness. The author still kept within mortal sight—could still be scanned by mortal comprehension. He then produced his singular epic, and every one cried out that he had gone beyond it. However, it was a splendid failure: the Dædalean wing *had reached* too near the sun; and though the aspiring soul seemed to reel in the blindness produced by too great a proximity to excessive light, it became not wholly prostrate on its failure. In his "Wondrous Tale of Alroy," it seems to us that he was both mocking himself and his readers—playing the antics of disappointed genius, in order to appear to the world, since he had failed to be pre-eminent, at least to be unfathomable. "The Wondrous Tale" was the hysteric laugh of over-wrought genius—ridiculous, if it had not been so distressing. But all that is past. A fairer day is dawning for this young author and for the world; and we see the first bright and many-tinted ray of his coming sunshine, although there are some ugly clouds still breaking its beauty, in the impassioned novel before us. It cannot be read with an even, hardly a healthful, pulse. The story is grand in its eloquence, in its power, and even sublime in displaying the awful magnitude of human passion. In our reason we may be much below the angels, but in the strength, in the depth of our passions, we must be far beyond them. It is in displaying all these fearful energies that the author is so successful; but, for this success it is necessary that there be a kindred spark in the bosom of the reader. If the glowing outpourings of the spirit that pervades this work be tamely read, how ridiculous they must appear! but if the soul be touched, how eloquent—how beautiful—how true! This work is not calculated to find many friends. The cold and the calculating will not understand it; the ultra-moralist will condemn it; the ultra-religionist will not be induced to look at it: yet, in the best sense of the word, it militates neither against true morality nor offends a single religious principle. The enthusiastic may be as pure, and they generally are more pious, than the Pharisees of the icy temperament. This novel may be said to be written to prove a proposition to which the general experience of mankind gives a distinct refutation—that there is only one love, and that love must be the first love, and that first love must be at first sight. This is the only true passion. All others are reflections—shadows of it—feelings—sentiments—impulses—but not love. Though the author does not state the proposition in these terms, this he endeavours to prove. We neither affirm nor deny it. We know nothing about it. We have never seen subjects under its influence, yet we can believe in it, as we have seen persons actually mad—raving, horribly mad—for objects—oh, how infinitely more mean than a beautiful and lovable woman! It is so long ago since we were young, and for the young these volumes are written. Let them sit in judgment upon them, for they only can form the competent tribunal.

The two glaring faults of this production are affectation and mannerism. Why should the author, who can breathe for his actors the most tender, the most soul-subduing eloquence, put such mawkish sillinesses in the mouth of his heroine, and that heroine a creature so splendid, as this? —"Dear handkerchief! Ah! Give it me, my Ferdinand. And did he really kiss it! Did he really kiss it before he slept, and wear it near his heart?" and then the profusion of "darlings" that are lavished on each other; and ever and anon the lady is burying her head in the gentleman's bosom, and the pressing of hands is really quite oppressive to the reader. The foolery of love is very pleasant, but certainly is not such foolery as the author has described it—the foolery of childishness. But there is not much of this, for which we are devoutly thankful. But his mannerism is a more constant and a graver offence. It pervades all his *dram. pers.* They seem all to have been taught the same phraseology in the same school. This mannerism is effected by repeating the sentence with an inversion, the inversion usually joined to its predecessor by an expletive; for instance, in this way. "D'Israeli the younger is a very fine writer.—Ah! a very fine writer is D'Israeli the younger;" or "It is pleasant to eat gooseberry-fool with a spoon; yes, with a spoon it is very pleasant to eat gooseberry-fool." Would that these little specks, which are such great things to little critics, were rubbed away! The dullards that can discern them so clearly, and will laugh at them so heartily, are those who cannot appreciate the brightness that surrounds them, and who have much of the world with them, who never take the trouble to thinkfor themselves. Of this novel we are neither going to give an outline of the plot, nor to cause its characters to pass in detail before us: we shall only say that the plot is simple, yet most effective, and every character most ably conceived, and all are drawn by the hand of genius—those that are the fabric of the brain, as well as those that are copied from real life, Among the latter, Count Alcibiades Mirabel is a masterpiece. We take our leave of this work, by expressing our conviction that, as sentimental young ladies say of themselves, it will be neither understood nor properly appreciated; yet it is at the same time, with all its errors, a glorious performance, and a proof that the author is only at the commencement of a career of the highest literary fame.

Correspondence of Horace Walpole with George Montagu, Esq., &c. A new Edition, with numerous Illustrative Notes, now first added. 3 vols.

This re-publication is extremely well-edited, and the addenda great acquisitions. It would be a waste of time to descant on the excellence of this prince of letter-writers. If the work is out of print, or there is any great and immediate demand for it, we think that the publisher has shown discrimination in giving the world this edition. We shall merely make one little extract from it, not because it is novel, but because it is droll.

ANGELIC DEFICIENCY.

"A want of legs is not the only deficiency under which the cherubims labour, according to the capital story told of St. Cecilia. That saint was one day singing and playing on the organ, when the chapel was suddenly filled with cherubims, who kept fluttering round her as long as she continued her tuneful devotions. The saint, apprehensive that they must be tired, from the length of time which they had been poising themselves on their downy wings, addressed them with—'Asseyez-vous, mes enfans;' to which she received for answer, 'Merci, madame, merci; mais nous n'avons pas *de quoi*.'"

Had this occurred in Ireland, the beautiful organist might have recommended them to be seated on the backs of their head, instead of that part of the back of which "Ils n'eurent pas *de quoi*."

The Library of Fiction, or Family Story Teller; consisting of Original Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character. Written expressly for this Work, by Eminent Authors.

The number for December is excellent. We have a startling, spirit-stirring tale, from the pen of Sheridan Knowles, entitled "The Guerilla." It is dramatic to an excess, and but little labour is required to convert it into an effective three-act drama. "The Man of Many Namesakes," by Maurice Harcourt, is short and playful, and affords the reader a half-hour of very great amusement. "The Pleasure Party," by Mr. Mayhew, is a very good picture of the underbred affectation of gentility so prevalent in the apprentices and shopmen of the metropolis; and "The Victim" is a tender and a touching story, and one which we wished heartily had not so many types in real life. Indeed, the narrative hardly appears to us to be a fiction. The anxiety of the proprietors of this work to procure the co-operation of the best writers, cannot fail of its reward, the completest success.

The Life of Ali Pacha, of Pepleni, Vizier of Epirus, surnamed Astor, or the Lion. By R. A. Davenport.

Forming the sixty-first number of the Family Library. This singular and exciting biography will lead the reader to many very important reflections. It will show him to what a wretched state of barbarism those classical and fruitful countries that have so long groaned under the subjugation of the Ismaulis have degenerated. It will prove to him that there is a state of society in which the most absolute and atrocious tyranny will prove a blessing, and that to prevent the almost utter annihilation of the human race, the power of arbitrary murder, in the hands of a ferocious chief, is often not only necessary, but, comparatively speaking, a blessing. The life of Ali is a terrible chronicle of crime—a dreadful romance of blood. He made himself the one great manslayer in these devoted territories, by slaying the numerous little ones who were making much greater devastation in human life. This biography is very excellently written, though perhaps there is a little too much extraneous matter mixed up with it, consisting of the history aud antiquities of the country over which this tyrant reigned. It will be found that this desolator, who had lived by treachery and by the sword, by the sword and by treachery met his death. His family perished with him. This work must always be read with the greatest interest.

Tints of Talent, from many Pencils. Edited by G. M. Bussey.

There is a marvel attached to this little volume—a great marvel in these arrogant times. The title that it bears is actually too modest. It possesses not only the tints, but the very reality of the talent itself. It could not be otherwise, when we see how many good writers have lent their aid to produce this pleasing book. We will mention a few of them, as the best recommendation that we can give the work—Mrs. Crawford, Maurice Harcourt, so popular among the annuals—Challis, and Francis, the author of "Brambletye House, &c. &c. We shall shortly expect to see another volume after the same model, for we feel assured that this will meet with success.

Narrative of the oppressive Law Proceedings, and other Measures resorted to by the British Government, and numerous Private Individuals, to overpower the Earl of Stirling, and subvert his lawful Rights. Written by Himself. *Also a Genealogical account of the family of Alexander, Earl of Stirling, compiled from MSS. in possession of the Family, followed by an Historical Review of their possessions in Nova Scotia, Canada, &c.* By EPHRAIM LOCKHART, ESQ. *With a Copious Appendix of Royal Charters, and other Documents.*

We have given the reader the whole of this rather lengthy title-page, because it shows him how great is the importance of the question that arises upon these claims. We shall preface the few remarks that we are about to make upon them, by quoting the motto affixed to the volume, "*Rien n'est beau que le vrai.*" Nothing is more certain. It is the disregard to this maxim that has involved all the parties—the pursuers as well as the deniers of justice, into all manner of false positions. These are the simple facts of the case. That silly pedant, James the Sixth, and First, granted to his private secretary, and favourite, Sir William Alexander, the whole of Nova Scotia, and a great part of the Canadas, in sovereignty; yes, gave him and his heirs, by the most express charter, a kingdom nearly as large again as England. Not only was all the soil given to him, but the freedom of all the people who hereafter should inhabit it, to him and to his, to all eternity, with the right of creating a nobility, archbishops and bishops, courts of justice, corporations—indeed, with more prerogatives than James either had, or dared to claim over his own dominions, and he had a very extensive idea, too, of the kingly power. Well, here are the charters unimpugnable—here is the direct line in whose favour they were made—and, across the Atlantic, there are about four or five millions of people over whom the Earl of Stirling claims to reign, and whose property in the land these millions have usurped. There is something sublimely absurd in the whole affair. It can hardly be called a question between the Earl of Stirling and the government—it is a question for the community at large. A question that ought to be brought to the test of *le vrai*—that is, the most beautiful of all tests—the test of common sense. But the lawyers have got hold of the business, and instead of common sense, we have nothing but perplexity, procrastination, and oppression. Your law judges, and great legal authorities, are the unswerving sticklers for charters and kingly powers: they dare not—it would be against the whole current of their thoughts, and counteract the whole practice of their lives, to speak the plain truth, and say, that this weak-headed, tobacco-hating, witch-persecuting monarch, had no right to grant an empire and a future nation to a single man,—it would be a bad precedent; and, when looking at this case, they never think of the great principle, *salus populi suprema lex.* Therefore, instead of saying boldly, in their own name or in that of the government, your claims are inadmissible, because they are of that magnitude of absurdity, that would almost imply insanity, this earl is tortured by legal quibbles. and all the disastrous subtleties and technicalities of a time-injured and cobwebbed legal jurisdiction. It is a question properly for no legal tribunal:—it is too vast. It should be made a national one:—the imbecile grant be solemnly rescinded by the voice of the state—an act of parliament should repair the folly of a king. Were this done, then the only consideration left would be what compensation should be given to the earl? It is certainly a hard thing that posterity should be made to suffer for the fatuity of a long-deceased ruler: but, as much of the property in these kingdoms is held by a similar tenure, and as there are but few such explicit title-deeds as is that by which the Earl of Stirling claims his empire, it would be right to make some compensation. Let this be done, and the question be set at rest for ever; but, don't let us suffer the poor nobleman to be worried into penury and, perhaps, death, by the wolf-dogs of the law. This is altogether a very singular business; and we sadly fear that it will be shuffled off for ever—not honestly looked in the face or fairly dealt by.

Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club; containing a Faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations.

Very good, this number the eleventh, indeed. Sam Weller improves upon acquaintance. The world never saw drollery and wit offered to them before in a form so singular. The renowned Mr. Pickwick is, himself, the legitimate successor to Don Quixote; indeed, he is the cockney Quixote of the nineteenth century, and instead of armour of iron, he is encased in a good coating of aldermanic fat, and instead of spear and sword, has his own powers of declamation with which to go forth to do fearful battle upon the swindler, the wrong-doer, and the oppressor of the innocent. We wish that the humorous Boz would call to mind that the knight of La Mancha was really the victim of a veritable flame. We should like to see Mr. Pickwick confess to the soft impeachment. This gentleman's attendant has the process of mollification already going forward in his heart;—we trust that it will not ascend to his head, but that he will make love with the same effect that hitherto he does everything else. We know of no publication that is productive of more genuine amusement than these Pickwickian papers.

Lionel Wakefield. By the Author of "Sydenham." 3 vols.

This production is founded upon the model of the immortal work of Le Sage. It has considerable merit, though it gives us detestable views of human nature. The hero has all the obliquity of morality of Gil Blas, but possesses neither his wit, his shrewdness, nor his deep insight into that selfish labyrinth, the heart of man. Lionel Wakefield's adventures are common-place enough; yet they are so extremely probable, that they read like the honest outpourings of some autobiographer, who does not care how much he discovers to his own discredit, so long as he acquires sufficient scope to talk about himself. Amusing as this novel is, its perusal does not leave a pleasant impression on the mind. However hard and heartless may be the conduct of the generality of mankind, they still like the generous and the heroic to predominate, when they give up to any author the reins of their imagination. In this work the hero is a selfish egotist, who we expect every moment to settle into the absolute scoundrel,—a consummation that his innate weakness and vacillating character only prevents. Again, this fiction wants relief; there is no virtuous character in it sufficiently brought forward to afford the reader's mind some repose from the long category of little villanies that crowd the narrative and signalize the hero. We also doubt much of the moral tendency of this work. The hero speaks in the first person, and his language on the subject of his vices and his failings are constantly palliative, and his mean and dishonourable career is crowned by all those worldly advantages that only talent and unblemished virtue ought to achieve. We do not wish to damn these volumes by faint praise, for they are decidedly clever, and a true picture of the human heart, though, when the author drew it, he viewed it only on its darker side. Lionel Wakefield undoubtedly possesses the first requisite to a good novel,—it is highly interesting.

The Naval History of Great Britain; a New and greatly Improved Edition, brought down to the present Time. By Edward Pelham Brenton, Captain, R.N. Dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty.

We have received the seventh part of this history, bringing our naval affairs down to the capture of the Isle of Bourbon. We spoke so fully upon this meritorious publication in our last number, that we may well be excused from going into any length upon it at present. We will, however, quote from it a very pleasant epigram, made on the occasion of the ill-executed expedition to Walcheren, and that, through unaccounted for delays, failed so miserably.

> "Chatham's earl, with his sword drawn
> Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan,
> Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
> Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

The Popular Encyclopedia; being a General Dictionary of Arts, Science, Literature, Biography, History, and Political Economy; reprinted from the American edition of the "Conversations Lexicon;" with Corrections and additions, so as to render it suitable to this Country, and bring it down to the present Time. With Dissertations, &c. &c.

This eminently-useful work has now advanced to the fourth volume of the second part, and alphabetically as far as M;—quite the half of the undertaking. For utility to all classes of practical men, we know of no better work. We cannot, of course, enter into any remarks on the detail of this popular publication, as such a course would render us much more prolix than entertaining. The plates to this volume are exceedingly good and very curious, independently of their merits of execution. We really find by them, anatomically speaking, how very nearly we are allied to the monkey. The plates elucidative of ornithology are very splendid, yet, at the same time, very accurate. We are inclined to think that the plates and the elaborate descriptions of engines and machinery might well be omitted, seeing that the daily improvements in all the mechanical arts must soon render them obsolete. We recommend our friends to furnish their libraries with this valuable work.

A History of British Quadrupeds. By Thomas Bell, F.R.S., F.L.S. Illustrated by Wood-cuts of each Species and numerous Vignettes.

The fourth number of this ably-conducted periodical finishes its dissertation on dogs, and commences upon the seal genus. All these subjects are treated with great perspicuity, nor are they exhausted by tedious amplification. The woodcuts are of the very first quality, and the vignettes will be often found to be very amusing. From the seals the learned author proceeds to the walrus, morse, sea-cow, or sea-horse, for this misshapen animal bears all these names. The information conveyed respecting it is very interesting.

The Rambler in Mexico, 1836. By CHARLES JOSEPH LATROBE, Author of the "Alpenstock," &c.

A very pleasing account of a most interesting portion of the globe. Mr. Latrobe appears to have had almost every requisite to the accomplished traveller. Without being darkly technical he seems to be enough of the geologist, naturalist, and botanist, to convey correct information upon all Mexican subjects connected with these sciences. We wish that his opportunities had enabled him to remain longer in those elevated and romantic regions that once owned the sway of Montezuma, and over which the blast of Spanish cupidity and tyranny has so fatally passed. The reader will find in this work a very graceful narrative, and the personal adventures of the traveller will prove to have an interest peculiar to themselves. We are pleased to find a religious spirit so firm and yet so rational pervade the book.

Adventures in the Moon, and other Worlds.

These are clever essays certainly, but in a very easy department. When we throw off, from the very beginning, all probability, it matters not much what the author may say afterwards. There should be some aptness in these impossible things to things possible; and, after the first plunge into the unnatural is taken, all things that succeed, should be consistent with themselves. Thus, if a man be conveyed, by the potent will of the author, into the moon or any other planet, and the traveller carries with him his five earthly senses, it is not correct to make him see, hear, smell, touch, or taste, otherwise than he would do on earth. The author has not strictly adhered to this plan; and, for our parts, we must say, that we think his inequalities have an unpleasant effect. But these remarks only apply to the machinery, to the vehicles by which the author's instruction and his satire are conveyed. Almost every moral and political relation of man, all his common, and individual feelings, are held up to ridicule, or brought under his scourge. The work is in one volume, and a rather bulky one for an octavo—there is too much of it—the dose is too large. They would have made admirable papers for a magazine. Caustic is a good agent, but it must never be administered too unsparingly. Some who may call this cavilling, would say, if the aggregate of it that is offered you be too much to be applied at once, you may take as little of it as you like at a time. So you may. But neither the author nor his publisher would be content with this manner of dealing. We cannot, however, conclude this, our short notice, without doing justice to the excellent materials, that we think are so inartificially thrown together. They are acute, evince a great knowledge of the world, and of the actuating elements of society, and the style, in all its varieties of playfulness, scorn, irony, or bitterness is always almost as good as such a style can be. As to what may be the success of a work of this description, it is almost impossible to predict; it is a novel experiment, and a volume upon which the world will not, either through ignorance or through indolence, think for themselves. We know of no publication lately that requires so much pushing, and there is no great number of books that deserve it more. The title, of itself, is rather repellent, giving rise to the opinion, that the work to which it is prefixed must be rambling, vague, and visionary. But, it is evident that the author, whoever he may be, has not put forth the whole of his strength, and thus we are led more to admire the power that produced the volume, than the volume itself. There is, we are sorry to say, one thing against it—it has been inordinately praised by a periodical that has, with a singular fatality, almost invariably run counter to the public opinion, totally condemning works that have afterwards become highly popular, and too often lavishing its praise upon the still-born children of the press.

The Hiedenmauer. By J. Fennimore Cooper.

This work, that formerly had so favourable a reception, is reprinted, and now forms the fifty-fifth number of "Bentley's Standard Novels." On a work so well known, critical remarks may be spared: it has received the fiat of public approbation, and we would not disturb it if we could. This volume is decorated by a very superior engraving from the burin of Mr. Greathetch—a very excellent name for a scratcher of copper—after a picture by Mr. Cause. The ebriety of the character of the drunkard is well expressed, without being exaggerated. The vignette title-page, by the same artists, is also commendable. The getting up of these republications is honourable to all the parties concerned.

Admiral Napier's War in Portugal between Don Pedro and Don Miguel. By Admiral Charles Napier.

We remember when the critic's phrase, "this or that work was quite refreshing," was in high vogue. It has been worn out, thrown by, and is consequently very unfashionable. We shall resume it, however, in speaking of this straightforward and extremely honest work. There is no tinsel in it. Not a bit of it big enough to find favour in the eyes of a single Dennis. We are not dazzled by the narrative; but the heart is at once cheered and warmed by it, and that is the right thing after all. The British honour has received no taint in the hands of Admiral Napier—would that we could say as much of all the leaders of our subsidiary forces. Napier does not seem very much to admire the Portuguese character—the Portuguese will never like him: he has humiliated them by his success and his superiority. We wish that we had room to quote the whole account of the gallant admiral's very opportune and beautifully-fought action—the action *was* beautifully fought—which is much better than being fought merely bravely. The nautical skill displayed throughout is deserving of all admiration. It is a man like Napier who should have the direction of British courage—English nerve and bottom will do anything when properly commanded: but bravery and contempt of death avail but little under the control of the wavering or the inexperienced. We must do the admiral the justice to make the following extract.

> "It is not for me to comment on this action; I shall leave that to the world; simply observing, that at no time was a naval action fought with such a disparity of force, and in no naval action was there ever so severe a loss in so short a time.
>
> "It has been said by our detractors that the fleet was bought; I answer that they were, but with the same coin that Earl St. Vincent bought the Spanish fleet, viz. British powder, British shot, and British steel, wielded by the hands of British officers and seamen, with the disadvantages of a long peace, an ill-found and ill-disciplined squadron, and many of the officers totally unacquainted with naval habits and discipline. I must also do justice to the Portuguese officers and men who were in the fleet, all of whom behaved most courageously."

Much as we rejoice in the glory of Admiral Napier, we trust that henceforward we shall have no more interference with the intestine quarrels of any nation. Whatever the people may be, they will always get for themselves a government quite as good as they deserve: it must always destroy the natural and healthful course of events to endeavour, by foreign aid, to get for them, what they have not the proper spirit to get for themselves. It seems, after all that has been done for these ungrateful Portuguese, that they show us, their oldest allies and their best friends, neither respect nor justice, and that they will shortly be again punished by a visitation of civil war, Don Miguel being about to open the question afresh. We hope that the admiral will not risk the bravery of his honest sailor-fingers, by again thrusting them in this nasty Portuguese pie.

The Comic Almanack for 1837, *an Ephemeris in jest and earnest, containing all things fitting for such a work.* By RIGDUM FUNNIDOS, Gent., *adorned with a dozen of Merry Cuts, pertaining to the Months, and an Hieroglyphic, by* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

We have laughed through every month of the ensuing year—we have enjoyed it in anticipation. Fate cannot deprive us of it. We have cropped it, as Horace would have said. And to do all this, how excellently has George Cruikshank assisted us! We really believe that George has with his pencil slain more blue devils than any knight that ever existed, has giants. But, of all the plates, we like that of February the best, the detailing the gentle strife of St. Valentine's Day. It is not only funny, very funny, but highly poetical. We are soberly of opinion that this almanack is the only almanack that should be admitted into a well-regulated, house. Old Moore's (the physician and astrologer) was positively indecent, and very impious—though duly entered at Stationer's Hall. Does it exist? If it does, we suppose that it enters Stationer's Hall as usual—let it therefore there remain stationary. It is a very excellent thing for the health to have a joke not only for every month in the year, but for every week in the month—the man that does, or the men—or the men and women that do, the fun in verse and prose do it very funnily; we cannot leave this without showing our friends how funnily.

"A RISING GENIUS.

"TIMOTHY SLY'S OWN EPISTLE (NOT THE MASTER'S.)

"DEAR DICK—I copied my school letter to Farther and Mother ten times before one was good enough, and while the teacher is putting the capitals and flourishes in I shall slip this off on the sly. Our examination was yesterday and the table was covered with books and things bound in gilt and silk for prizes but were all put away again and none of us got none only they awarded Master Key a new fourpenny bit for his essay on Locke because his friends live next door and little Coombe got the tooth-ake so they would not let him try his experiments on vital air which was very scurvy. It didnt come to my turn so I did not get a prize but as the company was to stop tea I put the cat in the water butt which they clean it out in the holidays and they will be sure to find her and we were all treated with tea and I did not like to refuse as they might have suspect something. Last night we had a stocking and bolster fight after we went to bed and I fougt a little lad with a big bolster his name is Bill Barnacle and I knocked his eye out with a stone in my stocking but no body knows who did it because we were all in the dark so I could not see no harm in it. Dear Dick send me directly your Wattses Hyms to show for I burnt mine and a lump of cobblers wax for the masters chair on breaking up day and some small shot to pepper the people with my quill gun and eighteen pence in coppers to shy at the windows as we ride through the village and make it one and ninepence for there's a good many as I've a spite against and if farther wont give it you ask mother and say its for yourself and meet me at the Elephant and Castle and if there's room on the coach you can get up for I want to give you some crackers to let off as soon as we get home while they are all a Kissing of me

" Your affectionate brother

"TIMOTHY SLY."

Glances at Life in City and Suburb. By CORNELIUS WEBB, Author of "The Posthumous Papers of a Person lately about Town," "Lyric Leaves," &c.

Many of these papers have before seen the public in another form, and they have been generally well received. This volume is not, however, a production of a very high order—it is replete with mannerism—and the same idea is rehashed up again and again until the reader's palate is nauseated. How often we have the drollery about the name of Smith served up to us! and that ever-recurring quotation of "Like angel visits, few and far between." Indeed, they are not visits of this description, being neither few nor far between! All that is good in this work has been much better done by Boz. The field is, however, wide enough for both of them—for the exuberance of the cockney soul in character and humour is inexhaustible. Let Mr. Webb try again, and if he have that generous spirit for which we give him credit, rivalry will only give a fresh impetus to his exertions and lead to a better result.

Twelve Months in the British Legion. By an OFFICER OF THE NINTH REGIMENT.

As this legion is fast passing away into nothingness, having really done nothing—no fault of theirs certainly—the interest about it naturally fades away into almost nothing also. This gentleman, the author of the work before us, gives a more favourable account of it than the public generally believes that it deserves. We cannot repress our indignation at the gullibility of the English all through this transaction. They have brought contempt upon their heads from a nation the most contemptible, or rather from a faction of that nation. If it be only to teach us a lesson in the work of interference, we invite the perusal of this work. It contains also some lively strictures upon Spanish men, women, and manners, and adds something to our stock of information concerning this singularly distracted country. The ignorant and bigoted inhabitants seem to have offered to them only a choice of two of the most horrible evils that can afflict a nation. On the one hand, there is for their adoption despotism and monarchism, to oppress and beggar them: on the other, lawless democracy and social disorganisation. Here, too, we may express a little surprise at the zealous advocacy that Don Carlos receives from a portion of the Conservative press: it wars with papistry and intolerance at home, whilst it upholds their abettors abroad. The bigoted Carlos, were he the undisputed sovereign of Spain, is much more like to assist into rebellion, and through it too, the Catholics of Ireland than the constitutional Isabella. But who can expect consistency in this world? We should be inconsistent if we did.

The Solace of Song; Short Poems, suggested by Scenes visited on a Continental Tour, chiefly in Italy.

The solace that is derivable from these poems springs more from the religious than the poetical spirit that they breathe. Wherever the autho[illegible] found himself, whether under the Pagan arch of Titus or on the true or fabulous spot where the Christian apostle Paul dwelt, he has given his feeling vent in verse, and always in the direction of piety. How he has succeeded we will let a short extract speak for him. The getting up of the volume is very imposing: the type is singularly clear, and the binding expensive. But that which claims the pre-eminence of approbation, is the exquisite wood-cuts with which the work is illustrated. They are nearly equal to good line-engravings. The following is the manner in which the author treats his subjects:—

THE TEMPLES OF PÆSTUM.

"Lone wrecks of ages gone! whose very roar
Hath died i' th' distance—ye have known no change
But touch of years, while all around is strange,
Save the wild waves that sweep yon bending shore!
How have ye charmed Time, that he no more
Should seek your ruin, nor the gentle Earth
Estrange from your rude forms the love she bore,
When with wreath'd flowers she garlanded your birth?
What *would* ye—tarrying here, when all are fled;—
Your matted altars left, the lizards' play;
Sucking the dews of death among the dead,
Clinging to earth, and wrestling with decay;
Sham'd of your heathen gods—ye will not die,
Till man redress foul wrong, and plant Christ's cross on high."

The reader will perceive that this is not perfect, though much above mediocrity. This volume will be a most welcome guest to every serious family.

St. Petersburgh, Constantinople, and Napoli di Romania, in 1833 and 1834; a characteristic Picture, drawn during a Residence there. By M. Von Tietz, Prussian Counsellor of Legislation. 2 vols.

The author of these amusing travels must surely to have been blessed with a high state of physical health, for his spirits seem to be inexhaustible, and everything appears to him of a rose-coloured tint. The Greeks only are black in his eyes. The Turks, in comparison with them, are perfect angels; the Russians, gods. We care but little for the author's political tendencies and his political eulogiums, for we receive them for just so much as they are intrinsically worth, not for what they are worth to him—an annuity, or a large sum of secret service money, at least; but we take his facts, and are obliged to him for them. There is much genuine information in these two pleasant volumes, and, always making due allowance for Russian partisanship, much valuable instruction. As one great characteristic of the Turks is, or was, their passion for eating opium, we shall give our readers an extract on this subject.

"The 'march of intellect' in Turkey has destroyed much that was interesting; and among other things, the sanctuary of the Opium-eaters (or Theriaki). In the vicinity of the Suleimanié stood, some short time since, the booths where the Osmanlites of the old school, in the enjoyment of that poison, transplanted themselves for the space of an hour to the seventh heaven, enjoying in anticipation the happiness of paradise, and paying for such pleasure the price of awakening from a state of bliss to one of earthly frenzy and despair. I felt a great inclination to indulge for once in this luxury; but the small opium-houses were deserted and in ruins before me, having been destroyed by the Sultan's express command. Hollow-eyed beings, consisting merely of skin and bone, glided about the ruins of their sanctuaries, sighing for lost delights, and even despising the punch which their present sovereign had recommended them by way of compensation."

Now we call this sultan the father—the indulgent father of his people. How kind in him to recommend to these indolent visionaries the all-exciting punch! It will not be long before wine will be openly drunk by all classes in Turkey, and then we shall entertain some hopes of their regeneration. We are tempted to give another lively extract, which we heartily recommend to the tonsorial faculty in this kingdom.

> "As a sign of a barber's shop, a long handkerchief waves in front of the apartment. It is supplied on two sides with broad wooden seats. The third is occupied by the hearth for heating water; the fourth consists wholly of windows and glass doors, in order to have plenty of light. The customer seats himself upon one of the benches, while the barber squats down with crossed legs before him, and then commences with considerable energy the removal of the beard. But the flexibility of the patient's neck is put to the test—since the operator, to avoid moving from his convenient position, turns and twists the head of the shaved in all directions upon his knees. The beard having disappeared, the act is nevertheless not terminated, for the second scene now commences. One is enveloped before and behind in napkins; a large water basin is placed in the hands, into an aperture in the side whereof the neck fits, and the head is bent into the basin, representing the picture of Herodias and the decapitated John the Baptist. Waves of soap and water boisterously roar in this vessel, and with a kind of professional enthusiasm the barber commences, not to wash but fairly to knead, the seat of knowledge. The ears and nose are most unmercifully treated. One ventures not, in this extremity, to open the mouth and call for help, lest one should be suffocated in soapsuds; the infliction is therefore borne resignedly until near swooning. Now, over the head of the patient, a lesser vessel is suspended by a chain from the ceiling, full of warm water, which from an aperture beneath, streams down upon the cranium, washing off the soap. Warmed towels complete the process of drying; a comb arranges the entangled hair; and with a 'God be praised!' one disengages oneself from the hands of the barber, who holds a glass in front to enable one to see whether, in spite of his manipulation, the head yet sits in its right place."

Now we call this an honest earning of money. We do not wonder that in these regions the barber ranks so high in the social circle, and attains so often to the loftiest station that a subject can reach—that of the pasha with three tails, and vizier. From these short quotations every one must perceive that these are two very interesting volumes, and that they ought to be in great request.

The Purgatorio of Dante Translated. By ICHABOD CHARLES WRIGHT, M.A., Translator of the "Inferno."

This translation is dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and we mention the fact merely to prove that the reverend divine takes a lively interest in fostering literary talent. We believe that the Purgatorio is but little known to the generality of English readers; and very few readers of any description have fully understood it till lately. There is now, however, no doubt but that Dante was a sincere church reformer, and endeavoured to do that by the papal power by inuendo and well-concealed satire which Luther attempted openly and, in the sequel, so successfully. This Purgatorio is a wild and a sublime poem. Purgatory is not that dull place for the half damned so generally believed; it is a beautiful mountain, up which the author has to climb and purge himself of seven sins.

> "Admitted within the gate of Purgatory, the poet proceeds upward by a narrow way to the first circle or ledge. In this, Pride is punished with severe inflictions; and on the sides of the marble rock are displayed examples of Humility—wrought by Dante in so striking and picturesque a manner, as to show most forcibly the peculiar skill of the imaginative sculptor. The remaining six circles, each devoted to the punishment of a particular vice, occupy several cantos. Of these, the fourteenth

is distinguished for the bitter sarcasm and heart-felt sorrow with which the poet laments the degeneracy of Italy.

"Having effaced the stains of vice, and passed through the purifying fire, Dante is carried up a lofty stair to the summit of the mountain. A new scene here opens before us.—The garden of Eden is discovered in all its pristine beauty—lovely and deserted, as it is supposed to have remained since the expulsion of our first Parents; and waiting in readiness to receive the Daughter of Jerusalem, on her descent from Heaven, and to admit the redeemed into the presence of their King, upon his holy mountain of Zion. A description of the terrestrial Paradise follows,—the living verdure of the forest tempering the fervour of the early day—the leaves trembling before the soft impulse of a gentle wind—while the birds in many a throng are joyfully hailing the matin hour. And, as if Dante was determined to embellish this part of his poem with all the most soothing ideas that nature suggests, the river Lethe is seen running through the meadow,—with its gentle wave bending down the grass that springs at its side, and—beyond all compare with earthly streams—clear and transparent:—

> 'And yet it moved in darkness on its way,
> Dark, in the depth of that perpetual shade.'

On the other side of the river, a lady now appears, walking alone, and singing, as she culls the flowers that adorn her path. The poet asks her the purport of her song; when, veiling her modest eyes, Matelda replies, that she is rejoicing in the works of her Creator; and, in answer to further inquiries, proceeds to explain, that the works of nature in this holy place are subject to no such irregularities as prevail on earth—that the flowers and trees grow spontaneously—that the two streams, Lethe and Eunoe, are not replenished by the uncertain supplies of rain, but issue from a never-failing source; endued—the one with power to take away all memory of sin—the other, to call each virtuous deed to mind. Following Matelda along the opposite bank of the stream, Dante has not proceeded far, when the forest is suddenly illuminated, and a sound of melody runs through the glowing air. Contemplating these 'primæval fruits of the eternal Love,' he advances onward, till in the objects, whose dazzling splendour at first eluded his sight, he is able to distinguish seven candelabra, and in the music recognizes the song 'Hosanna,' proclaiming the approach of our Saviour and the Bride. A procession advances, consisting of Saints arrayed in white, and Elders crowned with lilies. A triumphal car follows, intended to represent the chair of St. Peter, or the pure and primitive Church, before it was corrupted by Papal superstitions,—drawn, as afterwards appears, by a Griffon—in its two-fold nature emblematical of our Saviour, and surrounded by four Cherubim. Rapt thus into the loftiest visions, Dante places before our eyes, with surprising distinctness, the mysterious images of Ezekiel and St. John. Beatrice at last appears, descending from Heaven, veiled in white, like the sun shrouded in a silver mist, and encompassed by a cloud of flowers, showered down upon her by angelic hands. At the sight of his long-lost Lady, from whom he had at times suffered himself to be led astray, the poet is struck with awe, and acknowledges the full force of his ancient flame. In the meantime Virgil departs; when Dante, giving way to despair, is checked by Beatrice, who calls to him by name—'Dante, weep not;' and tells him that he has greater cause for tears than the departure of Virgil.—Assuming a disdainful air, she reproaches him with tardiness in seeking the beautiful mountain, and suffering himself to be drawn away from his 'first love.' 'If,' she says, 'at my decease you were bereaved of the fairest form that nature or art ever designed, it became you not to have stooped to delusive attractions, but rather to have soared upwards, and contemplated me in my more exalted state.'

> 'As little children with their eyes bent low,
> Stand listening—mute through consciousness of shame,
> Convicted and repentant;'—

Even so stood Dante;—when Beatrice, perceiving him, thus afflicted at merely hearing her words, desires him to look up and complete the measure of his penitence. On the Angels ceasing to sprinkle the flowers which fell around her, he is enabled to obtain a clearer view of the heavenly Maid; and at the sight is so stung with remorse, that he declares his detestation of all earthly allurements.—Recovering from a swoon into which he falls, he is led to the river Lethe by Matelda. After immesion, he is allowed to see the Griffon, and subsequently to gratify his longing eyes with a nearer contemplation of Beatrice, arrayed in all the charms of her second beauty."

In the short notices to which we are confined, we cannot enter into any critical disquisition of the various beauties of the translation. The reader will find the versification roll on in a smooth stateliness, which would be a little wearying to the ear, were we not sustained with a continuation of such majestic and splendid images. Mr. Wright has well supported the reputation that he has achieved by his former production, and we think that there will henceforward be but little scope left for improvement, for any future translator of these works, should any such be bold enough to assume the character.

The Afflictions of Life, with their Antidotes. By Mrs. HENRY CRUSO.

What writer or what conclave of writers could possibly keep the promise of this title? There is but one book that can do it, and in that we are told that the antidotes to the miseries of this life must be looked for in another—antidotes is too strong a term, palliatives would have been better. The fault of all these consolations are,that they are strongest before the affliction arrives. When the woe comes, it comes like a conqueror, and the energies of the mind crouch cowardly before it. These remarks are meant to be general; the authoress has done much towards effecting a task that can never be completed. This lady has not only given us the precept, but also an example elucidating it; indeed, she has made her little volume as amusing as it is instructive. We recommend it, not so much to the really afflicted,—they must look to the great consolers, time, and religion,—but to the general reader. It is well to fortify the mind before hand.

The Adventures of Captain John Paterson, with Notices of Officers, &c. of the 58th, or Queen's own Regiment, from 1807 *to* 1821.

We like these sort of things extremely, and we heartily wish that every British regiment would find its chronicler. A history of the actions of a cavalry regiment, must, we think, prove not only highly interesting, but extremely exciting. We do not know whether one exists; we have, as yet, never met with one. This record is very appropriately addressed to her Majesty. This 50th has always been a hard-fighting regiment, one that has done the work, and, consequently, has suffered extremely. The honest homeliness of the style of this narrative is quite after our own heart; it reads like the evidence of a witness given upon oath. We never doubt the least particle of it; the truth is never sacrificed to the round of the period, and exaggeration seems to have been regarded by the author with as much horror as an ungentlemanly action. Captain Paterson, with this regiment, fought his way over a great part of Portugal, and quite through Spain, from south to north, and when in sight of the frontiers of France, was wounded and came home. In the regular cut-and-thrust regiments how few of the officers remained to it after ten years service! indeed, he seems to have been a lucky fellow who had compounded with fate by the loss of a leg or an arm. How is it that these brands saved, as it were, so miraculously from the fire, are so often found with the hair silvery, and with no grade higher than the gallant author of these volumes, whilst we need not go much into society without being struck with the extreme youth and perfectness of limb in the greater part of our majors and colonels? But this is so extremely common-place a remark, that we are almost inclined to expunge it; but the gravamen of the mischief is, that it is common-place. We trust that the profits and the reputation of this work will be some indemnity to the writer for hopes crushed and expectations defeated:—after all, we cannot all be generals.

Maberley; or, the World as it will be.

This is a very pleasant extravaganza, in which the author supposes that society in the year 2036, will be so completely reversed, that the families of the Smiths and Snookes will become the great of the land, and that all the menial offices will be filled with the Howards and the Percys. But the greatest change he anticipates, will be in the rapidity with which science will have changed the appearance of the face of the globe, and the little trouble that mortals will give themselves, beyond that of swallowing their food, and digesting it if they can. For those who do not like the labour, mastication will be performed for them. So great will be the horror of exertion, that quadrilles and other dances will be gone through without motion on the part of the dancers, they keeping themselves perfectly still, whilst the pivots, or squares that they stand upon, will receive the necessary impetus from concealed steam-engines, till, at last, an exquisite of the era shall gain to himself immortal honour by still further improving upon this, by the introduction of chairs to sit upon. At this period the fashionable watering-place of the whole world will be within a few miles of the North Pole, and the centre of civilisation and refinement at Botany Bay. This renowned watering-place, which will be called Vitrea, is to be appoached by a railroad through an archway, or tunnel of glass, and the city of Vitrea itself, is to be nothing more than something like a vast bed of cucumbers under a glass frame—this frame to be cupola fashion, and the wonder of the world. We should think so. The author, the reader will easily perceive, does not only take leave of the probable, but goes infinitely beyond the possible, but in such a manner, that he makes all these absurdities a sly hit upon the visionary schemes of very great philosophers indeed. However, the whole of this wonderful apparatus may be looked upon as a conveyance for good-natured banter, or biting satire on the vices and the follies of the day. The style smacks of the Irish impetuosity, for we find people "very *backward* in coming *forward*," and "an English sailor is the last person to neglect his comrades, or throw them overboard when *they are in distress*, and *he snug in port*." These are, our friends may depend upon it, three volumes of amusement. That is something in these dull days.

Spartacus, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By JACOB JONES, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, &c. Author of "Longinus, a Tragedy," "The Anglo-Polish Harp," &c. &c.

The author of this tragedy is already favourably known to the world as a writer of considerable power; his "Anglo-Polish Harp" having gone through several editions. Mr. Jones is now very assiduously, and we think very successfully, courting the tragic muse, and Spartacus has been brought out in direct rivalry to the drama which lately introduced Mr. Forrest at Drury Lane, to the English public. It is impossible for the best judges, for persons conversant with these subjects for years, to know what will be the acting success of any play; but though we should not be so rash as to predict for Spartacus a certain triumph, we are bound to say that it appears to us to have most of the requisites to obtain it. As a dramatic poem, to be read in the library, it will be found to be vigorous, the action never either pausing or halting, and the dialogue full of energy. We are really anxious that this work should be brought on the stage—we have no interest ourselves with the managers of either of the patent theatres—yet we will not believe that the interest that this tragedy possesses, that of merit, is wholly inoperative in the proper quarter. Mr. Jones has committed a great mistake in publishing it in so slovenly a manner—we speak as it regards the binding, and the getting up. Its pamphlet appearance is anything but tempting to the eye of the reader, and seems to solicit neglect.

A Topographical, Statistical, and Domestic History of France. By MRS. JAMIESON, Author of "A Political History of France," "History of Spain," "Popular Voyages and Travels," &c. &c.

A very excellent educational work. It does not consist of a continuous narrative, but the various and extensive information that it conveys is classed under various heads, somewhat after the manner of an encyclopedia. It is full of anecdote, and is calculated to make a strong impression upon the imaginations and the memories of the young. Few persons of the present day have proved so serviceable to the best interests of literature as Mrs. Jamieson. Although she has taken a wide range, she has been equally successful in all that she has attempted. The work before us is well bound and got up. We recommend it for the school-room, whether of the private family or of the public establishment.

The Pictorial Album, or the Cabinet of Paintings for the Year 1837; *containing Eleven Designs, executed in Oil Colours.* By G. BAXTER, *from Original Pictures, with Illustrations in Verse and Prose.*

A work of this unique and splendid description could only be produced in the British metropolis. In richness and in novelty it certainly must take the lead of all the annuals. The binding is superb, yet its greatest attraction consists in the beauty of the plates, which are printed in colours after the respective artists who produced the originals, and the body of the colourings and the nice gradation of the tints equal the most elaborate and delicate manipulations of the camel's-hair pencil. We will give the reader a faint idea how these inimitable picture-prints are produced. The ground-work, which consists principally of outline, and masses of shadow, are first of all printed on the paper in neutral tint from steel plates; and then each variety of colour is afterwards produced from blocks of wood, every colour and every blending of colours requiring a separate block. Great manual dexterity must be necessary to make these successions of blocks throw their colours on the right places; but the difficulties, great as they are, are triumphantly conquered, and the art is already brought to a great degree of perfection. The utility of this invention is more than equal to its beauty. Through its means, a correct taste for the arts must be diffused into every channel into which the stream of civilisation has flowed—it must make all professors of the fine arts better artists, and all who admire them, better judges. The frontispiece of this work is a copy of a picture painted by Miss F. Corbaux, called the Carrier Pigeons. A glance at the rich colouring of this picture will convince the most sceptical that a wonderful advance has been made in the arts. It has much more firmness, and a greater richness of tone than can possibly be given to an engraving by means of water-colours. The view of Cape Wilberforce, Australia, is a marine view after Westall, and shows that this discovery is equally effective in landscape as in portrait-painting. We cannot, for want of space, enumerate all the pictures, and descant on their merits, in detail. We earnestly entreat the attention of all the patrons of refined art to this volume. The great merit that it displays should not go unrewarded. The prose and the poetry that emulate the paintings are, the former by Mr. F. Ollier, the latter by Miss Landon; thus nothing has been left undone to make this work complete in every respect. With great propriety it has been dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty. If any one can afford to purchase an annual, it is this annual that they ought to purchase; by so doing they will possess fac-similes of the finest productions of our unrivalled British artists.

A Commentary on the Psalms. By GEORGE HORNE, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Norwich. 3 vols.

We have received the third volume of this commentary, making the thirtieth number of the Sacred Classics. We have spoken of this work of the bishop's before; we have only now to state to the public, that, for the present, at least, these Sacred Classics have ceased: not, as the editors remark, that they have exhausted the subject, but that they may hereafter resume the grateful subject in another series of thirty volumes, with all those improvements that experience has taught, and that success will encourage them to attempt. All this is well; but we trust that, merely to make up the necessary supply of matter, they will not descend to cull from inferiority. What they offer to the public must be classic, or they will fail. They have hitherto made the work national, by collections only from those highly-talented authors that the nation have adopted. We trust that they will, to make up the quantity, never have recourse to mediocrity, or polemical writings of any sort. We are inclined to think, that, though they have not yet reaped all that which remains of the harvest to be gathered in, it is not so abundant as they imagine.

The Naturalist, illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, with a highly-finished coloured Engraving, and illustrated by Wood Cuts. Conducted by B. MAUND, F.L.S., and W. HOLL, F.G.S.

The fifth number, the December one, of this publication, appears without its coloured engraving, but the omission will tend to the advantage of the work; for we find, by an appended notice, that it is withheld until next month on account of its not being sufficiently perfect. This respect for the public will bring its own reward. Among the contents of this part will be found an excellently written paper on the King's-fisher, by Robert Mudie, Esq. The article on "the Nature and Uses of the Primeval Vegetation of the Earth," is of first-rate quality, and highly creditable to the author, Dr. Dickson. It is principally occupied upon the coal formation, showing at present to what an astonishing extent it is going on, probably for the use of generations millions of years hence. The small space of this work devoted to reviews is extremely well occupied.

The Pictorial Bible, being the Old and New Testaments according to the authorized version, illustrated by many hundred Wood Cuts, &c.

This work has advanced to the tenth part, and well maintains its character. The notes and the explanatory wood-cuts leave us nothing to wish for in those respects. Much learning, otherwise than sacred, will be gained by a study of this edition of the Bible.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Tales of the Sun, Moon, and Stars. By PETER PARLEY, Author of "Tales about Europe, Asia, Africa," &c. &c., with numerous engravings. —We have often had occasion for panegyrical parlance of Peter Parley in past times. The present production is equally praiseworthy.

Guidone; a dramatic Poem: and Solitude; a Poem. By W. SMITH, of the Middle Temple. Second edition.—We gave our opinion upon these excellent poems when they first made their appearance. We are pleased to find that the call for another edition has ratified our commendations.

Marriage; the Source and Perfection of Social Happiness and Duty. By the Rev. H. C. O'DONNAGHUE, A.M., &c.—This is a second edition, and we must candidly confess, when we look around in the married world in general, that it is highly called for.

Arithmetic unveiled; being a series of Tables and Rules, whereby most of the Calculations in Business may be either mentally performed or abbreviated, &c. &c. By JAMES M'DOWNALL, Accountant.—This work attains that to which it aspires—utility. We can safely recommend it.

The Duchess de la Valliere and Madame de Maintenon, Romances. By the Countess de GENLIS. 2 vols.—We know not whether these historical tales have been before published in English. We never much liked them in the original. To those who are unacquainted with them these volumes will be acceptable.

The French Self-Instructor; or the Difficulties and Peculiarities of the French Language familiarly explained in Fifty-two easy Lessons. By D. BOILEAU, Author of various works in the French language.—Certainly a useful work, explaining all the idiomatics of the French language, that seem so strange if translated literally.

An Examination of the Report of the Joint Stock Bank Committee, &c. &c. By T. JOPLIN.—A most necessary and instructive pamphlet, just now of paramount interest.

The Conservative Peers and the Reform Ministry.—A plausible pamphlet with a most apposite motto. "Le jour de la création que bruit n'eût il pas fait! Mon Dieu, conservons LE CHAOS." This is very witty, but not very argumentative, and the following is neither witty nor argumentative. The author thus takes to task the member for Stamford for saying that the Jews do not worship the same God as we do—"What! does not the Jew worship his MAKER?" Answer the question either way, it is certain that he does not worship the Trinity in Unity, and in the Trinity the godhead of our Saviour. But the work is written to please a party—let that party read it.

The Church of England Magazine.—We have received the fifth part of this beneficial periodical: it has our best wishes for its success, but we must not try the patience of the public by magazine reflecting magazine in mutual reviews.

A few Remarks on our Foreign Policy Second edition.—We are glad to see that this pamphlet has excited so much attention as to have had another edition of it called for.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Practical Treatise on the Management and diseases of Children, by Dr. R. T. Evanson and Dr. H. Maunsell. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Cambridge Mathematical Problems and Examples, 1821 to 1836. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Introduction to the Study of Geology, adapted to Walker's Map, by F. Burr. 8vo. 4s.

Alphabet of Geology, by W. M. Higgins. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

Rev. R. B. Paul's Journal of a Tour to Moscow in 1836. 12mo. 5s.

Lemare's Offerings for the Young. 1s. 6d.

Discourses by the late Rev. J. B. Patterson of Falkirk, with Life, &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.

The Life and Persecutions of Martin Boos, an Evangelical Preacher, from the German, by the Rev. C. Bridges. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

The Solace of Song, with 12 Engravings. 14s.

Walpole's Correspondence with G. Montagu, &c. New edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 16s.

Complete Treatise on Perspective, by a Pupil of Mons. J. P. Thenot. 24 Plates. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Stennett's Martyrs of the Valleys, with other Poems. 12mo. 6s.

Combe's (Dr.) Physiology of Digestion. Second edition, enlarged. Royal 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Clarke's Highway Act. New edition. 12mo. 2s.

The Floral Album, or Gathered Flowers, 1837. 4to. 42s.

Gallery of the Graces. 4to. pl. 31s. 6d.; col. 45s.

Mrs. Maberley, or the World as it will be. 3 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

Duchess de la Vallière and Madame de Maintenon. By the Countess de Genlis. 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.

Walker on Cribbage. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Walker (Mrs.) on Female Beauty. Col. plates. post 8vo. 30s.

Micrographia, Practical Essays on Reflecting. By Goring and Pritchard. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

Heartsease. By the Editor of "The Diadem." Roy. 32mo. 3s. 6d.

Biblical Cabinet, Vol. XVI. (Umbreit's Version of the Book of Job, Vol. I.) 6s.

Line upon Line. By the Author of "The Peep of Day." 18mo. 3s.

Pastoral Recollections. Edited by the Rev. J. Belcher. 18mo. 3s.

An Efficient Ministry. By the Rev. A. Reed, D.D. 18mo. 1s.

Live Joyfully, or the Duty and Means of being Happy. By the Rev. J. Belcher. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

Isaac's (Rev. B.) Dialogues between Walter and Theodosius. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

Meek's Recognition. New edition. 12mo. 3s.

The Cabinet Lawyer. Tenth edition. 7s.

Tilley's Counting-House Guide. 12mo.

Jennings' Receipts in Family Cookery. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Combe's Elements of Phrenology. Fourth edition. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

M'Dowall's Arithmetic Unveiled. 12mo. 5s.

Ousley's Vision of Death's Destruction. Second edition. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Geological and Mineralogical Map of England, Wales, and part of Scotland. Col. 2l. 2s. sheet; 2l. 12s. 6d. case.

Andral's Clinique Medicale. By Dr. Spillan. 8vo. 25s.

Hints to Chairmen. Roy. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

M'Dowall's Musical Game. 15s. in box.

Changeable Costumes. Col. plates. 7s. 6d.

Catechism of Phrenology. New edition. 18mo. 1s.

Blair's First Lines of Arithmetic. 18mo. 1s.

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's new drama, "The Duchess de la Valliere," is to appear on the 4th instant.

Mr. Lodge's Peerage, the New Edition, greatly enlarged and improved, with the arms of the Peers beautifully engraved, and incorporated with the text, is now ready.

Lady Blessington's new novel, "The Victims of Society," is in a forward state.

The appearance of Miss Martineau's new work, entitled "Society in America," will be looked for with intense anxiety both in this country and in America. The first volume has, we understand, been already transmitted to Messrs. Saunders and Otley, who have arranged to publish the work simultaneously in London and New York.

The admirers of Captain Marryat's singularly graphic productions, will be pleased to hear that an Illustrated Edition of his Popular Novels is on the eve of appearing in Monthly Volumes, to be published with the Magazines. The series will commence with "Peter Simple," of which Coleridge said, "I have received a great deal of pleasure from some of the Modern Novels, especially Captain Marryat's Peter Simple. That book is nearer Smollett than any I remember." It is indeed an admirable novel, and worthy of the noble service it is written to illustrate. The first Vol. appears on the 2nd January.

Miss Mary Boyle's new work, "The State Prisoner," is nearly ready.

An important work on the Factory Question is about to be published by Mr. Wing, Surgeon to the Metropolitan Hospital for Children. Mr. Wing has, we understand, interested himself so deeply as to have made a Tour through the Factories, that he might combine with the Parliamentary Evidence his own observations. The volume will contain the opinions and experience of the highest medical and practical authority, and afford a more complete view of the subject than has yet been submitted to the public.

Mrs. Shelley has nearly completed her new novel, entitled "Falkner." Report speaks of it as one of her best productions.

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley's new Poems are nearly ready.

A new periodical, to be entitled the Church of England Quarterly Review and Ecclesiastical Record, is announced for publication with the new year.

The Twelve Minor Prophets in Coptic, with a Latin translation, by the Rev. H. Tattam, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Rector of St. Cuthbert's, Bedford, has been very judiciously published by the University of Oxford, to which the work was, we believe, given by the author.

We rejoice to hear that the same able scholar is now preparing Ezekiel and Daniel in the same way, from Coptic MSS. in the Royal Library in Paris. As the Coptic version of the Scriptures is supposed to have been made as early as the second century, every portion of it must be of importance to the Biblical student.

The Transactions of the Institute of British Architects. Quarto plates. Neale and Williams.

Early next month will be published, with Twenty-five beautiful Illustrations, Beauties of the Country; or Descriptions of Rural Customs, Objects, Scenery, and the Seasons, by Thomas Miller, Author of "A Day in the Woods."

In the press, and shortly will be published, in one square volume, illustrated with numerous Engravings, Uncle Philip's Conversations with Children about the Whale Fishery.

To be published by subscription, for the benefit of his widow, the Poetical Works (now first collected) of the late Thomas Pringle, with an enlarged Memoir and a Portrait of the Author.

The Americans, in their Social, Moral, and Political Relations, by Francis J. Grund.

A History of British Birds, by W. Yarrell, and a History of British Reptiles, by Mr. Bell, which works, with the British Fishes, now finished, and the British Quadrupeds, now in course of publication, will complete a uniform series of the vertebrate animals of Great Britain.

A new and enlarged Edition of Mr. Sydney Aspland's Practical Treatise on the late Marriage Act and the Act for Registering Births, Deaths, and Marriages, 6 & 7 William IV., chaps. 85 and 86.

Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator: a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Jacob Jones, Esq., of the Inner Temple, and formerly of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, Barrister-at-law; author of "Longinus, a Tragedy;" "Thoughts on Prison Labour;" "The Anglo-Polish Harp;" and other Works.

NEW MUSIC.

M'Dowall's Musical Game; whereby, in Family Amusement, the use of the Pianoforte, and a general knowledge of the Science, may be acquired.

This is a very good plan to teach music, though we are afraid few young persons would play this game for amusement: the information it conveys being the same as that contained in a music-book of instructions, it would always be considered as a lesson: however, it would be a very good one, and we have no doubt would produce much improvement.

FINE ARTS.

Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales, including the Scenery of the River Wye. By Thomas Roscoe.

We have received Part III. of these "Wanderings," and find them extremely amusing, and excellently illustrated. This periodical gives to the public, in each of its numbers, three fine engravings by W. Radclyffe, always after some of our most eminent painters, such as Hastings, Copley, Fielding, Coxe, &c. &c. The best plate of the number before us represents a view of the Fall of the Rheidal, near the Devil's Bridge, and a more wildly romantic scene can hardly be conceived. The engraving is clear and powerful. The view of Hereford, on the River Wye, from the pencil of Mr. Coxe, is charmingly managed, and gives the eye a vast expanse of champaigne country, bounded by moderately-sized hills in the distance. The Rhaiadye is a lively scene of the waters of a river trembling and fretting over a few rocky crags, with a village in the back-ground. We think that, in this plate, the shadows of the trees in the middle distance are too heavy and opaque, and bring them much too near. M. Roscoe, in the letter-press, has been, as usual, animated and graphic.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—This theatre has been doing well with great talent and stock pieces.

Few circumstances have of late created such a sensation in the theatrical circles as the announcement of Charles Kemble's retirement from the stage. How many associations will then be severed which are dearly cherished by every friend of the drama! A whole range of characters will be left without a fitting representative, and we shall have to say "Adieu!" to the last of a race of which the British stage may be justly proud.

For an account of this event we must be indebted to "The Times" newspaper, owing to illness, our dramatic friend not having been able to attend.

The stage has lost another ornament. Mr. C. Kemble, who, during a long theatrical career, was so great and so deserved a favourite with the town, on the 23rd ult. bade farewell to the profession, amidst the regrets and plaudits of one of the most densely-crowded audiences that we have ever seen congregated within those walls. As early as three o'clock a considerable number of persons stationed themselves in the avenues leading to the pit and galleries; and when the hour for opening the doors arived the multitude assembled would have a dozen times filled the space that the house affords. The rush was tremendous, but no accident, that we have heard of, occurred. The moment the pit and galleries were fairly filled, the police, acting under orders, peremptorily refused to admit persons to pass, who, had they made their way beyond the money-takers, would only have been engaged in a fruitless struggle, to the annoyance of others as well as themselves. The orchestra was thrown into the stalls (which were filled with highly respectable company) and the musicians performed behind the scenes. The arrangement for admission to the stalls was not good. Only one person attended to show the parties to their respective seats; and when the company began to pour rapidly in it was impossible for him to wait on them all for the purpose of pointing out the places indicated by their tickets. Much confusion ensued, which lasted throughout the first act. There should have been at least four persons employed on this duty. The boxes had been all taken three weeks ago, and presented an uncommonly gay and brilliant appearance. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria and suite, occupied one of the private boxes. The play selected was "Much Ado About Nothing," Mr. C. Kemble taking his favourite part of Benedick, his excellence in which has long been acknowledged. When he appeared, the audience simultaneously rose, and received him with enthusiastic cheering and waving of handkerchiefs, which lasted for a considerable time. The scene was strikingly animated. Mr. Kemble was evidently much affected; but, when silence was obtained and the play proceeded, his spirits rallied, and he played with his accustomed ease and vivacity. His soliloquy, after the discovery of the supposed love of Beatrice for him, was capitally given. It was distinguished by a rich vein of the truest humour. Every point he made throughout the piece, and they were many, was enthusiastically applauded. Miss H. Faucit, for the first time, essayed the character of Beatrice, and acquitted herself with much ability. She threw a great deal of pleasant archness into those scenes where Beatrice so unmercifully rallies Benedick, and a due portion of force and fire into that in which she incites him to challenge Claudio. Her performance greatly delighted the audience, who were not slow in the manifestation of their feelings. Miss Vincent looked the character of Hero exçeedingly well, and played it with propriety. Count Claudio was represented most effectively by Mr. Pritchard. Mr. W. Farren's Dogberry was admirable. He is unquestionably "the most desertless and best man" to play the part that has appeared for a long time. His two worthy compeers, Verges and Seacoal, were amusingly represented by Messrs. Webster and Ross. Indeed, the comedy was remarkably well cast. Towards the conclusion of the last scene, where Benedick is warding off the jokes that are levelled at his change of opinion with respect to the serious subject of marriage, a wreath and theatrical truncheon were thrown on the stage from one of the boxes on the right of the stage.

Soon after the *dramatis personæ* had quitted the stage, the green curtain was drawn up, and displayed the whole of the members of the company assembled, to do honour to their retiring colleague.

After a pause of a few seconds Mr. C. Kemble appeared, and advanced to the front of the stage, amidst literally deafening applause, which lasted for many minutes. When silence was commanded, he addressed the audience to the following effect:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—My professional career is ended; and, had I consulted my own inclination in the choice of a character, I should have selected a part more in harmony with my own feelings. (Cheering.) To do anything with a consciousness that it is to be done for the last time must cast a shade over the exertions of the most buoyant disposition; and I am unable to speak how much and how deeply I feel on this occasion. (Cheers.) To renounce the practice of an art which I passionately loved is most painful; and to take leave of you, my most indulgent and most liberal patrons, whose encouragement and most generous support have been my greatest reward, is not less so. (Cheers.) To this, the latest hour of my professional life, I have never ceased to receive your kind encouragement; and to that encouragement alone I must in justice ascribe whatever little merit I may lay claim to. (Cheers.) I wish it had been greater a thousand times, that I might the better have shown myself worthy of those liberal favours which you have bestowed on me. For many, many years, I have been your faithful servant; and I trust that you will not consider me presumptuous if, on the score alone of that long service, and my unremitting exertions to please you on the stage, I express a hope that they will entitle me to your approbation in bidding you farewell. (Cheers.) Your goodness is engraven deeply on my heart, and will never be obliterated till I cease to exist. May long life, health, and all happiness attend you, and, with this 'prayer of earnest heart,' I now respectfully, most respectfully, bid you farewell."

The cheering which followed Mr. C. Kemble's address, which was delivered with much pathos, was loud and long-continued. He appeared to labour under very strong feeling while he was speaking; his voice faltered, and he shed tears.

After bowing gracefully and impressively to every part of the house, Mr. Kemble withdrew. He has wished his patrons and friends "long life, health, and all happiness," and we sincerely hope that in his retirement he may enjoy the whole of these blessings.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The many, we regret to say, important failures that have taken place, have not caused the usual fluctuation of prices generally attending such occurrences. West India sugar has been steady since its fall from the late high prices; and coffee still finds a very good market. The tea sales have been rather dull. The indigo crops are likely to be very good next year; and arrivals of large quantities of cotton and piece goods to be expected from the manufacturing districts for importation. The demand for tobacco has much increased, though not in proportion to the very large quantity that has lately been bonded. The great stock of tallow that has arrived from the Baltic has made the speculators very busy. In this article there is a monopoly talked of. Hemp, ashes, and other Russian merchandise, have a ready sale. Figs, and other Smyrna fruit, have been very scarce, and have fetched extraordinary prices. Opium is rather dull. Our exports continue to be regular, and indeed are large for the time of the year. The reader will perceive by the above detail that, in a general point of view, England is doing as much business as could fairly be expected in this age of rivalry, and, we have a right to say, considering the sacrifices we have made to foreign powers, ungrateful competition. Portugal—the fostered and the fought-for Portugal, has now taken the carrying trade of her wines almost wholly out of our hands; and Spain, in the midst of her distractions, can still find leisure to exact oppressive teriffs upon English merchandise. These free-trade principles, upon which we wish to act, and are in some measure acting, are made by every surrounding nation to operate against ourselves. They wish all to become sellers and never buyers. We shall triumph over every opposition yet.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Wednesday, 28th of December.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Consols for Opening, 89 one-fourth.—Three per Cent., Reduced, 88 one-eighth.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 96 three-fourths. — Exchequer Bills, 21*s.* p. — India Bonds, 11*s.* p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent., 44 one-fourth.—Columbian 6 per Cent., 22 one-half.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 55 five-eighths. — Spanish Bonds, Active, 19 one-eighth.

Money Market Report.—After several failures, the state of public credit seems to be gradually, though slowly, emerging from the gloom that surrounded it in the early part of the past month. As the month advanced, the Bank gave considerable relief, by enlarging its discounts, (at the instigation, it is said, of the Treasury.) This had altogether a good effect, as prices began to revive. It is rather singular that in this embarrassed state of the Money Market, that the traffic of shares should have been so much revived as it is at this juncture. About the middle and the latter end of December, the Bank being still liberal in advances, the state of the Money Market had become more satisfactory. Exchanges also have begun to turn in favour of this country. It is supposed that many of the Joint Stock Banks have rather embarassed themselves by a liberal discount of their customers' bills. The stock of gold in the Bank does not, however, much exceed four millions sterling. From henceforward it may reasonably be expected that it will rapidly increase, as the crisis seems to have been passed. During all these troubles, English Stock has remained comparatively firm in price. The above is the quotation on the 28th.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM NOVEMBER 22, TO DECEMBER 16, 1836, INCLUSIVE.

Nov. 22.—R. C. Rout, Southampton Buildings, Holborn, tailor.—T. Price, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, patent axletree-maker.—H. N. Harris, Uxbridge, oilman.—G. Farr, High Holborn, fringe-manufacturer.—J. Morris, Brighton, silk-mercer.—J. Cooke, Regent Street, tailor.—S. and S. L. Sotheby, Wellington Street, Strand, auctioneers.—J. Newton, Leicester Square, linendraper.—C. Fea, Canterbury, woodstapler.—W. Williams, Liverpool, timber-merchant.—T. Brodrick, Preston, Lancashire, watchmaker.—J. Perrey, South Molton, Devonshire, ironmonger.—R. Richardson, Birmingham, victualler.

Nov. 25.—M. A. and W. H. Abercrombie, Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road, brass-founders.—B. Brissenden, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, innkeeper.—W. Johnson, Edgeware Road, Marylebone, butcher.—R. Child, Berners Street, Oxford Street, upholsterer.—E. Cale, Moor Street, Soho, licensed victualler.—J. Fraser, Liverpool, glass-dealer.—C. Wainwright, Manchester, dyer.—G. Harris, Herne, Kent, brewer.—E. Burrows, Chestfield, Derbyshire, maltster.—G. L. Stott, Bristol, soda-manufacturer.—B. Lay, Colchester, Essex, carpenter.—H. Thorp, Herne Bay, Kent, miller.

Nov. 29.—S. Pontin, Tottenham Court Road, builder.—J. Wright, Wapping Wall, ship chandler.—S. H. Ranford, Bermondsey, fellmonger.—W. H. Urquhart, Crane Court, Fleet Street, printer.—J. Owen, Bishopsgate Street, linendraper.—J. Wallis, Fordington, Dorsetshire, miller.—E. Piggott, G. Fall, and J. Nichols, Manchester, embossers and printers.—R. Martin, sen., and R. Martin, jun., Manchester, corn-merchants.—T. W. Freeman, Birmingham, grocer.—W. Hanks, Moreton-in-the Marsh, Gloucestershire, corn-dealer.—R. Shaw, Salford, Lancashire, auctioneer.—W. James, Church, Blackburn, Lancashire, soap-manufacturer.—G. Smith, Manchester, beer seller.—S. Meredith, Liverpool, butcher.—W. Drague, Whitehaven, innkeeper.—T. Somerville, Liverpool, draper.—T. Linney, Armswood, Southampton, cattle-dealer.—C. H. Lowe, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.

Dec. 2.—C. Evershed, Gosport, soap-manufacturer.—B. O'Reilly, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, lodging-house keeper.—J. Ayres, Park Road, Dalston, merchant.—P. E. Dover, Great Russell Street, upholsterer.—J. Newton, Manchester, licensed victualler.—J. C. Borwell, Manchester, baker.—J. and W. Forster, Carlisle, bankers.—S. Wakefield, Aston, Warwickshire, brickmaker.—J. Coupland, and F. Duncan, Liverpool, merchants.—J. C. Davie, Shenstone, Wiltshire, surgeon.—R. Hudson, Bolt Lane, Gloucester, victualler and tavern-keeper.—A. P. H. Rowen, Bristol, druggist.—M. and J. Gerrard, Manchester, cotton-spinners.—W. S. Denton, Carlisle, builder.

Dec. 6.—E. P. Hall, Charterhouse Street, City, plumber.—B. Booth, Union Street, Southwark, tea dealer.—J. S. Fearns, Lower Thames Street, ship agent.—M. A. Pite, Beech Street, Barbican, hatter.—M. Livsey, Bury, Lancashire, pawnbroker.—J. and A. Brown, Liverpool, merchants.—G. E. Moulson, T. Peirson, and J. H. Denston, Liverpool, merchants.—J. Anderson, Moulton, Northamptonshire, draper.—J. James, Clifton, Bristol, grocer.—C. Howe, Crickhowell, Breconshire, linendraper.—T. Vinor, jun., Sheffield, coachbuilder.

Dec. 9.—R. Wilkinson, Addle Street, City, flour factor.—T. Turner, New Bond Street, upholsterer.—W. G. Docking, Hampstead Road, cheesemonger.—T. Folkard, High Holborn, hackneyman.—J. D. Gander, Brill Row, Somers' Town, licensed victualler.—F. J. M'Carthy, Drury Lane, baker.—C. J. B. Pons, Old Bond Street, hatter.—W. N. Procter, Manchester, cotton dealer, and P. S. Hyatt, near Stone, Staffordshire, farmer.—R. Askew, Manchester, merchant.

Dec. 13.—H. Cox, Goswell Street, soap manufacturer.—J. Anderson, Old Broad Street, merchant.—H. A. Douglas, Old Broad Street, merchant.—J. Ingram, Birmingham, grocer.—T. Legg, Windmill Street, Tottenham Court Road, carver and gilder.—G. Suggett, Barbican, merchant.—H. Cooper, London Street, Ratcliffe, flour factor.—J. Hall, Savage Gardens, Tower Hill, wine merchant.—H. Weston, Chailey, Essex, victualler.—J. J. Brimmer, Greek Street, Soho, printer.—T. Taylor, Topping's Wharf, Tooley Street, Borough, cheese factor.—J. Bachelor, Newport, Isle of Wight, mercer.—J. E. Nicoll and J. Warburton, Liverpool, tailors.—T. Johnson, Macclesfield, draper.—R. Musgrave, Liverpool, linen and woollen draper.—T. Evans, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, draper.—J. Dickenson, Denham Springs, Lancashire, calico printer.

Dec. 16.—J. Wingfield, Long Lane, Smithfield, saddler.—G. Petit, Rotherhithe, auctioneer.—J. Hinton, Macclesfield Street, Soho, carpenter.—W. Penyead, Rosemary Lane, grocer.—H. Triggs, Fetter Lane, grocer.—W. Catton, Blackman Street, Southwark, plumber.—J. R. Yates, King Street, Westminster, victualler.—H. Benatter, Fish Street Hill, merchant.—S. Knott, Fairfield, Lancashire, corn dealer.—W. Williams and J. Jackson, Liverpool, timber dealers.—W. Gate, Carlisle, timber merchant.—D. White, Tiverton, Bath, beerseller.—T. Turner, D. Brade, and C. Schwind, Liverpool, merchants.—W. Newell, New Ratford, Nottinghamshire, warp lace manufacturer.—T. Kinder, of Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire, farmer.

NEW PATENTS.

J. Crook, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Merchant, for certain improvements in the machinery for manufacturing hat bodies. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 28th, 6 months.

T. Edge, of Great Peter Street, in the city of Westminster, Middlesex, Gas Apparatus and Lamp Manufacturer, for certain improvements in lighting or illuminating by gas, oil, or spirit lights or lamps. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. October 28th, 6 months.

R. Copland, of Courlands, Wandsworth Road, Surrey, Esquire, for improvements upon patents already obtained by him, for combinations of apparatus for gaining power. November 5th, 6 months.

J. E. Smith, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Merchant, for improvements in railways and on locomotive carriages to work on such railways. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 8th, 6 months.

J. Whitcher, of Ringwood, Hants, Carrier, for improvements in drags, or apparatus applicable to carriages. November 8th, 6 months.

J. Smith, the younger, and Francis Smith, both of Redford, Nottinghamshire, Mechanics, for certain improvements in certain machinery already known for making bobbin net or twist lace. November 8th, 6 months.

J. Livsey, of Bury, Lancashire, Cotton Spinner, for improvements in machinery used for spinning, preparing, and doubling cotton and other fibrous substances. November 10th, 6 months.

B. Paterson, of Peacock Street, in the parish of Saint Mary Newington, Surrey, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of meters or apparatus for measuring gas or liquids. November 12th, 6 months.

H. A. Wells, of the city of New York, but now residing in Threadneedle Street, in the city of London, for certain improvements in the manufacture of hats. November 15th, 2 months.

F. Woolley, of York Street, East, Commercial Road, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in the manufacture or preparation of materials to be used as a substitute for bees' wax, parts of which improvements are applicable to other purposes. November 15th, 6 months.

J. Yule, of Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, Practical Engineer, for improvements in rotatory engines, or an improved rotatory engine. November 15th, 6 months.

A. Applegath, of Crayford, Kent, Calico Printer, for certain improvements in printing calico and other fabrics. November 15th, 6 months.

J. Whitworth, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery for spinning and doubling cotton, wool, and other fibrous substances. November 19th, 6 months.

W. Norris, of Alston, Cumberland, Land Surveyor, for certain improvements in the manufacture of combs. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. November 19th, 6 months.

J. G. Campbell, of the city of Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Merchant, and J. Gibson, of the same city and county, Throwster, for a new or improved process or manufacture of silk, and silk in combination with certain other fibrous substances. November 19th, 6 months.

J. Buchanan, of Ramsbottom, Lancashire, Millwright, for an improved apparatus for the purpose of dyeing and performing similar operations. November 22nd, 6 months.

T. Robson, of Park Road, Dalston, Middlesex, Operative Chemist, for improvements in firing signal and other lights. November 22nd, 6 months.

G. Gwynne, of Holborn, Gentleman, and J. Young, Brewer, of Brick Lane, both in the county of Middlesex, for improvements in the manufacture of sugars. November 22nd, 6 months.

I. Naylor, of Stainbrough, near Barnsley, Yorkshire, Gamekeeper, for an alarm gun, or reporter and detector. November 22nd, 2 months.

T. Hackworth, of New Shildon, near Bishop Auckland, Engineer, for improvements in steam engines. November 22nd, 6 months.

T. Ellis, of Stamford Hill, Middlesex, Esquire, and T. Burr, of Shrewsbury, Shropshire, for improvements in the manufacture of sheets and pipes, or tubes, and other articles of lead and other metal. November 24th, 6 months.

J. Woollams, of Wells, Somersetshire, Gentleman, for certain improved means of obtaining power, and other motion from known sources. November 24th, 6 months.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1836.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Nov.					
23	46-35	29,41-29,22	S.W.	,3	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
24	43-32	29,49-29,42	N. W.		Clear.
25	38-25	29,67-29,61	N. b. W.		Generally cloudy.
26	43-30	29,37-29,28	E. b. S.	,125	Generally cloudy, with rain in morn. and even.
27	55-38	29,54-29,44	S.W.	,175	Cloudy.
28	57-51	29,33-29,23	S.W.	,05	Cloudy, with frequent rain, wind very boisterous.
29	57-49	29,42-28,80	S.W.	,4	Cloudy, rain in morn. & even.* wind boist. from
30	48-42	29,62-29,42	S.W.	,3	Gen. cloudy, frequent rain. [noon to 2 o'clock, P.M.
Dec.					
1	43-29	30,03-29,84	S.W.	,3	Generally clear, except the afternoon.
2	52-35	29,97-29,75	S.W.	,025	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
3	53-45	29,80-29,64	S.W.	,05	Morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.
4	56-48	29,78-29,73	S.W.	,05	Generally cloudy, a little rain in the morning.
5	56-46	29,79-29,77	S.W.	,075	Generally cloudy, rain in the morning.
6	55-41	29,88-29,77	S.W.		Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.
7	51-46	29,61-29,38	S.W.	,075	Generally cloudy, with heavy showers of rain.
8	45-38	29,23-29,10	S.W.	,35	Cloudy, with rain, a heavy shower of hail 7 P.M.
9	41-32	29,06-28,92	S.W.	,075	Generally clear.
10	42-28	29,35-29,11	S.W.		Generally clear, a shower of rain in the aftern.
11	41-27	29,55-29,45	S.W.	,05	Generally clear.
12	50-22	29,55-29,31	S.E.	,1	Raining gently all the day.
13	48-45	29,32 Stat.	S.W.	,225	Morning cloudy, otherwise clear.
14	44-32	29,49-29,23	S.W.		Generally clear, a shower of rain about 7 P.M.
15	40-32	29,91-29,75	N. W.	,025	Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
16	43-29	29,94 29,59	W. & N.W.	,15	Generally clear, except the morning, with rain.
17	47-28	30,01-29,98	S.W.		Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain in even.
18	52-41	30,05-29,98	S.W.	,025	Generally cloudy, a little rain about 9 A. M.
19	50-41	30,06-30,04	S.W.	,0125	Generally cloudy.
20	45-38	30,17-30,09	S.W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
21	45-34	30.19-30,15	W. b. N.		Cloudy.
22	48-36	30,25-30,06	N.W. & S.W.		Cloudy.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

* The tremendous gale of this day is worthy of particular remark, being perhaps unprecedented; the distressing accounts of its ravages from all parts of the country, and even on the coast of France, show also the extent of the devastation. The gale was at its height between 12 and 2, P.M.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

THE SAINT JAMES'S ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—" This Society," says the prospectus, " is instituted for the purpose of forming a collection of aquatic birds in the garden of St. James's Park ; and its operations will shortly be extended to the waters in the other parks." Previous to the formation of this Society, there was none exclusively Ornithological ; and we understand that it is intended, as the numbers of the Society shall increase, to extend the limits of its operations until they embrace every legitimate object of a national Ornithological Society. The want of such an institution has operated most injuriously upon the particular branch of zoology to which we are now invited to attend ; and the new Society has peculiar claims to our support, which it challenges on the ground that its objects are public and popular. With " no privileges to claim or to offer, except those of rendering a service to science, and contributing to the amusements and information of the public, the St. James's Society confidently appeals to all lovers of the beauty of nature, to all who can appreciate the charm which the feathered tribes, that most beautiful portion of the animate creation, are capable of lending to ornamental water."

The project which the prospectus details is one of inestimable value, in our estimation of its immediate and secondary results. It adds a very striking feature to the beauty of the Park waters, and we conceive that its effect upon the lower classes of the population will be immediately and permanently beneficial. It is not only that an opportunity is afforded to the *shillingless* to become acquainted with a number of very interesting specimens of natural history, but it is also that it helps to engender a kindly feeling between the different classes of society, exemplifying the truth of the maxim, that the highest privilege of the rich is to provide for the happiness of the poor.

We believe that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to express his approval of the objects of the Society; and we know that his Royal Highness, the Ranger, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, have extended to it their protection and assistance. The list of members is a sufficient evidence of the powerful support which it receives among the higher classes; and it remains now only to be seen whether the middling and lower classes, for whose benefit it is especially designed, will support the institution with their subscriptions, and assist in protecting the birds. The Earl of Liverpool is President of the Society, and the following are a few of its members. The Dukes of Bedford and Northumberland; the Earls of Derby, Egremont, Fitzwilliam, and Orkney; Viscounts Combermere, Melbourne, and Sydney; Lords Bexley, Hill, and John Russell; Sir John Barrow; Mr. Baring; Captain Bowles; Sir W. Clayton, M.P.; Mr. Childers, M.P.; Sir Edward Codrington; Mr. Ridley Colborne, M.P.; Mr. Ewart, M.P.; Mr. Fiennes; Mr. Dick, M.P.; Sir George Grey, M.P.; Mr. Robert Gordon, M.P.; Mr. W. R. Hamilton; Mr. Hay; Sir John Barrow; Dr. Horsfield; Mr. Jesse; Sir Thomas Lennard; Mr. Hutt, M.P.; Mr. Milne, the Commissioner of Woods and Forests; Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street; Mr. Robert Mudie; Sir William Parker; Mr. Pusey, M.P.; Mr. Sabine; Sir John Shelley; Mr. Vernon Smith, M.P.; Mr. Swainson; Mr. William Yarrell; Sir John Paul; Dr. Royle; the Rev. Edward Stanley; Mr. Stephenson, the superintendent of Hyde Park; Mr. Strutt, M.P.; Sir Coutts Trotter, and Sir Eardly Wilmot. We have given this selection from the list with a view of showing that the Society is powerfully supported; we trust that the government will lend its efficient assistance, and enable the Committee to carry out the popular part of the plan to the very utmost limit of their means.

The Society will have much to contend with, but energy in a good scheme will carry it to a satisfactory and triumphant issue.

Royal Society.—Mr. Lawrence in the chair.—The Earl of Minto was admitted a fellow, and took his seat accordingly. A paper containing observations on the optical phenomena of crystals was read. The author of this interesting communication details many experiments, and their results: almost every one has viewed with pleasure these beautiful and varied optical phenomena. We notice one experiment—if nitre and gum Arabic are dissolved in hot water, and afterwards laid on a plate with sulphate of lime interposed, the most beautiful colours of polarised light are assumed—shooting into prismatic circles, not evanescent but permanent. By other experiments, rays of every description are obtained. Amongst the presents on the table was an ingenious silver acoustic instrument invented by Mr. Curtis, the King's aurist, called the *keraphonite*: it is fixed on the head for the purpose of collecting sound, which it does better than any contrivance hitherto employed. The one presented to the Society was made by Savigny, and it is remarkable for its beauty of workmanship. The instrument, if such we may call it, consists of a spring, which goes across the head terminating at either end in a small horn, (hence, probably, the name,) which rests on the ear.

Society of Antiquaries.—Mr. Amyot in the chair.—Mr. Kempe exhibited a large cinerary urn, found in the Distenters' burial-ground, in Deveril Street, in the Dover Road; it is a fine specimen of Roman or British art, and, having been enclosed within a larger one, which was broken by the workmen, this was fortunately preserved entire. It was presented through Mr. Kempe to the British Museum, with a mirror and a lachrymal bottle, discovered near the same spot. Lord Holland transmitted a letter from Mr. Wm. Hardy, of the office of the duchy of Lancaster, accompanying a copy of an original charter of Richard I. in that office, which Mr. Hardy considers decisive of the disputed question, as to the computation of the regnal year of that king, as it is dated between the demise of his father, and his own coronation; and he is there styled *Dominus Angliæ*, not (as after that ceremony) *Rex Anglorum*; and he also uses the first person singular, instead of the royal idiom, plural, from which it appears that Richard did not assume the kingly dignity until his coronation, from which period his regnal year was computed, and not from the demise of his father. Sir W. Bentham presented a printed copy of three papers lately read by him at the Royal Irish Academy, one on an astronomical instrument of the ancient Irish, lately found in Ireland; the second on the ring money of the Celtæ, and their system of weight, which appears to have been what is now called Troy weight; and the third on the affinity of the Phenician and Celtic languages, illustrated by geographical names in ancient geographers, &c. Sir Wm. mentioned the curious fact, that in a vessel which was wrecked last summer on the Irish coast, on her voyage from Bristol to Africa, were found a large quantity of pieces of iron, nearly in the form of rings, with the ends expanded and not closed, which were intended to pass as money in trading with Africans, and of the exact shape of some of the ancient ring money found in Ireland, in brass and gold. Mr. Bruce communicated copies of two documents relative to Sir Thomas More, from the Arundel MSS., one a petition of Sir Thomas's wife and children to the king; the other, the record of the indictment on which Sir Thomas More was tried and convicted. An essay, by Mr. Bruce, illustrative of these documents, was partly read, and the conclusion postponed.

Zoological Society.—Richard Owen, Esq. F.L.S., in the chair.—The President read a paper from M. Frederic Cuvier, of Paris, on the order Rodentia, belonging to the family of Jerboas, pointing out the distinction betwixt these and the Alactagas, and describing a new species of the latter from Barbary. Mr. F. Bennett, a corresponding member, read a communication on the natural history and habits of the spermaceti whale, and Mr. Reed described what he considered a new species of Parameles, inhabiting the rocky districts of Van Diemen's Land, which he named *P. lagotis*, but which was recognized as being the native bush rabbit of that island. Mr. Waterhouse described a second specimen of what he considered his new species of Myrmicobius; and Mr. Gould exhibited four examples of the true genus Strix, as restricted by modern ornithologists, all being from New South Wales, and described by him under the names of *Strix cyclops, S delicatalus, S. personata*, and *S. castanops*. Mr. Ogilby read a paper on the present defects in classifying the generic characters of Ruminantia, and pointed out the necessity of adopting some other general system of arrangement, concluding with suggesting that it should be founded upon the organs of prehension and touch, and dividing them into the following families:—1, Camels, 2, Cervicæ, 3, Moscadæ, 4, Capradæ, 5, Bovadæ.

Society of Arts.—Earl Stanhope in the chair.—Mr. Ross, on the principles of optics, and their application to the construction of achromatic object-glasses. In the opening of his discourse, Mr. Ross pointed out a few of the difficulties which attend the manufacture of glass for optical purposes. So long ago as the last evening meeting of the Royal Institution, session 1829, and before it, we believe, Mr. Faraday did the same, in giving an account of the proceedings of the committee appointed on the subject; however mortifying it is, we have made but little progress in the manufacture, and are still obliged to resort to foreign aid. So difficult is it to make glass perfectly homogeneous,—free from bubbles, striæ, veins, tails, &c., that only two such pieces have been manufactured in this country during the last seven years. Glass of very different specific gravities is frequently formed at the same moment, in the same crucible, by the presence of oxide of lead, &c. On the Society's tables were placed a rare collection of the most exquisite bronzes, intended to illustrate the workmanship of various ages; commencing with the antique Egyptian, then followed the Etruscan, the Roman, the middle ages, and, lastly, the modern.

Lambeth Literary and Scientific Institution.—A conversazione was held in the rooms of this Institution, Wellington Terrace, Waterloo Bridge Road. The spacious and beautiful rooms of the Institution were crowded with a most respectable company of both sexes, and we may say, of all ages, parents and children, all enjoying, with evident delight, the feast of reason so tastefully provided for them. The walls of the rooms were covered with pictures both of ancient and modern masters, and tables placed along the centre of the room contained a great variety of the specimens of vegetable and mineral kingdoms. After the company had spent some time in examining the various articles placed for their inspection, a paper was read by Mr. Handey, the Hon. Secretary, on the character and influence of the fair sex in the production of human happiness, in which the celebrated poets who have most distinguished themselves in paying homage to Heaven's last, best work, were invoked, and their warmest praises as warmly responded to by the male portion of the auditory, and probably very sincerely assented to by the other. Certain it is, that all appeared highly gratified, and Dr. Handey's eloquence, which united sound philosophy with warm-hearted feeling, was loudly applauded.

At intervals, after the reading of the first paper, Mr. Francis and Mr. Handey entertained the company with some excellent singing, accompanying their voices on the piano: the performances of both gentlemen were highly, and certainly very deservedly, applauded.

Mr. Cooper delivered a discourse on Terra Cotta vases, a great variety of which he exhibited from Pendon's manufactory, Adelaide Street. He explained, by figures, how they could be made of the most graceful forms, by all the lines being portions of ovals, and showed how tastefully they could be painted to represent any form of sculpture—a beautiful art, in which ladies could speedily acquire great excellence.

Dr. Trueman, in conclusion, delivered a discourse on the utility of such institutions; the great attractions they had for the young, and the great facility they afforded for the acquisition of scientific knowledge. In such institutions the lecturers generally confined their instruction to a more limited portion of science than was the practice in our public institutions; and as this division of scientific instruction was also the practice of the most celebrated schools on the Continent, the practice of these voluntary institutions in this country would probably lead to an improved system of general instruction, under the sanction of government. Another great advantage of such institutions would be, that they would become repositories for standard works of literature and the arts. He had it from good authority, that the Americans are now making the greatest exertions to procure from Europe the greatest possible quantity of such works, for the establishment of literary and scientific institutions in all their towns. He hailed with delight the progress of knowledge amongst a people descended from ourselves—the countrymen of Franklin, of Washington Irving, and of Cooper—a country, too, which had lately sent us one of the greatest actors of the age, and be wished that their highly honourable exertions in the pursuits of literature and science might operate as a stimulus to our own.

The company, which consisted of between four and five hundred, throughout the evening presented a most happy and joyous appearance, and were evidently highly gratified by all that they heard and all they saw; for, as Mr. Handey well observed in the introduction of his address, the managers had provided pictures for the eyes, articles of vertu for the connoisseur, treasures of the animal and vegetable kingdoms for the scientific, and concord of sweet sounds for the delight of all. The whole was under the direction of Messrs. W. H. Cooke and Handey, and certainly the mental feast produced did them great honour, and we are satisfied delighted every partaker.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Capt. Evans, of H. M. packet *Vixen*, on the Milford and Dunmore station, has issued a proposal for establishing a new code and improved system of lights for ships to enable them to pass each other in safety during the night. After alluding to the recently increased frequency of collisions between vessels, Capt. Evans remarks, that " to nautical men it will readily appear that the generality of the accidents alluded to is attributable to the want of means to ascertain promptly the direction in which a vessel may be steering at the moment she is discovered at night by her light or otherwise; for when a ship's light is first perceived in a dark night, the observer is merely informed that there is a vessel in the direction of that light, but he is still ignorant of the course she may be steering. He has no means of ascertaining immediately (what is all-important at this critical moment) whether the strange sail may be steering directly towards him, or whether she may be standing in some direction across the bows, either to starboard or to port. In this doubt the helm is frequently put the wrong way, and a collision is the consequence. Here then is a palpable defect in our present mode of night signals—the evident source of frequent damage and loss of life. To remedy this serious defect, nothing more would appear to be required, than that the same light which announces the approach of a vessel in the dark, should also indicate the direction of her head. With a view to supply this great desideratum, the writer turned his attention to the subject, and after carefully examining the eligibility of various expedients which suggested themselves, he is induced to propose for general adoption the following new system of lights for ships:—1. If under weigh, all vessels, whether steamers or otherwise, to exhibit on the starboard bow, a red light; on the larboard bow, a blue light. Steamers, in addition to this, to carry a common light at the foremast head, by which to distinguish them from sailing vessels. 2. If at anchor, all vessels, without distinction, to exhibit a common light.

" All steam vessels already, for the greater part, carry three lights, in the situations here proposed, the only alteration required in adopting this Code of Signals, would be the colouring of the bow lights, which is easily and cheaply done by the aid of a few panes of stained glass, or other simple means.

" It may be proper to remark, that a steamer's three lights at present exhibited, will, by their triangular position, give, in several situations, the intimation sought to be obtained by the plan here proposed; but as the principle will not apply to all situations, and will moreover in some cases give false intimation, the coloured lights being free from these objections, have been selected. In any situation in which two vessels may approach each other in the dark, the coloured lights will instantly indicate to both the relative course of each—that is, each will know whether the other is approaching directly or crossing the bows, either to starboard or to port. This intimation is all that is required to enable vessels to pass each other in the darkest night, with almost equal safety as broad day, and for the want of which so many lamentable accidents have occurred."

The prospectus which we have seen is accompanied by an ingenious series of diagrams, proving the utility of the proposed plan. Captain Evans concludes by stating that upon a retrospective view of thirty years' service at sea he remembers numerous instances where this system of lights would have been eminently useful, and he adds his belief that its general adoption could not fail to prove the certain means of preventing the occurrence of many calamitous accidents. Ingenious and practicable as we believe this plan to be, we strongly recommend it to the attention of the nautical world.—*John Bull.*

ERPETOLOGY.—Besides the characters of scales already given in detecting venomous serpents, M. Rousseau, in his Comparative Anatomy, brings in the aid of the eye in ascertaining the existence of poisonous qualities. For instance, the eye of the viper, or rather the iris, is very contractible; and if the sun's rays fall upon it, the pupil becomes linear and vertical, like that of a cat; whilst, in those of serpents which are not venomous, the pupil continues quite round.

PLATINA.—The existence of platina in the sand of the Rhine has long been suspected, and is now ascertained to be a fact by a German chemist. He found a small portion in the auriferous sandstone of the Worth, near Caudeb. It has also been found mixed with gold near Frankenzberg, in the Eder, in the electorate of Hesse.

BEET-ROOT.—According to the experiments of M. Chevalier, every soil and manure containing nitrate of potash is prejudicial to the growth of beet-root, and greatly injures its quality by introducing a salt entirely contrary to its organization. The manufacture of sugar from this substance is now carried on in almost every part of France.

ARUM COLOCASIA.—M. Loiseleur Deslongchamps has just published a memoir on the Colocasium, inviting the landholders of the south of France to cultivate it as an article of food. It was so used by the earliest Egyptians; the Saracens brought it into Portugal, and thence it has been introduced into the western hemisphere. M. Loiseleur Deslongchamps says, that the tubercles are much firmer than those of the potato, and are less insipid and sweeter than the chestnut, which they resemble in flavour: they are excellent when dressed as a salad, eaten with butter, or mixed with meat; they thrive perfectly well in the botanic garden at Toulon, and will bear a great degree of cold. The frost sometimes destroys the uppermost bud, but there are off-sets which will renew the plant. These off-sets are always planted out by the Egyptians in the month of May, in a well-worked soil, two feet apart, and require much irrigation. They are dug up in September, and the full grown tubercles are as large as the head of a child.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

Richard Westall, Esq. R. A.

It is with great regret we announce the death of this celebrated artist. With still greater regret have we heard that his death took place under circumstances of severe pecuniary distress. To persons who only know that he was, for many years, in the receipt of a large personal income, this will appear extraordinary; but those who are aware that Mr. Westall, some time back, was induced to accept bills to the amount of many thousand pounds, for a *friend*, which bills he was himself under the necessity of paying, will understand the case, and will sympathise with this additional victim to generosity, and misplaced confidence.

It is nearly half a century since Mr. Westall began to distinguish himself by his drawings in water-colours; a department of art peculiarly English, and in which he attained to a brilliance and vigour unknown until his day. When, as a young man, he called on the late Mr. Northcote, to show him some of his drawings, that able and experienced judge expressed his high admiration of them, and his utter loss to conceive by what means they had been effected. He was the first who made finished pictures in water-colours, of historical and poetical subjects. "Sappho in the Lesbian Shades, chaunting the Hymn of Love," "Tubal, the First Voice of the Lyre;" "The Boar that killed Adonis brought to Venus;" "The Storm in Harvest;" "The Marriage Procession (from the Shield of Achilles);" and many others, must be in the recollection of all who are old enough to have visited the Exhibition at Somerset House thirty or forty years ago. These were followed by a complete series of pictures in-water-colours to illustrate the works of Milton, published by Alderman Boydell; and his pencil was likewise put in requisition to embellish other standard productions in English literature.

Mr. Westall's drawings were, at least in one sense of the term, exceedingly beautiful; and, for many years, they were highly attractive. His delineations of the female form, especially, were replete with elegance and grace. It cannot be denied, however, that, seduced probably by his mastery over his materials, by the power and facilities of his process, and by a certain style which he had acquired of drawing the figure, Mr. Westall became what, in the arts, is called "a mannerist." One drawing succeeded another; all alluring, but bearing the same character. We will not say that there was no truth in them; but in too many respects they were fairer than truth. Mr. Westall was in painting what Dr. Darwin was in poetry; and the popularity of both artist and bard declined, as a more pure, simple, and masculine taste prevailed. As he advanced in life, Mr. Westall took to painting in oil; but, although in everything he did he evinced great talent and great knowledge, he never could wholly abandon his youthful habits of art, which were even more injurious to him in oil than they had been in water.

From all that we have heard of Mr. Westall, he must have been a most kind and amiable man: a volume of poems proceeded from his pen in early life.

Married.—At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, by the Lord Bishop of London, Capt. the Hon. Charles Stanley, Grenadier Guards, third son of the Earl of Derby, to Frances Augusta, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Henry Campbell.

At Shrivenham, Berks, the Rev. Thomas Mills, Rector of Stutton, Suffolk, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, to the Hon. Elizabeth Frances Barrington, daughter of the late and sister to the present Viscount Barrington.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, Frederick S. Clarke, Captain in the Royal Scots Greys, eldest son of J. Calvert Clarke, Esq., of Coworth House, Berks, to Margaretta Catherine Anne, second daughter of the late Thomas Terry, Esq.

Died.—Suddenly, at Ramsgate, aged 54, Captain Woolward, R.N., many years Harbour Master.

At Pusey House, Farringdon, of a decline, the Lady Harriot Stapleton, wife of the Rev. John Stapleton, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Carnarvon.

At Ramsgate, Lady Grey, wife of Sir Thomas Grey, of that place.

At Sidmouth, Capt. T. P. Durell, R.N., in his 81st year.

At Ripley Castle, Yorkshire, Lady Barrie, the Lady of Capt. Barrie, R.N., and sister to Sir W. Ingilby.

At Lucknow, Ensign Charles Cornwallis Skelton, of the 47th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, aged 23, eldest son of Capt. D. Jones Skelton, late of the Royal Artillery.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Duchess de la Vallière; a Play, in Five Acts. By the Author of "Eugene Aram," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," &c.

What man has attained to any considerable degree of superiority over his fellow men who has not made to himself many and bitter enemies? Animosity from those whom we have never injured, and whom we have never known, is at once a proof of the depravity of our nature and of the excellency of the person hated. A more striking example of this could not be adduced than the treatment that Mr. Bulwer has received from a party-disgraced press, and a host of critics remarkable only for the illiberality with which they speak of the works, of others and of the worthlessness of their own. We know not what effect this rancour may have upon the feelings of the high-minded author—irritation at anything so despicable he cannot feel, but he must naturally entertain a sentiment a little stronger than pity for the ingratitude of a part of the public who have been so long clamorous for the regular drama, and when they were presented with a specimen of it, in the classic and poetic form of this tragedy, would not appreciate it; not because they could not, but because their hearts were steeped in malevolent feelings—feelings that ought to have no connexion with literature, and which should have passed harmlessly by the author and the poet, and attacked only the political opponent.

We are speaking now not of what this play really is, but as it appears to be in the eyes of the multitude; and for this we are endeavouring to account; for it cannot be concealed that its success in the theatre has been infinitely inferior to its intrinsic merits. Of the Duchess de la Vallière it may be justly said, that its beauty, like that of its heroine, has been fatal to it. With one brilliant exception, it was wholly misunderstood by the actors, and infamously played. As far as ability in representation is required, there are no third or second-rate characters in this piece; in fact, to do it justice, we believe that it could not have been properly played with the histrionic talent now in London. The only error of Bulwer, in this matter, seems to us to have been, that he was not fully aware of this fact, and that he committed an instrument, too delicate and too perfect, into unskilful hands, who have jangled its strings with their clumsy violence. This play ought to have been published, at least, two years before it was performed; its beauties would then have been duly appreciated, and a slight sense of them might have even reached the green-room. At all events, when the performance did take place, its theatrical existence would no longer have been at the mercy of the factious few who went to witness its performance, only to ensure its defeat. Had the generality of the audience, by this play's previous publication, been imbued with its beauties, they would have put down opposition to it in shouts of indignation; but being in the dark, they were passive; for they observed nothing, on the one hand, but a vapid declamation stifling the most beautiful sentiments, and on the other, small parties of determined opponents, whose persons they did not know, and of whose motives they could not judge.

It is undeniable that the principal part of the audience repair to a theatre for the purpose of obtaining excitement—this they must have, or they are disappointed; but the higher the tone of that excitement, indisputably the greater will be their enjoyment. This enjoyment, then, in the highest degree, they ought to have found at the representation of the Duchess de la Vallière, and did not—the reason is obvious. The poet has nobly played his part—the performers, always with one exception, miserably mistook theirs. It is an invidious task to particularise him or her who most failed; it would be superfluous, too, when the whole, always with one exception, was so completely mismanaged; but there was something singularly absurd in the association of ideas in mingling the appearance of the gaunt Vanderhoff with the youthful, graceful, dignified, and debonnaire Louis Quartorze. To make all this appear in a light still more distinct, let us suppose, for a moment, that Othello had not been yet produced—that Shakspeare was now alive—that we called him Mister, and that he was a popular Member of Parliament, in the Whig interest. Let us suppose that Mister Shakspeare had committed the fortunes of Othello to the strength of the present company of Covent Garden—that this company had never before seen the play—does any one think, for a moment, that, when "The Times" and the other Conservative papers had sent their reporters to the house, that when the political opponents of Mr. Shakspeare had mustered so strong, that the representation of Othello would have had a greater success than that of the Duchess de la Vallière? So much for what this drama appears to be, judged as an acted play, and misjudged by party spirit.

And what is it really? A dramatic effort of the very highest order. How shall we prove this to those who have not read it, or have read it biassed by ungenerous criticism? To the first class we would say, retire to your study, identify no one of the characters with the form and lineaments of any existing performer. Let the author create the *dramatis personæ* for you, and we feel assured that you will say that this is the finest play, *acting* play, that has appeared for a century. The other class, we would ask to dismiss their prejudices, if they can, and after we have made a few more remarks, to read this play again, and if we have not converted them to our opinion, all we can say is, that our powers of advocacy are inferior to our sense of the manifold beauties of that which we advocate. The charges that are brought against it are principally three:—that it does not act well, that it has no interest sufficiently exciting, and that its tendency is, to throw a false gloss of beauty over immorality. No one denies to it harmony of versification, beauty of imagery, and all the power and graces of composition. The first objection we have answered by showing that the quality of the play was above the quality of the actors, and, therefore, the latter could not convey an adequate impression of it to the audience. As to its want of those striking points, clap-traps we should rather call them, in the best sense, that charge is totally unfounded. This appearance of fault, too, is also chargeable to the performers: read any single portion of this drama of more than five lines, and it will be found to contain some point that will either exalt or astonish, make us triumph in its beauty or move us with its pathos. The jewels are there; let us not deny their existence, because those who ought to have displayed them were too clumsy to do their office gracefully. The charge of the immoral tendency of this drama requires a graver consideration. The accusation is not only false but dishonest. Vice has its elegancies: if the poet paints nature only, he must describe them, and virtue will never be hurt or even shocked at the truth of the description, though hypocrisy may pretend that she is both. Had Mr. Bulwer made the profligacy of the king grossly disgusting, he would have injured truth without benefiting morals; but he is punished in the play even more than history warrants, and we should think that the lecture read to him by Bragelone must have satisfied the most strait-laced. Would the cavillers have been conciliated had the author slain the duchess,—made a French Jane Shore of her? They want something in their notions of retribution that is vulgar, harsh, and tangible. They pause not to reflect, that the long years of the cloister may form an aggregate of misery infinitely more vast than the pangs of sudden death! The character of the heroine is all tenderness, truth, and beauty, with but one error upon it; and dreadfully is that error expiated. Pure, indeed, would be this world, if we were but capable of the vast sacrifices that the Duchess de la Vallière made when she took the veil. All through the drama virtue is made proudly pre-eminent. The hypercritics seem to have forgotten, altogether, that such a character as the Marquis de Bragelone exists in it.

This play opens with a scene between the heroine and her mother, replete with poetical beauty, and in which, with the hand of a consummate artist, the author, lays the foundation of his plot, in a very natural presentiment. The next scene between Vallière and her lover is so excellent, that we shall take the liberty of extracting the whole of it, marking in italics the lines that strike us most.

Bragelone. Louise! Louise! this is our parting hour:
Me war demands—and thee the court allures.
In such an hour, the old romance allowed
The maid to soften from her coy reserve,
And her true knight, from some kind words, to take
Hope's talisman to battle!—Dear Louise!
Say, canst thou love me?—
Mademoiselle de la Vallière. Sir!—I!—love!—methinks
It is a word that——
Bragelone. Sounds upon thy lips
Like 'land' upon the mariner's, and speaks
Of home and rest after a stormy sea.
Sweet girl, my youth has passed in camps; and war
Hath somewhat scathed my manhood ere my time.
Our years are scarce well-mated: the soft spring
Is thine, and o'er my summer's waning noon
Grave autumn creeps. Thou say'st 'I flatter!'—well,
Love taught me first the golden words in which
The honest heart still coins its massive ore.
But fairer words, from falser lips, will soon
Make *my* plain courtship rude.—Louise! thy sire
Betrothed us in thy childhood: I have watched thee
Bud into virgin May, and *in thy youth*
Have seemed to hoard my own!—I think of *thee,*
And I am youthful still! The passionate prayer—
The wild idolatry—*the purple light*
Bathing the cold earth from a Hebe's urn;—
Yea, all the soul's divine excess which youth
Claims as its own, came back when first I loved thee!
And yet so well I love, that if thy heart
Recoil from mine,—if but one single wish,
A shade more timid than the fear which ever
Blends trembling twilight with the starry hope
Of maiden dreams—would start thee from our union,
Speak, and my suit is tongueless!—
Mademoiselle de la Vallière. O, my lord!
If to believe all France's chivalry
Boasts not a nobler champion,—if to feel
Proud in your friendship, honoured in your trust,—
If this be love, and I have known no other,
Why then—
Bragelone. Why then, thou lov'st me!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière (*aside.*) Shall I say it?
I feel 'twere to deceive him! Is it love?
Love!—no, it *is* not love!—(*Aloud.*) My noble lord,
As yet I know not all mine own weak heart;
I would not pain thee, yet would not betray.
Legend and song have often painted love,
And my heart whispers not the love which should be
The answer to thine own:—thou hadst best forget me!
Bragelone. Forget!
Mademoiselle de la Vallière. I am not worthy of thee!
Bragelone. Hold!—
My soul is less heroic than I deemed it.
Perchance my passion asks too much from thine,
And would forestall the fruit ere yet the blossom
Blushes from out the coy and maiden leaves.
No! let *me* love; and say, perchance the time
May come when *thou* wilt bid me *not* forget thee.

Absence may plead my cause; it hath some magic;
I fear not contrast with the courtier-herd;
And thou art not Louise if thou art won
By a smooth outside and a honeyed tongue.
No! when thou seest these hunters after power,
These shadows, minioned to the royal sun,—
Proud to the humble, servile to the great,—.
Perchance thou'lt learn how much one honest heart,
That never wronged a friend or shunn'd a foe,—
How much the old hereditary knighthood,
Faithful to God, to glory, and to love,
Outweighs an universe of cringing courtiers!
Louise, I ask no more!—I bide my time!

Re-enter Madame de la Vallière from the chateau.

Madame de la Vallière. The twilight darkens. Art thou now, Alphonso,
Convinced her heart is such as thou wouldst have it?
Brag. It is a heavenly tablet—but my name
Good angels have not writ there!
Mad. de la Val. Nay, as yet,
Love wears the mask of friendship: she must love thee.
Brag. (*half incredulously.*) Think'st thou so!
Mad. de la Val. Ay, be sure!
Brag. I'll think so too.

(*Turns to Mademoiselle la Vallière.*)

Bright lady of my heart!—(*Aside.*) By Heaven! 'tis true!
The rose grows richer on her cheek, like hues
That in the silence of the virgin dawn,
Predict in blushes, light that glads the earth.
Her mother spoke aright;—ah, yes, she loves me!
Bright lady of my heart, farewell! and yet
Again—farewell!
Madlle de la Val. Honour and health be with you!
Mad. de la Val. Nay, my Louise, when warriors wend to battle,
The maid they serve grows half a warrior too;
And does not blush to bind on mailed bosoms
The banner of her colours.
Brag. Dare I ask it?
Madlle. de la Val. A soldier's child could never blush, my Lord,
To belt so brave a breast;—and yet,—well, wear it.
(*Placing her scarf round Bragelone's hauberk.*)
Brag. Ah! add for thy sake.
Madlle. de la Val. For the sake of one
Who honours worth, and ne'er since Bayard fell,
Have banners flaunted o'er a knight more true
To France and Fame;—
Brag. And love?
Madlle. de la Val. Nay, hush, my Lord;
I said not that.
Brag. But France and Fame shall say it!
Yes, if thou hear'st men speak of Bragelone,
If proudest chiefs confess he bore him bravely,
Come life, come death, his glory shall be thine,
And all the light it borrowed from thine eyes,
Shall gild thy name. Ah! scorn not then to say,
'He loved me well!' How well! God shield and bless thee!
[*Exit Bragelone.*

All this speaks for itself—we think that there are here points enow, that *may* be felt by the vulgar, but are sure to go home to the feelings of the cultivated. We wish we had space to give the whole scene between Bragelone and Bertrand, a scene that ——— so vilely murdered; the reader could then judge how it would act, though we never wish he may see it as it was acted. Mademoiselle Vallière goes to court, and captivates Louis, and falls, but none of her virtues, save one, fall with her. Bragelone hears evil reports of her, and returns to the precincts of the court, and meeting with Lauzun, this is a part of the spirited scene that ensues.

Brag. The lady
(She is a soldier's child) hath not yet bartered
Her birthright for ambition? She rejects him?
Speak! She rejects him?
Lau. Humph!
Brag. Oh, Duke, I know
This courtier air—this most significant silence—
With which your delicate race are wont to lie
Away all virtue! Shame upon your manhood!
Speak out, and say Louise la Vallière lives
To prove to courts—that woman can be honest!
Lau. Marquis, you're warm.
Brag. You dare not speak!—I knew it!
Lau. Dare not?
Brag. Oh, yes, you dare, with hints and smiles,
To darken fame—to ruin the defenceless—
Blight with a gesture—wither with a sneer!
Dare I say 'dare not?'—No man dares it better!
Lau. My Lord, these words must pass not!
Brag. Duke, forgive me!
I am a rough, stern soldier—taught from youth
To brave offence, and by the sword alone
Maintain the licence of my speech. Oh, say—
Say, but one word!—say this poor maid is sinless,
And, for her father's sake—(*her father* loved me!)
I'll kneel to thee for pardon!
Lau. Good, my Lord,
I know not what your interest in this matter:
'Tis said that Louis loves the fair La Vallière;
But what of that?—good taste is not a crime!
'Tis said La Vallière does not hate the King;
But what of that?—it does but prove her—loyal!
I know no more. I trust you're satisfied;
If not———
Brag. Thou liest!
Lau. Nay, then, draw!

(*They fight—after a few passes, Lauzun is disarmed.*)

Brag. There, take
Thy sword! Alas! each slanderer wears a weapon
No honest arm can baffle—*this* is edgeless. [*Exit Brag.*
Lau. Pleasant! This comes, now, of one's condescending
To talk with men who cannot understand
The tone of good society.—Poor fellow! [*Exit Lau.*

This part was beautifully acted by Macready, and it received its just applauses. Of course, it cannot be expected that we should follow through the plot step by step. Vallière continues virtuous to all but one, but, from the single-mindedness of her character, does not suit the court, whom she will not make her instruments, and who cannot make an instrument of her. The king, also, tires of so much unvarying goodness. Lauzun takes advantage of this position of affairs, and introduces Madame de Montespan, and the reign of Vallière is over. Repentance had before haunted her bosom, but now remorse reigns there, sole tyrant—she flies from the court, and takes the veil. We have no room to advert to the various struggles that this victim has to endure, and the temptations that proved how disinterested was the sole great fault of her life, but we cannot omit the part in which Bragelone, having become a monk, in an austere order, arouses the conscience of his former betrothed.

Brag. I do believe thee, daughter. Hear me yet;
My mission is not ended. When thy mother
Lay on the bed of death, (she went before
The sterner heart the same blow broke more slowly,)
As thus she lay, around the swimming walls
Her dim eyes wandered, searching, through the shadows,
As if the spirit, half-redeemed from clay,
Could force its will to shape, and, from the darkness,
Body a daughter's image—(nay, be still!)
Thou wert not there;—alas! thy shame had murdered
Even the blessed sadness of that duty!
But o'er that pillow watched a sleepless eye,
And by that couch moved one untiring step,
And o'er that suffering rose a ceaseless prayer;
And still thy mother's voice, whene'er it called
Upon a daughter—found a son!
Duch. de la Vall. O God!
Have mercy on me!
Brag. Coldly through the lattice,
Gleamed the slow dawn, and, from their latest sleep,
Woke the sad eyes it was not thine to close!
And, as they fell upon the haggard brow,
And the thin hairs—grown grey, but not by Time—
Of that lone watcher—while upon her heart
Gushed all the memories of the mighty wrecks
Thy guilt had made of what were once the shrines
For Honour, Peace, and God!—that aged woman
(She was a hero's wife) upraised her voice
To curse her child!
Duch. de la Vall. Go on!—be kind, and kill me!
Brag. Than he, whom thoughts of what he *was* to *thee*
Had made her son, arrested on her lips
The awful doom, and, from the earlier past,
Invoked a tenderer spell—a holier image;
Painted thy gentle, soft, obedient childhood—
Thy guileless youth, lone state, and strong temptation;
Thy very sin the overflow of thoughts
From wells whose source was innocence; and thus
Sought, with the sunshine of thy maiden spring,
To melt the ice that lay upon her heart,
Till all the mother flowed again!
Duch. de la Vall. And she?—

Brag. Spoke only once again! She died—and *blest* thee!
Duch. de la Vall. (*rushing out.*) No more!—I *can* no more!—my heart is breaking!
Brag. The angel has not left her!—*if the plumes*
Have lost the whiteness of their younger glory,
The wings have still the instinct of the skies,
And yet shall bear her up!
Louis (*without.*) We need you not, Sir;
Ourself will seek the Duchess.
Brag. The King's voice!
How my flesh creeps!—my foe, and her destroyer!
The ruthless, heartless—
(*His hand seeks rapidly and mechanically for his sword-hilt.*)
Why, why!—where's my sword?
O Lord! I do forget myself to dotage:
The soldier, now, is a poor helpless monk,
That hath not even curses! Satan, hence!
Get thee behind me, Tempter!—There, I'm calm.

We shall close our extracts with that exhortation in which Macready seemed to be endued with almost superhuman powers.

Brag. Alas! *the Church!* 'Tis true, this garb of serge
Dares speech that daunts the ermine, and walks free
Where stout hearts tremble in the triple mail.
But wherefore?—Lies the virtue in the robe,
Which the moth eats? or in these senseless beads?
Or in the name of Priest? The Pharisees
Had priests that gave their Saviour to the cross!
No! we have high immunity and sanction,
That Truth may teach humanity to Power,
Glide through the dungeon, pierce the armed throng,
Awaken Luxury on her Sybarite couch,
And, startling souls that slumber on a throne,
Bow kings before that priest of priests—THE CONSCIENCE.
Louis (*aside.*) An awful man!—unlike the reverend crew
Who praise my royal virtues in the pulpit,
And—ask for bishopricks when church is over!
Brag. This makes us sacred. *The profane are they*
Honouring the herald while they scorn the mission.
The king who serves the church, yet clings to mammon,
Who fears the pastor, but forgets the flock,
Who bows before the monitor, and yet
Will ne'er forego the sin, may sink, when age
Palsies the lust and deadens the temptation,
To the priest-ridden, not repentant, dotard,—
For pious hopes hail superstitious terrors
And seek some sleek Iscariot of the church,
To sell salvation for the thirty pieces!
Louis (*aside.*) He speaks as one inspired!
Brag. Awake!—awake!
Great though thou art, awake thee from the dream
That earth was made for kings—mankind for slaughter—
Woman for lust—the People for the Palace!
Dark warnings have gone forth; along the air
Lingers the crash of the first Charles's throne!
Behold the young, the fair, the haughty king!
The kneeling courtiers, and the flattering priests;
Lo! where the palace rose behold the scaffold—

The crowd—the axe—the headsman—and the Victim!
Lord of the silver lilies, canst thou tell
If the same fate await not thy descendant!
If some meek son of thine imperial line
May make no brother to yon headless spectre!
And when the sage who saddens o'er the end
Tracks back the causes, tremble, lest he find
The seeds, thy wars, thy pomp, and thy profusion
Sowed in a heartless court and breadless people,
Grew to the tree from which men shaped the scaffold,—
And the long glare of thy funereal glories
Light unborn monarchs to a ghastly grave!
Beware, proud king! the Present cries aloud—
A prophet to the Future!—Wake!—beware! (*Exit Bragelone.*

We shall close our brief remarks by stating our conviction that this play will hereafter rank next to those of Shakspeare; men may sneer at the mention of that unapproachable name, but let us leave it to the event. Our own conviction is clear, that if we live but seven years more, we shall ourselves smile when we remember that we thought it incumbent on us, as a mere act of justice, to attempt a defence of a play that will be then cited as a production on which malevolence dare no longer pour its poison, and which to praise would be looked upon as futile as to endeavour to "gild refined gold," or to paint the lily white. We take our leave of this superb production, by expressing our regret that the author did not publish it before he allowed it to be performed.

The Economy of Health, or the Stream of Human Life, from the Cradle to the Grave; with Reflections, Moral, Physical, and Philosophical, on the Septennial Phases of Human Existence. By JAMES JOHNSON, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the King.

The economy of health has long been a fertile topic of investigation—a topic to which physicians have devoted the sum of their active experience and the leisure and study of their ripest years. Each has laboured to benefit posterity by recording some important facts, drawn from the extended sphere of practical observation, and devising them as a philanthropic legacy to his country. But in the gratification of this laudable ambition, absurdity has too often disfigured the excellence of the design; errors have crept into the best digested systems; and crude opinions been exhibited for practical facts. Theories, digested with skill, countenanced by experience, and applauded by contemporaries, have been observed, one after the other, buoyant, for a time, on the breath of public flattery, and then, suddenly obscured by some more plausible doctrine, have retired from the scene of competition. But such is the necessary consequence where progressive advancement into the *arcana* of science brings new facts into view. Becoming wiser by the skill and labours of our predecessors—making the point at which *they* closed their career our own starting point, and continuing the progress upwards, we discover objects far beyond those boundaries which they had regarded as the limits of human knowledge—the *ultima thule* of the art. The stream of knowledge, as it flows onward, flows with a deepening channel, and, like other streams, occasionally throws up in its course some particles of that precious metal—some undiscovered ore, which he who formerly held the crucible, and he who sifted the sand, had vainly laboured to explore. And so it is with medical science. Accident has occasionally seconded the physician in the solution of those mysterious workings of nature, to which the diligence of mere research could never open the door. But such instances are rare. The best guarantees for the success of a medical philosopher are a clear head, a cool judgment, patient investigation, and a wide field of professional exertion. It is not in the closet, nor in the laboratory, nor in communication with written authorities, but at the bedside of the patient, that he can ever amass that knowledge which is to benefit his country. He must watch the operations of nature with unwearied assiduity. He must guard against the illusions of any favourite theory: he must listen with caution to the opinions of others, and be severe in scrutinizing the evidence of his senses. To the neglect of these, or to the want of a suitable field for their exercise, may be ascribed the erroneous deductions into which so many writers have been drawn, those aphorisms so confidently pronounced and so easily refuted, those elaborate tomes that have been thrown upon the waters in the hope that they would "be found after many days," but which, after floating for a day in the sunshine of public favour, have descended to the "tomb of their predecessors."

It has been the boast of pretenders in all ages, that each possessed some secret panacea—some subtile elixir—by which the limits of human existence could be prolonged—or even extended to an indefinite period. But this absurdity has been long happily abandoned. The reign of alchemy is past, and physicians now limit their ambition to correct that which is vitiated, to prop up the fragile flower of life by skilful culture, to keep the vital springs in healthy action, and to "prolong" existence, not to confer "immortality." With this exalted aim, Dr. Johnson, in the work before us, has performed a most acceptable service to the public. He has laid down a system by which every advocate of rational philosophy may have at his command the only sure means yet vouchsafed to man for the prolongation of life. Like a late distinguished predecessor on the Continent, he writes under the influence of a pure and exalted philanthropy, and, with the precepts of health, inculcates those of a virtuous life. To say that this work is unlike all its predecessors, on the same ground, might be sufficient to engage the reader's curiosity; but when we state that it is greatly superior to them in all the topics it illustrates, we feel assured that we only anticipate the opinion of every reflecting reader. In the treatment of his subject, Dr. Johnson is never dull or common-place. His style is elevated, fluent, and various, according to the sentiment; vigorous without study, figurative, and often closing the passage by some happy antithesis. It displays, throughout, a mind rich in poetical imagery, familiar with the best works of antiquity, and stored with a fund of deep and varied erudition. On the moral and social duties of man, he has spoken with that force and feeling which never drop from the pen but where the heart is keenly alive to their importance. With the best precepts of medical *ethics* he has happily blended the purest elements of moral science; and, while prescribing rules for the preservation of health or the attainment of old age, he has laid down others for the regulation of the heart, for the exaltation of the moral over the material constituents of our nature, and soothed the sense of present frailty by cheering allusions to our future destiny. His philosophy is of the best kind, "pure, and that maketh pure," and such as we can heartily recommend.

Petite hinc juvenes senesque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.

To enter into anything like an analysis of this work would far exceed our limits. Its title sufficiently indicates its scope and tendency. To the young it clearly points out how to unite the "safe with the sweet," the buoyancy of life with the blessings of health. Those of mature age will find it a faithful monitor and a safe guide into the vale of years. Whilst he who already shivers under the blasts of departing autumn, may consult its pages as the friendly oracle from which he may draw many pleasing interpretations to improve his health, to brighten his prospects, and encourage his heart. The practical observations on the different modes of education, as affecting not only the health, but the intellectual advancement of children, are the result of much close and shrewd observation, such as every parent will consult with decided advantage to his offspring. This is justly treated as a subject of infinite importance: it is not sufficiently kept in view that the present generation are the *heirs* of our country, and that its glory or disgrace, its prosperity or decay, depend on the manner in which they shall have been prepared to enter upon that " inheritance." On this subject Dr. Johnson has furnished some admirable suggestions, and exposed the baneful system so generally introduced into the term of fashionable education. Here he points the shafts of wit and ridicule with a true patriotic aim, but they carry a healing influence along with the hurt. He knows how to provoke a smile and yet preserve his own gravity; while his caustic observations often move us to " most serious laughter," they never leave us but in a more reflective mood. To literary men, in particular, the author has furnished a vivid picture of those infirmities to which the sons of genius are too liable by temperament, and too generally exposed by circumstances. In this department, namely, in diseases that originate from an over-exertion of the mental powers, Dr. Johnson has had profound experience, and enters into the subject not only with professional acuteness—the result of long familiarity with the subject—but with fraternal sympathy, which seems to say—

> Non ignarus mali, miseris succurrere disco.'

We conclude these observations under the impression that the Economy of Health is Dr. Johnson's ablest work—a work which must have cost him many years of deep thought and diligent observation, and which no impartial reader can peruse without bearing voluntary testimony to the admirable system it recommends, the principles it advocates, and the practical lessons of moral as well as medical philosophy with which it abounds. We are not among those who would pronounce a panegyric on any author or his writings without having well considered their merits; and having done so in the present instance, such are the originality of the present work and the great importance of the subject, that, for the welfare of the community, it cannot be too widely diffused. For the author himself, it will assuredly add to his fame as an able writer and an enlightened physician.

The Life and Persecutions of Boos; an Evangelical Preacher of the Romish Church. Chiefly written by himself, and Edited by the Rev. J. Gosner. Translated from the German, with a Preface, by the Rev. C. Bridges, M.A., Vicar of Old Newton.

One would suppose, by this title, that Martin Boos was not the persecuted but the persecutor, and that the Rev. Mr. Bridges had translated his life and the persecutions of which he was guilty, and a preface from the German; while it is really the case, that the preface is the original production of Mr. Bridges himself. For ourselves, we have always been, and ever shall be, the strenuous advocates for the Church of England as by law established—avowing this, we dread the evangelical canker that, under the specious appearance of a blossom of eminent purity, is undermining the bosom in which it has been fostered. The Church of England has more to dread from Evangelism than from any other evil that threatens it. We use the term Evangelism as the watch-word of a bigoted and blinded sect of purists, not as indicative of that truly Christian principle taught by our Saviour, among which is not the least imperative, the one that bids us be submissive to legal authority. Now we dislike this work because, though produced by a minister of our Church, it breathes a sectarian spirit, and is evidently published to forward sectarian interests. The rock upon which every form of faith has split has always proved to be a lust for secular power—an eternal itching for domination. Even in this organ of dissent there is a strong hankering after the establishment of confessionals—the greatest engine of power that ever was devised to enslave the mind of man. Confession—private, auricular confession—that blot upon popery—is actually sighed after by a party styling themselves evangelical. How true is the remark that extremes are so often near meeting. The more that we reflect upon the subject, the more books that we read from all parties professing various forms of Christianity, the more are we convinced that the greatest chance of peace of mind here and of salvation hereafter is to be found within the pale of the Established Church, never for a moment denying that both may be found in the creeds of CONSCIENTIOUS dissenters. We much fear that the secret reasons for dissent, could they be accurately discovered, would present a sad catalogue of vices, among which pride, ignorance, and hypocrisy, would stand most prominent. But God only can know the heart, and man can only judge of motives by actions; and let history speak out, and she will tell those who appeal to her that the worst factions have ever been raised under the shadow of religous dissent, and that sectarianism has steeped, and probably will again steep, nations in blood, overturned kingdoms and spread devastations through our flourishing lands, and all this ever has been worked, not so much by the depravity of heart of the seceders, as by the advantage taken by knaves of blind and misguided zeal. A little villany will leaven into wickedness a vast mass of enthusiasm. As we wish not to be misunderstood, we repeat that we respect all who suffer for "conscience sake," and that a conscientious dissenter is as much an object of our veneration as a conscientious churchmen. But the hazard is very great that the dissenter be made a tool of by the designing to work out ends which he never contemplated or could approve of. Feeling thus, we must conclude by saying, that we respect Boos and his biographer, but we do not much think this biography should obtain the public notice.

The Cribbage Player's Text Book; being a New and Complete Treatise on the Game in all its Varieties, including the whole of Anthony Pasquin's Scientific Work on Five-Card Cribbage. By GEORGE WALKER.

Whatever is worth doing, or that there is occasion to do, is worth doing well; and he who shows us how to do it, does more than well himself. There are millions of games of cribbage played yearly; and as the human mind must have relaxation of some sort, or that quiet and gentle excitement which makes relaxation so delightful, cribbage, as a minister to it, must not be despised. The game is peculiarly the solace of old maidenism, and, as such, ought always to be treated with much deference. Mr. Walker has said all on the subject of which the subject will admit. After an attentive perusal, any person of the common-mind intellect, will be a complete master of the game. We can say no more on the subject. It may be a recommendation to this little work to make it known, that it is not only neatly, but elegantly, got up. We are also glad to see the code of laws for cribbage so accurately worded, and so fully laid down.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; a Romaunt. By LORD BYRON.

This new edition of the poems of one, whom we think destined to a mortal immortality, is excessively neat and well got up. It is, of course, Mr. Murray's. The portrait that adorns it is of Lord Byron in his juvenility, and in semi-nautical costume. Having seen his lordship but once, when he was at Doctor Glennie's academy, and long before he had taken to boating, we can pronounce no opinion upon the likeness. The plate is nothing like the pale and somewhat sickly boy we beheld, and it is very unlike the many portraits that have been given of him in his maturer years. The vignette that embellishes the title-page is a perfect gem of art. The pencil of Stanfield seems to give inspiration to the engraver. To say one word upon this often-criticised poem would be superfluous, The notes appended to this edition are abundant and amusing. We think that it will become, what it deserves to be, a favourite. The binding, the gilding, and the type, are unexceptionable; the paper might have been better, considering who wrote the book—and who is publishing it.

Characteristics: in the Manner of Rochefoucauld's Maxims. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Second Edition, with Introductory Remarks, by the Editor of the "Monthly Repository."

We have always admired the powers of Hazlitt's wayward, but almost gigantic, mind; but these maxims, we must frankly say, evince more the author's spleen than any great insight of the human heart. As mere sentences, they fall very short of the wit and the elegant epigrammatism of the maxims that they profess to imitate. They are caustic and ill-natured—this we could pardon—but the views they give of mankind are not true. The impulses of man, naturally, are almost always good—these he weakens or vitiates by failings or by vices; but for one action of calculation, man does a thousand upon impulse. The generality of the acts, the every-day occupations of the most notorious rascal, are either indifferent, innocent, or even laudable. Yet is he not the less a rogue for the many rogueries that he commits, yet is not *eternally* committing. Now Hazlitt has fallen into the usual error of the concocters of stringent sentences, and written his Maxims upon the exception, and not the rule; they are, therefore, either nugatory, or worse. The sooner this book is forgotten, the better.

The English Bijou Almanack. 1837.

The operation of looking over this minikin production is so painful, that, if we had overlooked it altogether, the illustrious illustrator and the publisher ought not to be surprised. We have tried to read Miss Landon's poetry with spectacles of various senses, and failed, and not having a microscope at hand, we must remain in darkness as to its merits—for merits we feel assured it must have, knowing from whose pen it proceeds. The letter-press is all but invisible, and the days are unaccountably dark, so the leaves are sibyl leaves to us. Being able to see the embellishments more distinctly, we can speak highly in their praise—the likeness of Malibran is excellent. Mr. Schloss should have had printed a larger almanack to accompany this, for the sake of those who would require some use in this unique and very dimunitive affair. As a piece of art, it is a curious and very elegant affair.

Progress and Present Position of Russia in the East. With a Map.

Over how vast a portion of the earth does the brooding Eagle of Russia cast the shadow of her dark wings! Like the black waters of desolation swelling forth from the north, they spread gradually but inevitably over the fairest regions of the earth. It is the slow advance of semi-barbarism, and yet the spirit of civilisation slumbers on the pedestal of liberty, and even the advancing waters are roaring round her feet, and yet she awakes not. Whence this fatal supineness? Alas! we know too well. Let any one who has but the shadow of a doubt, that territorial aggrandisement, and universal dominion, is the unswerving principles of Russian politics, look at the map that accompanies this excellent and warning work. This nation enters into no war but to increase her dominions, and subscribes to no peace without seeing her boundary lines extended. How will it end? Not by the disintegration of the Russian empire. Let not our imbecile politicians take that flattering unction to their souls. No prospering and increasing empire ever fell to pieces by internal dissensions. It is only after the *ultima thule* is gained—when the energies of the people can no longer be directed and expended outwards, that intestine commotions take place. When Russia has incorporated Turkey in Asia, made a province of the whole of Persia, and received the allegiance of all the native powers of India; then, and not till then, we may expect that she will turn her arms against herself. Any one who wilfully neglects to make himself the master of the contents of this patriotic treatise, we can never hold as a warm lover of his country. It ought to be a sort of text book in the foreign office, and a *vade mecum* with our diplomatists.

Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club; containing a Faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations.

The world has already been delighted with ten of these singular and humorous papers; and all the characters that they so originally display, are still in high feather, not one of them yet having been found in the least to droop. We are rejoiced to find that Mr. Dickens promises us ten more—may his health and spirits carry him merrily through them. This last number contains some severe hits at matrimonial disarrangements, and the inimitable Sam Weller moralizes upon them in a strain truly philosophical. The merry-making at Christmas is what it ought to be—a making of us merry. The story with which it concludes, that of "The Goblin who stole a Sexton," contains a very excellent moral, and is well told.

Contributions to Modern History, from the British Museum and the State Paper Office. By Frederick Von Raumer. *Queen Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots.*

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the laborious research that has produced this very important volume; but we cannot equally commend the spirit in which it is written. Mr. Raumer, as it appears to us, having formerly, with his ultra-Tory principles, held up, in his history of Europe, the character of Queen Elizabeth as the paragon of royalty, has, in this work, done everything that he can to prejudice and blacken the reputation of Mary Queen of Scots and palliate the atrocious conduct of her rival. Conservatives, as we are, he goes much too far for us. He should remember, when he writes to Englishmen, the loved dynasty that now honours the throne of England, and not talk about the "divine right of sovereignty, far superior to all human influence," and then tell us "that the doctrine has its own eternal foundation." Where is this eternal foundation? Had this right and this foundation been eternal, each country would never have had but one race of kings. But to the more immediate subjects of this work. Mary was a woman, and, we believe, in a moral sense, a vile one. Just the same may be said of Elizabeth; but the latter understood queen-craft and the other did not. In that lies all the difference of their fates; but though both were bad, we hold the Scottish queen to have been infinitely the better. She was less artful, felt more in common with the rest of the world, and, as far as mere manners are considered, was infinitely more amiable. But these false views of the author do not much deteriorate from the value of the work. We take his remarks for just what they are worth. His documents are most valuable. We quote the touching appeal of the sentenced Mary to the implacable Elizabeth.

"As I know you, more than any other, must have at heart the honour or dishonour of your blood, and of a queen, a king's daughter, I beg you, for the honour of Christ, to whose name all powers bow, to permit, after my enemies have glutted their thirst for my innocent blood, that my poor afflicted servants all together may remove my body, to be interred in holy ground with those of my predecessors, which with the queen, my late mother, repose in France. And considering that in Scotland the bodies of the kings, my predecessors, have been insulted, and the churches pulled down and profaned, and that suffering in this country, I cannot have a place with your ancestors, who are also mine; and, besides, according to our religion, we consider it important to be buried in holy ground. And since I have been told that you will not, in any way, force my conscience contrary to my religion, and that you have even granted me a priest, I hope that you will not refuse me this last request; and at least allow a sepulchre to the body when it is separated from the soul, since while united they could never obtain liberty to live in tranquillity, and thereby procuring it to yourself, (en le vous procurant à vous même.) I do not, in any way, blame you before God, but may be, after my death, let you see the truth in all things!

"Fearing, as I do, the secret tyranny of some persons, I beg you not to permit the sentence to be executed upon me without your knowledge. Not from fear of the torment, which I am very ready to suffer, but on account of the reports which, in the absence of witnesses above suspicion, might be spread respecting my death, as I know has been done in the case of others of different condition. To avoid which, I desire that my servants shall be spectators and witnesses of my death in the faith of my Saviour, and in obedience to his church; and that all together, removing my body as secretly as you please, they may withdraw without anything being taken from them of what I leave them at my death, which is very little, for their faithful services. A jewel, which I received from you, I will send you with my last words, or rather, if you please, I again request you (in the name of Jesus, in consideration of our consanguinity, for the sake of Henry VII., your ancestor and mine, and for the honour of the dignity which we both hold, and of our common sex) that my petition may be granted. For the rest I think that you will have learnt that my canopy has been taken down in your name, though I was afterwards told that it was not by your commands, but by the direction of some privy counsellors. I praise God for this cruelty, which serves only to exercise malice and to mortify me, after my death has been resolved upon."

A Disquisition of Government. By George Ramsay, B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Every government that has ever existed has always formed itself by the self-adjusting process of the struggles between various interests. It is well to write upon them after they are formed, and the author of this little volume has reasoned upon these matters ably. He seems to think that, in all forms of government, there are the seeds of instability, and that the very best that can exist will always be in a state either of progression or retrogression. He is partly right. There must always be movement, it is the nature of the moral as well as of the physical world. All we have to do is to moderate and regulate that movement, which ought never to be effected by violent organic changes, but by a slow correction of abuses, and a gradual amelioration of institutions. We wish that the knowledge contained in the book before us, unpretending as it is in form and size, were more generally diffused. We are sure that it would disseminate much sounder principles than those which now too generally prevail. Our motto is, Preserve and reform, and reform only to preserve. We dread to see the downhill course, (and, therefore rapid, because downhill,) that democratic spirit is urging on those whom we think are now unfortunately guiding the political car. We feel that we are upon the eve of a mighty struggle, and that, on both sides, the two parties will be involved in extremes that neither of them contemplated:—the one will refuse everything, because too much will be demanded of it, and the other will ask too much, because it will anticipate a refusal.

Tales and Sketches by the Ettrick Shepherd, including the "Brownie Bodsbeck," "Winter Evening Tales," "Shepherd's Calendar," &c. &c., and several Pieces not before Printed; with Illustrative Engravings chiefly from real Scenes, by D. O. Hill, Esq. S.A.

We presume that the volumes containing these tales are to make their appearance from time to time, having received only the first. We are of opinion, that the public will feel grateful for them, for Mr. Hogg, for a long time, held a very high place in its estimation. There was always the charm of truth and simplicity in everything that he wrote, and much humour often, with a degree of *naïveté* that added a zest to his natural quaintness. The tales that are now offered to the public bring with them the recommendation of very lofty observation, for they were partially corrected by Sir Walter Scott. There are four in this first volume: "The Brownie of Bodsbeck," "The Wool Gatherer," "The Surpassing Adventures of Allan Gordon," "A Tale of Pentland and Ewen M'Gabbar," forming altogether a very high treat.

The Library of Fiction, or the Family Story Teller, consisting of Original Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character, written expressly for this work, by eminent authors.

This pleasing periodical, twin-brother to the Pickwickian Papers, commenced the year with a grace and a vigour, that emulate the popularity of his senior—for even with twins there must be a precedence. Though the Library of Fiction yields the *pas* to his brother, he treads so closely on the steps of his popularity, that they may well seem to be marching abreast. This number boasts of a most delightful tale, by Mr. Jerrold, called the "Preacher Parrot; or, the Trials of Truth;" a tale that Marmontel would have been proud to own, and which ought immediately to be incorporated into the classics of our language. "The One Witness," though of a class not much to our taste, is exceedingly well told. "The Rival Colours," by Mr. Alexander Campbell, laughs us into a most admirable moral, and is quite a hit of its class. More variety, or more amusement for the number of pages, we feel assured no other work contains. We wonder not, therefore, at its great prosperity.

The Comic Annual. By T. Hood, Esq., for 1837.

Whatever effect years may have upon his body, as yet—(oh, that as yet!)—as yet, time has improved his mind. It has certainly deepened its tone, and imparted to it a steadier lustre; it does not flash so outrageously, but uniformly it gives forth a stronger, and withal a pleasanter light. The punster is disappearing in the man of genuine wit, and we hail the change with pleasure. The world must benefit by this greatly, and so, we trust, in a pecuniary view, will the highly talented author. Formerly, we must confess, though we laughed, and applauded while we laughed, that we felt he was misusing his great powers when he seized hold of an unfortunate word, and treated it as little wicked boys do cockchafers, torturing it to show it in all manner of ridiculous shapes. We will speak of the graphical part first. All the cuts are smile-provoking, some from the excess of their absurdity, others from their intrinsic wit. The plate that elicits from the Yankee the expression of "Tarnation, if he ar'nt left his shadow behind," is a rich stroke of humour. Alone, it ought to sell the book. Its literature opens with a well-told tale, nearly innocent of punning, called the "Fatal Bath," into which, notwithstanding its appalling title, the reader will plunge with pleasure. "Spanish Pride" is a fine satire upon a very general failing. Indeed, all its written articles are good, and we must conclude our commendations by the following extract.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED 3 YEARS AND 5 MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heav'ns! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he 'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he 'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He 'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He 'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nurseling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He 'll climb upon the table, that 's his plan?)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He 's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose?
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

The Church of England Quarterly Review, Jan. 1837.

We have often felt surprised that a publication of this description has not before appeared. It has long been most imperatively called for, if not by those to whom we naturally look as the guardians of our holy religion at least by the interests of humanity all over the world, and to ensure the ultimate triumph of sound religious views, and an elevated yet practical piety. This champion of the church has started into existence in all the maturity of wisdom, and in great power. We trust that it will find the support that it deserves. Everything mortal, however great and virtuous, and talented it may be, cannot stand without assistance. The principles that the Church of England Quarterly Review advocates, and the cause that it undertakes, have in them apparently all that is requisite to ensure success; but through the selfishness or the apathy of those to whom these principles and this cause must be of vital importance, the struggle may be long, for the advocates, and the delay disastrous. The best seed will be wasted if it be cast upon an ungrateful soil. Every conservative, as well as every community of the Established Church should patronise this Review—should? we are sorry that a word so injurious to them should have escaped us—we will entertain no doubt but that they will. It is not quite *en régle* for one periodical to speak of another, but we think this a case in which we ought to depart from our rule. Every article in the first number displays learning, great power of composition, and reason never appeared to better advantage than in the pages in which it is made so eloquently the expositor of truth. We request particular attention to the energetic notice of "Lord Brougham's Discourse on Natural Theology." It is a fine specimen of error confuted, and sophistry unveiled. We trust that the Church of England Review will become one of the permanent pillars of our literature.

Conversations on Nature and Art.

For extent of information, intrinsic value, and concentrated knowledge, this work has never been surpassed. If we were inclined to cavil at it, we might say that it was "o'er informed," and that the means were too powerful for the ends—that it contained supererogatory excellence. The book is dedicated to the imparting of general and important facts, to the minds of the youth of both sexes. The machinery employed is at once simple and efficient. Two neglected children are thrown into the society of two well-educated ones and their aunt, and in the conversations that arise between these parties, the lessons are skilfully and most pleasantly conveyed. To say that they embrace sketches on all subjects would be a trifling exaggeration; but upon almost all conversable subjects, would be strictly true. Any adult, however wise, or travelled, or well-informed he might be, who could converse up to all the matters contained in this book, would be a miracle of a conversationist. It treats of the Aldini, Cosmography, the Library of Ptolemy Philadelphus, Discovery of MSS., Palimpsests, the Pandects of Justinian, the Treaty of Tolentino, Haroun Al Raschid, Al Mamoun, Sir William Jones, &c., &c.; all in the first chapter. These numerous heads are not heavily discussed, but anecdotes are related concerning them, which bear upon the subject meant to be illustrated in the chapter, a sketch of the history of printing and libraries. The following extract, which is curious in itself, will give some idea of the manner in which this work is executed.

The following afternoon the conversation was resumed.

Mrs. F.—In order that I may be able to give you a more detailed account of the various modes and materials employed for transmitting knowledge before the discovery of printing, I have brought down some notes which I made upon the subject many years since; but, before we leave the subject of Manuscripts, I must tell you something of the papyri discovered at Herculaneum.

Henrietta.—Thank you, Aunt; I should so much like to know all about the Herculaneum and Pompeii MSS.

Mrs. F.—Not Pompeii, Henrietta, for those which were found in that city fall into powder as soon as touched. Those of Herculaneum alone are in a state to be unrolled, and the difficulty and delicacy of the undertaking render it a most laborious and ingenious operation.

Esther.—Where were these papyri found?

Mrs. F.—In prosecuting the excavations at Herculaneum, the workmen came in 1753 to a small room which had presses all round it, and one in the centre, containing books on both sides, but the wood of the press was so completely carbonised that it fell into pieces when touched.

Esther.—How did they know they were books?

Mrs. F.—The order in which they were found, carefully arranged one over the other, was the only circumstance which excited attention, and convinced the workmen that they could not be wood or cinders. Upon closer examination characters were discovered upon them, which the learned immediately occupied themselves in endeavouring to decipher.

Henrietta.—Were there none in any other parts of the city ?

Mrs. F.—Probably there may have been many lost to us, but as they were in a mass with rubbish, lava, &c., they could not be recognised ; for you must recollect that the excavations of Herculaneum are about 100 palmi under ground ; indeed the accumulated mass of lava and ashes has buried the city at depths from 70 to 112 feet, and so completely filled up the town, that all the work is carried on with pick-axes. It is to this room (which was in a country house) not being entirely choked up, that we owe the fortunate circumstance of their preservation. A few more were found in the portico of the same house, preserved in little portable boxes, and some others in another room in the same habitation ; making together 1756 manuscripts, all written upon papyrus. Various were the means employed to unroll them : some were cut into two longitudinally, by which a small portion of the characters was rendered visible : in short, they were subjected to all kinds of attempts, until Father Piaggio discovered the present manner of unrolling them.

Henrietta.—What is it ?

Mrs. F.—The papyrus is laid upon cotton, supported by a piece of pasteboard, which lies upon two semicircular pieces of metal. The workman begins by glueing small pieces of goldbeater's skin upon the back of the papyrus until the whole of the exterior of the roll is covered. He then attaches three threads to the end of the goldbeater's skin, and suspending them to the top of the frame, proceeds with the point of a needle, to detach from the roll two or three lines of the end of the papyrus, which has been made of a tolerable consistency by the addition of the goldbeater's skin. As soon as these lines are unrolled, the same operation of applying the goldbeater's skin is repeated, until, by the greatest patience and diligence, the whole MS. is gradually unrolled. Here is a little sketch of the machine, (which is placed in a kind of frame,) which will perhaps better enable you to understand the process.

Henrietta.—But then, Aunt, they can only read one side of the page.

Mrs. F.—Fortunately, the Manuscripts are generally only written upon one side of the papyrus, otherwise the operation would be impossible. There is, however, one papyrus which is written on both sides. It would appear to be an original MS. ; and the author having filled the end of his volume before he had arrived at the conclusion of his subject, has written three pages on the other side of the papyrus. I also saw, in the Ambrosian library at Milan, a Josephus in papyrus, which is said to be of the fourth century, and is also written upon both sides of the paper.

Esther.—How did the ancients arrange their books ? because it must have been very difficult to distinguish one from another, among so many rolls ?

Mrs. F.—Those found in the kind of press or bookcase which I have described, were arranged horizontally along the shelves. Their titles were either written on the end of the papyrus or upon a piece of papyrus paper fastened to the middle of the papyrus, as described in the plate. Some papyri were found tied up in bundles ; others in double rows, as if the last reader had left them open where he left off reading ; and some in a box, as I have before mentioned, that they might be carried about in safety. From the blank paper which is often found round the papyri, it would appear that each volume had a sheet of blank paper rolled round it, in order to protect the fragile material of which it was composed. The marks of the lines ruled for the guide of the copyist are still visible ; and the ancients appear to have had their large paper copies of their works, as well as the moderns. The size of the Greek MSS. is generally smaller than the Latin ; the former being from 8 to 12 inches, the latter from 12 to 16, broad. Some are 110 pages long, others upwards of 62 feet (75 palmi) by measurement. This is an engraving shaded so as to give an idea of the state of the MSS. when unrolled.

Henrietta. What a ragged, torn looking thing.

Mrs. F.—True ; but when you take into consideration the difficulty of the task, it is wonderful that the unrolling is ever effected at all. If the glue be put on in too large quantities, it will probably remove a portion of the next layer of the papyrus ; a breath of air will carry away all these pulverized particles, and dust is so fatal, that one Manuscript having become covered with dust, it took a whole year to remove it.

Esther.—Then, what is done with those that are unrolled to prevent such an accident?

Mrs. F.—They are put into frames with glasses over them, and are eventually hung up in the Museum. One has been left in its whole length in order to give an idea of the original form and extent of the MSS.; but this system has not been followed, it being found more convenient for the draughtsmen and interpreters, to divide the papyrus into several fragments, as they require to turn the page in different lights in order the better to decipher the characters. The manuscript is first passed to the draughtsman, who copies the characters with the greatest exactness, so as to render it a complete facsimile of the original; his copy is then submitted to the inspection of the interpreters, who having approved of it, pass it to the engraver; he, having engraved it, returns it to the interpreters, who then publish it in their learned and elaborate work. Here is a little specimen, which, although you do not understand Greek, will show you the method of proceeding.

Henrietta.—How many manuscripts are unrolled?

Mrs. F.—Of the 1756 papyri found at Herculaneum, 210 have been entirely and usefully unrolled; 127 have been partly opened; but the work has been suspended from finding them illegible; and 205 could not be unrolled because they were not sufficiently compact to bear the application of the goldbeater's skin; 27 have been presented by the government to England and France; 28 have been used for the purposes of experiment; and 1164 remain untouched: so they may yet contain much that is valuable and interesting.

Frederick.—What are the subjects of those which have been unrolled?

Mrs. F.—This library was found in what appears to have been the country-house of an Epicurean philosopher, and the works which have been as yet deciphered are naturally those of his school: all, I believe, are writings which were before unknown to the moderns; and when we reflect upon the number yet to be unrolled, we may hope that great riches are still concealed in this unique collection. Whatever may be, however, the intrinsic value of the writings already published, they may yet serve to elucidate others of greater interest; and therefore, the plan which the Academy adopt, of publishing every fragment which they unroll, is the most prudent, the most useful, and the most likely to lead to beneficial results.

The reading and the research thus employed for the instruction of the young must have been very great, and the extract will prove how carefully the author has avoided all redundancy of language, and every paltry affectation of style that might tend, by a false lustre, to weaken the image that she meant to convey to the juvenile mind. If we might presume to find a fault, we should say that the learning is diffused over the dialogue too generally, giving the conversations something of a stiff air. The accomplished aunt, of course, enacts the oracle, and enacts it, as we have before shown, excellently, but we could have wished that the children had been a very little less pedantic, and a good deal more *naive* in their questions and remarks. Thus, after a remark of the instructress, that "sound is reflected in the same manner as light," one of the children replies with a Solon-like wisdom, and Spartan severity of speech, "The angle of reflection being equal to the angle of incidence." But this, if a defect at all, is one so trifling, that we should not have noticed it but for two reasons; the first, to prove that our general strain of eulogy was the effect of the deserts of the volume, and that we read it with a view to discover its faults also; and secondly, that in the next edition, the author may convey these sagacious remarks from the right mouths, for what is graceful as well as admirable from the lips of the adult, will often bear a little the air of a solemn comicality, when expressed by infancy. To conclude, we must recommend the introduction of this volume in every place that is the resort of youth, whether it be in families, or public or private schools. That the author can elevate her didactic language into eloquence, and that, an eloquence informed by genuine piety, the remarks on the Jews with which we shall conclude, will prove most satisfactorily.

Esther.—I always feel the deepest interest in reading about the Jews.

Mrs. F.—And so we ought. Moses, indeed was permitted to look in the glass of ages when he foretold so minutely what has happened to this people for now above 3200 years,—the destruction of their city and their temple—their country ravaged—themselves falling before the sword, the famine, and the pestilence—dispirited, persecuted, enslaved—driven from their own land, " dispersed among all nations, left to the mercy of a world that everywhere hated and oppressed them—shattered in pieces like the wreck of a vessel in a mighty storm—scattered over the earth, like fragments on the waters, and, instead of disappearing or mingling with the nations, remaining a perfectly distinct people, in every kingdom the same, retaining similar habits and customs in every part of the globe—meeting everywhere the same insult, mockery, and oppression—finding no resting-place without an enemy soon to dispossess them—multiplying amidst all their miseries—surviving their enemies—beholding, unchanged, the extinction of many nations, and the convulsions of all—robbed of their silver and of their gold, though cleaving to the love of them still, as the stumbling-block of their iniquity—often bereaved of their very children—disjoined and disorganised, but uniform and unaltered—ever bruised, but never broken—weak, fearful, sorrowful, and afflicted—often driven to madness at the spectacle of their own misery—taken up in the lips of the talkers—the taunt and hissing, and infamy of all people, and continuing ever, what they are to this day, the sole proverb common to the whole world." Such a chain of prophecy already fulfilled, we may look to the completion of all; how far the agency of man is bringing about the designs of the Almighty, we can neither see nor determine—but the growing importance of this outcast race is daily increasing. The time for their persecution is past—their civil disabilities are gradually being removed. Inheriting the " riches of the Gentiles," the influence which they extend by their " silver and gold " may be an instrument towards their restoration. We cannot tell how far the use of human means may be continued to be employed in working out the fulfilment of prophecy. It is not for mortal men to determine the counsels of God; but we may rest assured that the promise made to Abraham will be fulfilled, and that succeeding ages will see " the outcasts of Israel gathered together from the four corners of the earth," and brought into the land which their fathers possessed. Then shall they be " raised up as an ensign among the nations"—their " wastes shall be builded "—their cities inhabited—they shall be no more a reproach among the people—they shall be planted in their own land, and shall repair the " desolations of many generations."

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

A Visit to London; or, the Stranger's Guide to every Interesting Object in the Metropolis and its Environs; Theatres, Exhibitions, and all other Public Amusements, alphabetically arranged. To which is added, Hackney Coach and Cabriolet Fares, and a variety of Information useful to Strangers. By Francis Coghlan, Author of several " Guides," &c.—This is very good so far as it goes, but far from being complete. The subjects undertaken in the title-page would occupy, if properly treated, another volume quite as large as the one before us.

Little Tales for Little Heads and Little Hearts.—This quaint little work gives a promise that is excellently redeemed. The tales are just what they should be: the illustrative cuts are very superior.

Rhymes for Youthful Historians, designed to assist the Memory to the most Important Dates in English History, &c.—This little affair has reached a fourth edition;—that is surely saying enough for it.

Twenty-one Views in Bridport and its Neighbourhood.—Hardly worth commenting on.

Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanack and National Repository for the Year 1837.—Were this excellent almanack in general use on the south of the Tweed we should be profuse in our commendations of it. The Scotch may think themselves happy in possessing it.

Contrast; or the History of a Day. By William Anderson, Esq. With Illustrations by E. Landells.—A very virtuous and piety-inculcating tale for children.

The Naked Truth; or, one Day's Advice to Landlords, Tenants, Operatives, and all who Think.—There *is* truth in this little work; but if it contained the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, we would awaken all our energies to make it popular.

An Outline of English Grammar, for the Use of Schools.—There are no new features in this elementary work—its recommendations are cheapness, and fulness of matter.

A Letter to the Right Honourable Sir John Cam Hobhouse, Bart., M.P., President of the India Board, on Steam Navigation with India, and suggesting the best Mode of carrying it into Effect, viâ India. By Captain James Barber, H.C.S.—There can be no doubt upon the subject that the author urges so forcibly. He may depend upon it, that, because what he recommends it is advisable to do, he will never live to see it done.

The Holy Wells of Ireland, containing an Authentic Account of those various places of Pilgrimage and Penance, which are still annually visited by Thousands of the Roman Catholic Peasantry; with a Minute Description of the Patterns and Stations periodically held in various Districts of Ireland. By Philip Hardy, M.R.I.A., &c. &c.—This small work is well worthy the serious attentions of all who have any regard for the tranquillity of Ireland, or who have a feeling for the general interests of humanity.

"Leisure Hours," and "Songs for all Seasons."—Two very little works, containing much very good poetry.

Journal of a Tour to Moscow, in the Summer of 1836. By the Rev. R. B. Paul, M.A., &c.—A very clear, though unpretending work, which we heartily recommend to all who are curious about Russia and its capital, and of which we regret that we have not space to make a more lengthened notice.

The Young Churchman Armed. A Catechism for Junior Members of the Church of England. By the Rev. Theophilus Biddulph, A.M., &c. &c. Second Edition.—Necessary to more than the junior members of our established church. We thank Mr. Biddulph for producing this sensible and very useful little work.

Floral Sketches, Fables, and other Poems. By Agnes Strickland.—This, we presume, is meant for a child's book; if so, children are now served with much better fare than adults—this little work is creditable not only to the author, but the age we live in. The woodcuts are most excellent. Parents and guardians should make haste to purchase it. It will be a species of injustice to deny this work to any child whose natural protectors can afford to procure it.

Songs and Lyrical Poems. By Robert Story.—We rarely notice second editions. The fact of the public having called for another impression, is a testimony, if not so honourable as a favourable review, much more profitable. These efforts deserve the success they appear to have gained.

Home, its Joys and Sorrows; a Domestic Tale—This is also a second edition, first published under the title of "The Sailor's Bride." A moral, and an affecting story.

Poems. By M'Donald Clark.—Of this volume of poems we admire a little, dislike much, and the greater part we cannot understand. We therefore shall dismiss them to the judgment of more competent persons than ourselves.

New London Magazine; a Monthly Journal of Literature.—This is a production very creditable to the young persons, tyros in literature, from whom it has emanated. Some of the writers that now contribute to it, will one day graduate in the loftier walks of literature.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's new work, entitled "ATHENS, ITS RISE AND FALL, WITH VIEWS OF THE ARTS, LITERATURE, AND SOCIAL LIFE OF THE ATHENIAN PEOPLE," is to be published on the 20th of February. We anticipate much pleasure from the perusal of this important work from the pen of the distinguished Author of "Rienzi."

Mrs. Shelley's new novel of "FALKNER," has just appeared. We have only had time to take a hasty glance of it, but from what we have seen, we are satisfied that it bears the stamp of genius and originality, which will ensure it a welcome reception from the reading world.

Lady Blessington's new work, "THE VICTIMS OF SOCIETY," will, it is understood, be one of the most striking and extraordinary productions that has for many years appeared, containing a complete picture of aristocratic society. Such an exposition from the pen of her ladyship cannot fail to be looked for with intense expectation. It is to appear about the middle of the month.

Miss Boyle's new work, "THE STATE PRISONER," of which our readers may remember the author of "Richelieu," made such honourable mention in his late work, "The Desultory Man," is to be published on the 10th.

The second volume of Captain Marryat's Novels, the Illustrated Edition, with the etchings by Buss, which are admirably imagined, is delivered with the Magazines.

Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley's new work, entitled "IMPRESSIONS OF ITALY," and other Poems, is now ready.

The author of "Almack's Revisited," has nearly completed his new work, entitled, "THE MARRIED UNMARRIED."

Mr. Wing's interesting book on the Factory System is now published.

Conspectus of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis of 1836. By Dr. Castle.

The Fourth and last Volume of the Fauna Boreali Americana, containing the Insects. By the Rev. W. Kirby, F.R.S., &c.

Saint Agnes' Fountain: or, the Enshrined Heart; an old English Legendary Ballad, with other Poems. By T. W. Kelly, author of "Myrtle Leaves."

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Sermons preached at Hodnet, by the Rev. Charles B. Tayler, M.A., author of the "Records of a Good Man's Life."

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Transactions of the Institute of British Architects, 4to. plates.

The French Revolution; a History in three volumes. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 1. The Bastile; vol. 2. The Constitution; vol. 3. The Guillotine.

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FINE ARTS.

Engravings from the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Under the Especial Patronage of his Majesty.

The third part of this truly national work has now reached the public inspection, and no production could bear it better, or hope to come out more triumphantly from the most minute scrutiny. It is as astonishing that mere gradations of black and white could produce an effect so brilliant, and, at the same time, so true to the great originals from whom they are derived. The first portrait of this number is that of his Grace the Archbishop of York. The whole of the plate is beautifully managed, and the distribution of the light and shade admirable. The attitude is dignified, and the likeness good, but the transparency of the lawn is admirable. The portrait of Lady Peel is a gem—a perfect gem. We can hardly trust ourselves to speak of it, lest our praise should appear exaggeration. The countenance is an impersonation of intellect of the highest order. The portrait of the Earl of Hardwicke is a fine specimen of the arts; but has not all those mental associations to recommend it that the others possess. The face is full of thought as of years, though its expression can hardly be called pleasing. The drapery is inimitably managed.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—In the retirement of Mr. Charles Kemble from the stage, the English drama, in its present condition, has suffered an irreparable loss. Mr. Kemble's separation from a profession which he loved and adorned, was, we are sure, as painful to the theatrical public, (we persist in using this phrase in spite of Mr. Hartley Coleridge's denunciations against it,) as it could possibly be to himself. There is a degree of intimacy existing between the public and an eminent actor, which is unknown to other popular characters; his health, his person, his habits, are all of importance to thousands of persons, who are exactly as familiar with him, as he is ignorant of them. They participate in his triumphs and his success—they grieve over his failures—they interest themselves in his private character—and should he in private life outrage morality or decency, they reprove his excesses. Play-going people are also in the habit of becoming patrons of particular actors, and applaud every effort of their favourite, whether successful or not. Each eminent performer has a body of adherents able to put down any opposition, who visit the theatres for the sole purpose of seeing him perform, and have eyes and ears for him alone. Mr. Kemble, in this particular, had perhaps the most enlightened and worthy admirers ever possessed by any actor on the stage; the old admired him from bygone recollections, while the mature appreciated his exquisite realisation of a class of characters for some time, at least, banished from the stage. The Benedicts, Mercutios, Faulconbridges, and Petruchios of Shakspeare have been driven from the stage by Mr Kemble's retirement. Many of Mr. Kemble's most ardent admirers rested his claims to admiration on his being a gentlemanly actor:—there is great injustice in this remark. Mr. Kemble was not what is correctly considered a gentleman on the stage; he was something much greater. Of all actors in our times Mr. Macready possesses most of the air and manners of a gentleman; he exhibits a cool, quiet, and confident self-possession, accompanied by a perfectly unconstrained and graceful style of expression; poor Kean had none at all, but then his parts seldom required them, and he could afford to do without them. Mr. Young was undoubtedly a gentleman, but there was an appearance of conceit and affectation about him which was displeasing. He always seemed to *feel* himself so much a gentleman that he need not care to trouble himself about it, and in consequence his gentility sat loosely about him.

Mr. C. Kemble's gentility was very different from any of these actors; he assumed the tone and style of good society, but always accompanied it with an air of proud consciousness, as if he were above it. His proper sphere was the region of romance and poetry, and when playing a part that required the gentleman to be acted, he laboured under a sense of self-degradation, as if he was making an unworthy descent. Now, although this acquirement is not of the highest value in an actor, yet were it more prevalent on the stage, it would, sooner than anything else, contribute to raise the profession to that rank in public estimation, which it might and ought to hold. We sincerely regret this excellent actor's retirement from the stage, and doubt not that his name, and fame will ever be attached to the recollections of that stage, which owes so much to his family.

The Duchess de la Vallière.—The expectation of the public, after a month's judicious delay, has at length been gratified by the production of Mr. Bulwer's play. After a most patient and attentive hearing, by as judicious an audience as we ever recollect, the play was successful. On its merits as a literary production, we shall not enter, but confine our remarks to the performance. The cast of the play contained several most eminent names, but was nevertheless far from a good one; the fair and beautiful duchess is represented by Miss Faucit, who, although she doubtless is a clever young lady, is by no means suited by nature for the character: the duchess had light hair, her representative has dark; the charming La Vallière had bright and sparkling eyes, Miss Faucit's are dull and heavy: but we will not pursue the difference in person between the reality and its representative. Now, although personal likeness is not necessary, where the character itself is realised to the life, yet where such is not the case, the defects in this respect are disagreeably obvious. In this predicament is Miss Faucit, whose dresses are almost the only effective parts of her performance, as the heroine of Mr. Bulwer's play. We are not at all surprised at her failure in this character, as it must be an extremely repugnant portrait for any sensitive female to portray.

Mr. W. Farren, the worthy and excellent representative of Lord Ogleby and Sir Peter Teazle, assumed the character of the courtly and intriguing Duke de Lauzun, and seemed to have great difficulty in properly bestowing his legs; the courtier had the appearance of an eves-dropper in his hands; and the minister of the grand monarque dwindled down to a buffoon. We venture to assert that out of the entire company of Covent Garden theatre, a worse representative of this interesting part could not have been chosen than Mr. Farren, whose general excellencies as an actor need no confirmation from us. The gay and voluptuous Louis XIV., in the heyday of his youth and the height of his power, was assigned to Mr. Vandenhoff, who is the very antipodes of grace and ease. If any of our mercurial neighbours, the French, witnessed the performance of Mr. Vandenhoff, they must have conceived it to have been meant as a satire. The only punishment we can devise for Mr. Vandenhoff's performance, is to oblige him to represent the character three nights at the Theatre Français in Paris. Mr. Vandenhoff has raised himself a high reputation in London; but a succession of such misrepresentations as his Louis XIV. would undermine that of the greatest actor. Every failure in a performer produces an unfavourable impression on the public mind, which is extremely difficult to remove, and not easily forgotten. Mr. Macready, as the gallant Bragelone, did his utmost to redeem the fault and deficiency of his brother actors, and succeeded as far as it was possible; indeed we cannot help attributing, in a great degree, the success of the play itself, to the admirable performance of Mr. Macready. He had evidently taken great pains in the study of his part, and played it perfectly *con amore.* It was a noble and complete piece of acting, full of high passion, deep and delicate pathos, intense energy, and the whole rounded off by a finished taste and discrimination. Virtue, in the representations of Mr. Macready, becomes more lovely; it beams through and glows with exultation in every line of his face, it throws a glorious brightness over his countenance delightful to behold. Nothing could be conceived with greater truth, and executed with greater force, than the scene between Bragelone, on his hasty visit to court, and the Duke de Lauzun. But his highest and most successful was reserved for his interview, as a Monk, with the Duchess, and his description of the death-bed of her mother. Here it was impossible to exceed the vividness and the intense feeling of the picture throughout, and accordingly we have seldom seen anything, even by Mr. Macready, more affecting and impressive. The manager deserves great praise for the taste and spirit displayed in the scenery, dresses, and decorations of this play; and we candidly confess, that with the exception of Mr. W. Farren, he cast the characters as well as the state of his company, excellent in many respects, would permit him.

Another novelty, entitled *The Country Squire*, has been produced at this theatre. Without the least pretensions to plot or originality of conception, it is one of the most agreeable and instructive little pieces we have lately seen, and was admirably supported by Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover. The sentiments are homely, but excellent, and the style epigrammatic. It is just such a drama as some years ago the *now* Rev. George Croly would have delighted the town with. It is from the pen of Mr. C. Dance, and was, as it deserved, completely successful, and we doubt not will have a considerable run.

The amusements of this theatre are in every respect unexceptionable, and worthy of public encouragement. One or two female additions to the manager's corps, would enable him to complete the range of the legitimate drama by performing genteel comedy. The only fault to be found with the general management (in common with other houses) is the lateness of the hour before the termination of the performances; it is true, that those who dislike the hours, or are tired, may go away, but that which people pay the full price for they ought to see entire in a reasonable space of time.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

In the commercial world there is no improvement. The goods offered by auction (for want of the ordinary private demand) have been mostly taken in, or parted with at reduced prices. Discounting is still more difficult; overdue bills are continually increasing; and the failures in Lancashire are daily becoming more numerous. English manufactures, produced through the reckless advances of the Joint-Stock Banks in the summer, and exported on speculation to America, are now, it appears, being shipped home again; and the rate of exchange between the United States and England has fallen to a point that will again renew the exportation of gold from this country. If, while the bullion in the Bank was gradually decreased from ten millions to five millions, the Directors reduced their circulation only from eighteen millions to sixteen millions, it is not to be expected that they can now see their store of only four millions and a half drawn upon without resorting to some stronger measures for protection. The contraction of the currency must be more severe and continuous. The prices of produce must fall still lower before the foreigner will cease to inundate us with goods, and allow the value of our exports to rise above our imports.

An extensive failure in the silk trade occurred on the 20th instant. Sugar gave way 1*s.* 6*d.* per cwt. A large quantity of produce has been offered for sale during the month, but only a small portion could be disposed of, though reduced prices were generally submitted to. The markets of every description are becoming more languid, and so great is the difficulty in obtaining accommodation, that a half per cent. commission is charged to get even a London banker's acceptance discounted at five per cent. The Bank has no intention to continue their advances upon the deposit of securities; and, to curtail the demand upon it for discounts, it is expected the Directors will immediately advance the rate of interest to six per cent. It is quite clear that they ought to have reduced their circulation considerably to effectually stop the exportation of gold; but it is as plain that an attempt to do so would have produced a crash among the other issuers of bank-notes which would have recoiled on the Bank of England by drawing every sovereign from its chests. And again, as often as the Directors endeavoured to lessen the circulation, they were counteracted by the reckless increased issuers of the Joint Stock Banks. Some decisive steps must, however, now be taken, for the Foreign Exchanges are turning decidedly against this country.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 28th of January.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 206 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols 89 five-eighths.—Three per Cent., Reduced 90.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 98 one-fourth.—Exchequer Bills, 18 to 22 p.—India Bonds, 15*s.* p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent., 48.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 54 seven-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 25 three-eighths.

MONEY MARKET REPORT.—In the first week of January very little business was done in the money market; and the advance occasioned by the interposition of the Bank to sustain the credit of the country bank paper has been well maintained. The fall in the price of commodities was stayed, but commercial credit was at a low ebb, and the discounting of bills a matter of great difficulty; capitalists preferring investments in Exchequer Bills to the risk of discounting at high interest. The premium on Exchequer Bills crept up to 25*s*. in consequence of the avidity with which they were sought for temporary investment; because, when a decline of 2 per cent. occurs in the Three per Cents. the alteration in the value of the above securities seldom exceeds one-half per cent. The liability of Exchequer Bills to be paid in at the Government offices for taxes, if not paid off at par at the end of a year from their date, keeps these securities nearly stationary. The appearance of the Exchanges is rather encouraging, but no material change has occurred.

In the second week the contest between the speculators for a rise in the price of public securities and those for a fall terminated wofully for the latter. Two heavy failures occurred, and the adjustment of many other accounts has been postponed till the next settling-day, the 23d of February. Consols for the Account advanced from 90¾ to 91, in consequence of the anxiety of the losing party to buy Stock ready for delivery, and on Friday Stock was so scarce that a person holding 10,000*l*. Consols, and lending the same till the 23d of February, might have had the use of the value in money during the interim for nothing, and 11*l*. into the bargain.

Towards the latter end of the month, owing to the temporary stoppage of Esdaile's long established bank, there was much confusion in the Money Market, and the funds fell 1¼ per cent. Indeed, a general reformation of our monetary system it seems no longer possible to postpone, if we have regard to the safety of the country. Some powerful measure must be brought forward, or shortly all estimation of value will be a mystery, and no one know whether he possesses property or not. No one thinks about the share market at present. The above was the price of the funds on the 27th.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DECEMBER 20, 1836, TO JANUARY 20, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

Dec. 20.—J. Mould, Newgate Street, cheesemonger.—T. Ball, West Street, Soho, victualler.—I. Alexander, Chiswell Street, Finsbury Square, horse dealer.—H. P. Perkins, Enfield, Middlesex, ironmonger.—G. T. Ferrers, King Street, Hammersmith, bedding manufacturer.—J. C. Smith, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, upholsterer.—J. Woollett, Gould Square, merchant.—J. Levick, Sheffield, Yorkshire, ivory merchant.—T. W. Clarke, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, innkeeper.—S. Dutson, Bury, Lancashire, innkeeper.—R. G. Clode, Birmingham, wine merchant.—W. Hart, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, milliner.—T. Stockdale, jun., Liverpool, soap manufacturer.—E. Bathorp, Wakefield, Yorkshire, woolstapler.—W. Pollard, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, printer.—H. Chard, Liverpool, merchant.—W. Cattaral, Liverpool, merchant.—R. Prince and P. Eichman, Manchester, stuff printers.—J. Richardson, Watlington, Norfolk, carpenter.—J. Turner, Heywood, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.

Dec. 23.—J. I. Dickeson, Fish Street Hill, ship owner.—S. and B. Dickinson, Manchester, cotton waste dealers.—R. Barker, Manchester, druggist.—J. Phipson, Birmingham, military ornament manufacturer.—S. Gainer, Kingswood, Wiltshire, dyer.—W. Charnley, Liverpool, merchant.

Dec. 27.—E. Mathews, Lad Lane, silkman.—R. Witherby, Nicholas Lane, merchant.—T. Marshall, High Street, Whitechapel, cheesemonger.—J. Nicholson, Southampton Court, Holborn, carpet bag manufacturer.—M. Fowler, Bushey, Hertfordshire, cattle dealer.—P. J. Bedford, Percey Street, Tottenham Court Road, music seller.—S. Douglas, Robinhood Lane, Poplar, omnibus proprietor.—J. Platt, Burland, Cheshire, cheesefactor.—J. Booth, Portsea, Southampton, working jeweller.—J. W. Haythorn, Manchester, cotton thread manufacturer.—J. Elliott, Derby, currier.

Dec. 30.—G. Green, Eagle Street, Red Lion Square, coach builder.—S. Thompson, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, tallow chandler.—T. Hargraves, Manchester, innkeeper.—C. Milsom, Stapleton, Gloucestershire, licensed victualler.—J. Stout, Liverpool, bootmaker.

Jan. 3.—1837.—J. Bragg, Sharp's Wharf, High Street, Wapping, builder.—C. and C. Coles, Great Tower Street, West India brokers.—E. Delvin and J. Peoples, Liverpool, woollen drapers.—B. Brown, Staverton, Wiltshire, linendraper.—R. Jones, Pontvane, Carmarthen, farmer.—H. J. West, Bath, music-seller.—E. Hill, Burslem, Staffordshire, mercer.—S. Hiley, Liverpool, soap manufacturer.—R. Rose, Devizes, cheesefactor.

Jan. 6.—R. Carruthers, Lower Thames Street, wholesale cheesemonger.—O. Thomson, London Wharf, Hackney, coal merchant.—D. Longsdon, Castle Street, Southwark, Surrey, skinner and fur-cutter.—S. P. Rice and P. Rice, Addle Street, warehousemen.—E. Dowling, King Street, Tower Hill, grocer and tallow chandler.—J. Shotten, Lamb's Conduit Street, job-master.—J. C. Edwards, Hertford Street, May Fair, bill broker.—W. B. M'Pherson, Rosemary Branch Tavern, Hoxton, victualler.—J. B. Gill and W. Smelt, jun., Manchester, merchants.—T. Jones, Liverpool, provision dealer.—J. Morris, Stone, Staffordshire, boot-maker.—J. Walton, Halifax, cloth-dresser.—S. H. Slack, Manchester, surgeon.

Jan. 10.—J. S. Massett, Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, stockbroker.—J. Cooper, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, painter.—J. Cousens, Prinstead, Sussex, merchant.—J. Maguire, Liverpool, merchant.—A. Cockburn, Carlisle, grocer.—J. Marsh, Liverpool, timber merchant.—O. de L. Ward, Manchester, commission agent.—W. Woodhall, New Town, Staffordshire, chain-cable manufacturer.

Jan. 13.—C. G. Webb, Long Lane, Bermondsey, woolstapler.—W. Monckton, Tonbridge Wells, Kent, grocer.—A. Ramuz, Frith Street, Soho Square, cabinet maker.—G. Daniel, Thanet Place, Strand, bill broker.—J. Gainer, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire, ink manufacturer.—S. Dumbell, Liverpool, saddler.—J. Green, Liverpool, grocer.—L. Harlow, Hulme, Lancashire, builder.—J. Swanwick, Leigh, Lancashire, silk manufacturer.—G. Godber, Liverpool, woollen draper.—J. M'Intyre, Manchester, floor cloth manufacturer.

Jan. 17.—R. Rolling, Watling Street, cheesemonger.—E. Bryant, George Yard, Lombard Street, merchant.—G. Daniel, Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, perfumer.—W. A. Barttelot, Regent Street, perfumer.—C. Bean, Long Acre, coachmaker.—J. G. and H. Wimble, Maidstone, wharfingers.—T. Fowler, Market Deeping, Lincolnshire, butcher.—J. Laing, Great Tower Street, city, cork-cutter.—W. B. Harrop, Milnthorpe, Westmoreland, timber merchant.—W. Cooper, Kidderminster, carpet manufacturer.—H. Fiske, Watton, Norfolk, grocer.—T. and W. Noblet, Manchester, corn merchants.—G. Dixon, Manchester, woollen cloth manufacturer.—B. Williamson, Middleton, Lancashire, iron founder.—J. Wright, Manchester, merchant.—W. Knowles, Hyde, Cheshire, cordwainer.—J. W. Buchanan, Liverpool, stave merchant.

Jan. 20.—W. Matthews, Sherrard Street, Golden Square, victualler.—P. M. A. Rougier, Wood Street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer.—W. Pott, Bridge, Kent, carpenter.—G. Lush, Bristol, provision merchant.—E. Jones, Bristol, oil and colour merchant.—E. Jones, Lewin's Mead, Bristol, alkali and soda dealer.—M. Smith, Liverpool, druggist.—R. Habbersty, Liverpool, baker and flour dealer.—R. Campbell, Deritend, Warwickshire, brass founder.—R. Whittingham, Liverpool, flour dealer.—J. Harwood, Birmingham, share broker.—H. Evans, Paddington, Lancashire, soap boiler.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1836.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Dec.					
23	39-34	29,79-29,65	N. b. W.	1,	Cloudy, a shower of rain in the morning.
24	35-26	29,74-29,60	N.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, snow during the day.
25	31-28	29,72-29,65	N. b. E.		Clear till 9 A.M., cloudy, snow in the morning.
26	32-25	29,61-29,53	N.E.		Cloudy, snowing all day, wind boisterous.
27	33-27	29,67-29,52	N.E.		Cloudy, snowing from about 8 A.M. till 4 P.M.
28	34-24	29,86-29,79	N.E.		Cloudy, a little snow in the morning.
29	32-22	29,95-29,91	N.E.		Cloudy, snow at times.
30	33-23	30,04-29,97	N.E.		Cloudy, snow at times.
31	30 20	30,30-30,16	N.		Cloudy, snow at times.
1837.					
Jan. 1	34-25	30,40-30,37	N.		Morning cloudy, with snow, otherwise clear.
2	33-*6	30,29-30,28	S.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
3	40-28	30,22-30,19	N.W.		Generally clear, except the afternoon.
4	36-24	30,25-30,20	S.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
5	37-29	30,10-29,85	S.		Cloudy.
6	47-35	29,61-29,57	S.W.		Cloudy, raining at times during the day.
7	42 33	29,79-29,54	S.W.	,1	Generally clear.
8	37-25	30,15-30,04	S.W.		Generally clear.
9	48-31	30,09-30,07	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
10	49-41	29,84-29,69	S.W.	,05	Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
11	33-20	30,08-29,98	N.		Generally clear.
12	36-19	30,06-29,65	S.		Cloudy, a little snow in the afternoon.
13	49-29	29,53-29,34	S.W.	,225	Cloudy, rain at times.
14	39-30	30,10-29.82	N.W.	,15	Generally clear.
15	38-26	30,28-30,25	N.		Generally clear.
16	37-26	30,22 30,20	S.W.		Cloudy, snow in the morn. and rain in the even.
17	43-31	30,19-30,16	N. b. E.	,025	Cloudy, a little rain in the morning.
18	29-33	30,08-30,10	N.W.	,025	Cloudy, rain in the evening.
19	39-30	29,89-29,80	N.E.	,025	Cloudy.
20	37-30	29,71-29,64	N .E.		Cloudy, snowing at times during the morning.
21	43-33	29,59-29,54	S.	,025	Cloudy, a little rain during the morning.
22	51-37	29,41-29,25	S. b. W.	,0125	Cloudy, rain in the morning and evening.

Edmonton.

Charles Henry Adams.

* The sudden and great fall of the thermometer on the morning of the 2nd, has not been equalled since February 1830; the rise on the same day was even more rapid.

NEW PATENTS.

William Sneath, of Ison Green, Nottinghamshire, Lace Maker, for his improvements in producing embroidery, or ornaments in muslins, silks, and certain other fabrics. November 28th, 6 months.

A. Stocker, of Bordesley Iron Works, and H. Downing, of French Wall's Iron Works, both of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gentlemen, for their improvements in manufacturing rivets, screw-blanks and other articles. November 29th, 6 months.

D. N. Carvalho, of Fleet Street, in the city of London, Bookseller, for certain improvements in propelling or moving vessels and other floating bodies on water and carriages on land, which improvements are applicable to windmills and other purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 3rd, 6 months.

R. Armstrong, of Stonehouse, Devonshire, Doctor of Medicine, for certain improvements in the water-pressure engine, rendering it more generally applicable for raising water and other substances, and as a motive power. December 3rd, 6 months.

M. Poole, of the Patent Office, Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for machinery for, or method of generating power applicable to, various useful purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 3d, 6 months.

J. Corbett, of Richmond Place, Limerick, Ireland, Professor of Music, for certain improvements in producing harmonic sounds on the harp. December 3rd, 6 months.

J. Perkins, of Fleet Street, in the city of London, Engineer, for certain improvements in steam-engines, furnaces, and boilers, parts of which improvements are applicable to other purposes. December 3rd, 6 months.

G. Sullivan, of Morley's Hotel, Charing Cross, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in machinery for measuring fluids. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 3rd, 6 months.

H. Booth, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Esquire, for certain improvements in the construction and arrangement of railway tunnels to be worked by locomotive engines. December 3rd, 6 months.

T. Don, of James Street, Golden Square, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in preparing and drying grain seeds or berries, and for manufacturing them into their several products, which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes. December 3rd, 6 months.

W. Bryant and Edward James, of Plymouth, Devonshire, Merchants and Copartners, being of the people called Quakers, for improvements in the manufacture of liquid and paste-blacking, by the introduction of India-rubber oil, and other articles and things. December 3rd, 2 months.

W. Hancock, of Windsor Place, City Road, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in bookbinding. December 7th, 6 months.

H. Adcock, of Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, Lancashire, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the raising of water from mines and other deep places. December 9th, 6 months.

F. B. Zincke, the younger, of Crawford Street, Marylebone, Middlesex, Esquire, for the preparing or manufacturing of a leaf of a certain plant, so as to produce a fibrous substance not hitherto used in manufactures, and its application to various useful purposes. December 9th, 6 months.

S. Pratt, of Peckham Rye, Surrey, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of knapsacks, portmanteaus, bags, boxes, or cases for travellers. December 9th, 6 months.

L. W. Wright, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for bleaching linens, cottons, or other fabrics, goods, or other fibrous substances. December 9th, 6 months.

John Yates, of the parish of St. Anne, Limehouse, Middlesex, for certain improvements in tram roads, or railways, and in the wheels or other parts of carriages, to be worked thereon. December 9th, 6 months.

George, Marquis of Tweddale, for an improved method of making tiles for draining soles, house tiles, flat roofing tiles, and bricks. December 9th, 2 months.

J. Melling, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-engines, to be used upon railways or other roads, part or parts of which improvements are also applicable to stationary steam-engines, and to machinery in general. December 15th, 6 months.

R. T. Beck, of the parish of Little Stonham, Suffolk, Gentleman, for an invention of new or improved apparatus or mechanism for obtaining power and motion, to be used as a mechanical agent generally, which he intends to denominate "Rotal Vivae." Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 15th, 6 months.

W. Sharpe, of the city of Glasgow, in North Britain, Merchant, for a certain improvement in the treatment of cotton wool in preparation for manufacturing the same into yarn and thread. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 15th, 6 months.

R. W. Swinburne, of South Shields, Durham, Agent, for certain improvements in the manufacture of plate glass. December 15th, 6 months.

J. T. Hester, of Abingdon, Berkshire, Surgeon, for an improvement in the manufacture of chairs. December 15th, 6 months.

T. Routledge and Elijah Galloway, of Water Lane, in the city of London, Gentlemen, for certain improvements in cabriolets and omnibusses. December 19th, 6 months.

T. E. Harrison, of Whitburn, Durham, Engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive engines. December 21st, 6 months.

A. Smith, of Princes Street, in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Westminster, Middlesex, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of standing rigging and stays for ships and vessels, and in the method of fitting or using it, and in the construction of chains applicable to various purposes, and in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing such rigging and chains. December 21st, 6 months.

J. Crighton, of Manchester, Lancashire, for a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of cylinders used in carding engines employed for carding cotton wool, silk, and other fibrous materials. December 21st, 6 months.

J. Potter, of Manchester, Lancashire, Cotton Spinner, for certain improvements in spinning machinery. December 21st, 6 months.

J. Swindells, of Manchester, Lancashire, Manufacturing Chemist, for certain improvements in the process of effecting the decomposition of muriate of soda or common salt. December 21st, 6 months.

G. Houghton, of High Holborn, Middlesex, Glass Merchant, for a certain improvement, or certain improvements, in the construction of lamps. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 21st, 6 months.

S. Gillett, of Guildford Street, Gentleman, and J. Chapman, of Paddington, Mechanist, both in Middlesex, for certain improvements in that description of vehicles called cabs. December 21st, 6 months.

W. Gossage, of Stoke Prior, Worcestershire, Chemist, for certain improved apparatus for decomposing common salt, and for condensing and making use of the gaseous product of such decomposition; also, certain improvements in the mode of the conducting of these processes. December 24th, 6 months.

B. Woodcroft, late of Ardwick, in the parish of Manchester, Lancashire, but now of Mumps, in the township of Oldham, in the same county, Gentleman, for an improved mode of printing certain colours on calico and other fabrics. December 24th, 6 months.

Married.—At St. Luke's Church, Liverpool, Charles Hadfield, Esq. to Elizabeth Ann Cosseley, cousin-german of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, and the eldest daughter of Thomas James Hall, Esq., now sole Stipendiary Magistrate for Liverpool, and for several years his Majesty's Judge-Advocate-General of Jamaica, where he also sat in the Hon. House of Assembly for the parish of St. John in that island.

At the Church of St. Roch, at Paris, General the Baron Athalin, Aide-de-Camp to the King of the French, to a young lady, twenty-two years of age. The Baron had long been reported to have married her Royal Highness Madame Adelaide, sister of Louis Philippe.

At Oakley Park, Suffolk, the Right Hon. Lord Henniker, of Major House, to Anna, daughter of Major-General Sir Edward Kerrison, M.P.

Died.—We regret to announce the death of his Grace James Duke of Montrose. His Grace was in his 81st year. He married, first, Feb. 22, 1785, Lady Jemima Ashburnham, daughter of John Earl of Ashburnham, who died Sept. 17, 1776; and, secondly, 24th July, 1790, the Lady Caroline Maria Montague, eldest daughter of George, fourth Duke of Manchester, who survives his Grace.

The Dutch papers mention the death of M. Van Tets Van Gondriaan, the Finance Minister.

The Hon. W. F. Ponsonby, Member for the county of Dorset, Basingstoke.

At her house in Privy Gardens, the Dowager Marchioness of Exeter.

At Bromley Hill, on the 15th inst. the Right Hon. Lady Farnborough.

Of apoplexy, the Right Hon. Lord Audley.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

MARCH, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Falkner. By the Author of "Frankenstein," "The Last Man," &c. &c. 3 Vols.

A finer subject for contemplation, or one better adapted to the pages of a novel, could not have been conceived than the one that Mrs. Shelley has chosen for the work before us. The action of a never-dying remorse upon the soul of one naturally noble, is a grand and terrible picture, and not without the most important moral uses. To evolve all the phases of great mental action, manifold characters or intricacies of plot are not only unnecessary, but would become blemishes as well as impediments. Falkner, the hero, loved before he could yet write himself man, though, by a long series of persecutions, every manly feeling had in him become precocious. The object of this passion is a beautiful and lowly maiden, of sweet, but subdued sensibilities, angelic purity of mind, and in whom passion is dissolved into tenderness. Falkner is protected, fostered, and appreciated by her and her widowed mother, and by these only of all human beings. Fate sends him to the East Indies, from whence he returns, after an absence of ten years, unchanged as to his affections, a rich, and largely-estated gentleman. He seeks out his Alithea, and finds her married, with an infant son of between seven and eight years of age. Her husband, a decayed coxcomb, is absent; Falkner tempts the lady into a meeting, and carries her off forcibly in a chaise. The shock renders her insensible; this insensibility is followed by a profound sleep in a lone hut, to which she had been conveyed, and, whilst he and his accomplice are preparing to carry her home again, being startled by the effects of the abduction, she awakes, early in the morning, during their absence, and in her flight across a swollen ford, she is unfortunately drowned. Falkner and his comrade see this too late for rescue; the body is, however, recovered, and buried immediately in the sand-heaps that are adjacent to the sea coast. Osborne, the accomplice, flies to America, and Falkner, contemplating suicide, repairs, on the following evening, to a rural churchyard in the neighbourhood, and, as he pulls the trigger of his pistol, his arm is struck aside by a little girl, the heroine of the tale, who is praying over her mother's grave—and thus the ball proves harmless. This event changes the current of Falkner's ideas; he resolves to bear the burthens of life, and calls the orphan henceforward his daughter. They travel together for years, and thus they are cemented by an affection stronger than that, though entirely of the same nature, which subsists between father and daughter. The reader will perceive that these situations afford ample scope for the employment of that earnest argument against sin, and that deep-toned eloquence that reverberates so solemnly through the heart. Every one will recognise Mrs. Shelley's energetic language in the following passage, which relates to the disappearance of the lady whom it is supposed by some that Falkner has murdered, but more generally that the lady had eloped to her dishonour. The words proceed from the mouth of her son.

> " ' It is dreadful, very dreadful, to be told—to be persuaded that the idol of one's thoughts is corrupt and vile. It is no new story, it is true—wives have been false to their husbands ere now, and some have found excuses, and sometimes been justified; it is the manner makes the thing. That my mother should have left her happy home—which, under her guardian eye, was Paradise—have deserted me, her child, whom she so fondly loved—and who even in that unconscious age adored her—and her poor little girl, who died neglected—that year after year she has never inquired after us—nor sent nor sought a word—while following a stranger's fortune through the world! That she whose nightly sleep was broken by her tender cares—whose voice so often lulled me, and whose every thought and act was pure as an angel's—that she, tempted by the arch fiend, strayed from hell for her destruction, should leave us all to misery, and her own name to obloquy. No! no! The earth is yet sheltered by heaven, and sweet and good things abide in it—and she was, and is, among them sweetest and best! ' "

It would not be right to let the reader too far into the arcana of the story. An affection has arisen between the son of the lost lady, and Elizabeth, the adopted daughter of Falkner; the latter, no longer able to bear his compunctious visitings, determines to make a confession of his crime to the son, under the supposition that that son will call him into the field, and thus avenge himself on the author of his own and his family's miseries. This he would have done, had not his father taken other steps, that of bringing the hero to a trial for the murder. The excitement of this part of the story, after the hero is immured in the county jail, is really dreadful. Elizabeth, though her own powerful and rich relations come forward to claim her, will not desert her cherished and adopted father. The imprisonment is prolonged. Thus the trial terminates:—

> " When once the trial had begun, and his preliminary part had been played, Falkner sat down. He became, to all appearance, abstracted. He was, indeed, thinking of things more painful than even the present scene; the screams and struggles of the agonized Alithea—her last sad sleep in the hut upon the shore—the strangling, turbid waves—her wet, lifeless form—her low, unnamed grave dug by him: had these been atoned for by long years of remorse and misery, or was the present ignominy, and worse that might ensue, fitting punishment? Be it as it might, he was equal to the severest blows, and ready to lay down a life in compensation for that of which he, most unintentionally, and yet most cruelly, had deprived her. His thoughts were not recalled to the present scene, till a voice struck his ear, so like hers—did the dead speak? Knit up as he was to the endurance of all, he trembled from head to foot; he had been so far away from that place, till the echo, as it were, of Alithea's voice, recalled him: in a moment he recovered himself, and found that it was her child, Gerard Neville, who was giving his evidence.
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> " He heard the son of his victim speak of him as innocent, and a thrill of thankfulness entered his soul; he smiled, and hope and sympathy with his fellow-creatures, and natural softening feelings, replaced the gloomy bitterness and harshness of his past reflections. He felt that he should be acquitted, and that it became him to impress all present favourably; it became him to conduct himself so as to show his confidence in the justice of those on whom his fate depended, and at once to assert the dignity of innocence. From that time he gave himself entirely up to the details of the trial; he became attentive, and not the less calm and resolute, because he believed that his own exertions would crown the hour with success. The spectators saw the change in him, and were roused to double interest. The court clock,

> meanwhile, kept measure of the time that passed; the hands travelled silently on—another turn, and all would be over;—and what would then be?"

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> "At last Falkner himself was asked what defence he had to make. As he rose, every eye turned on him, every voice and breath were hushed—a solemn silence reigned. His words were few, spoken calmly and impressively; he rested his innocence on the very evidence brought against him. He had been the cause of the lady's death, and asked for no mercy; but for her sake, and the sake of that heroic feeling that led her to encounter death amidst the waves, he asked for justice, and he did not for a moment doubt that it would be rendered him.
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> "'Nor could you doubt it as you heard him,' continued Osborne. 'Never were truth and innocence written so clearly on human countenance as on his, as he looked upon the jury with his eagle eyes, addressing them without pride, but with infinite majesty, as if he could rule their souls through the power of a clear conscience and a just cause; they did not hesitate—the jury did not hesitate a moment; I rushed here the moment I heard the words, and now—he is come.'"

The reader may now form a tolerable idea of the scope and of the merits of this novel. Its principal characteristic is power. Its moral is impressive. The greatest punishment that a generous mind can endure is remorse, and no work ever painted remorse in colours more vivid. The only fault that we can find with it, as a literary production, is, that its tone is too universally sombre. It requires relief. There is one well-drawn character in it, that of the conscientious governess, that approaches the humorous. We see too little of her. An occasional burst of the sunshine of cheerfulness would have thrown out the gigantic proportions of the dark miseries to a much greater effect.

On the Deformities of the Chest and Spine, illustrated by Plates.

By William Coulson, Member of, &c. &c. &c. &c.

We are not in the habit of noticing second editions when the first has already passed under our review; but the one before us is so much enlarged and improved, that we cannot forbear repeating our commendations. That this work is frightfully necessary, the prevalence of phthisical complaints among our fairest of the fair sex, too sorrowfully prove. In a country so humid as is England, every facility should be given to the perfect expansion of the chest, and the free play of the muscles about the waist; whilst those dear creations, the objects of so much idolatry, (among which they may reckon ours and *their own*,) do all they can, by squeezing themselves into the smallest possible compass, to make the office of respiration laborious. Now all this proceeds from a mistake on their parts, as to what are the real lines of beauty. These lines, they may depend upon it, are not their stay-laces. Let them read Mr. Coulson's work attentively, and they will then see the dreadful risks they are running, in order to make themselves actually less beautiful. To return to the line of beauty, we assure them that it does not consist in a succession of abrupt ins and outs; but in a nicely graduated and flowing curve, but little deviating from a straight line. Vide Hogarth, *en passant.* Those unfortunate ten syllables,

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less,"

have much to answer for; not that they are vicious in themselves, but that the ladies (God bless them!) have viciously construed them. We assure them that "small by degrees," does not mean the rapid diminution of the upper cone of an hour-glass; and "beautifully less," the narrow aperture that divides it from the lower cone. For ourselves, we assure them, whatever the French corset makers may say to the contrary,

that we generally look upon an extremely attenuated waist as an indication of a similar understanding, and a view of one suddenly, always sets us coughing by sympathy; for we are sure that the possessor has, or soon will have, a distressing cough herself.

It may not be uninteresting to the generality of our readers to become acquainted with the opinion of an eminent French critic, as to the merits of those works, that have become so popular among ourselves, proceeding from the pen of Captain Marryat.

Les Romans du Capitaine Marryat, Traduits de l'Anglais, par M. Defauconpret. *Jacob Fidèle; Pierre Simple; Japhet à la recherche d'un Père.* Chez Charles Gosselin, libraire-éditeur, 9-rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés.

Le capitaine Marryat est depuis la mort de Walter Scott le plus fécond et le plus renommé des romanciers de la Grande-Bretagne; ses ouvrages sont recherchés avec un empressement que l'ingrat public de France n'a pas généralement pour les productions des littérateurs faciles qui s'occupent de ses plaisirs. Quelques-uns ont paru d'abord dans un de ces nombreux *Magasines* ou revues que l'industrie littéraire de nos voisins a multipliés avec un si prodigieux succès. Peut-être aurais-je dû dire tous; car la forme des romans du capitaine Marryat est toujours la même, et il est aisé de se convaincre qu ils ont dû avoir tous la même destination. Si ma mémoire ne me trompe pas, on en avait déjà traduit en français des scènes détachées; au moins ai-je pu reconnaître certain chapitre de *Pierre Simple,* par exemple. Voici qu' enfin le capitaine Marryat est admis à partager un honneur qui, avant lui, n'avait été fait qu'à Walter Scott et à Fénimore Cooper: la traduction de la collection complète de ses romans se publie en ce moment à Paris; les premiers volumes ont été accueillis dès leur apparition avec une faveur que justifie assez la double renommée de l'auteur et du traducteur.

Les trois romans qui ont paru jusqu'à ce jour sont: *Jacob Fidèle, Pierre Simple,* et *Japhet à la recherche d'un Père.* C'est de ceux-là seulement que j'aurai à m'occuper dans cet article. Encore m'attacherai-je plus à signaler les qualités et les défauts dont la réunion forme le caractère particulier du capitaine Marryat, qu'à faire connaître la succession des aventures à travers lesquelles il promène ses héros. Je ne crois pas que le traducteur se soit astreint à suivre l'ordre chronologique des publications de l'écrivain original; mais sans doute il aura voulu montrer, dès son début, le capitaine Marryat dans toute la variété de son talent et dans toute la richesse de son imagination. Le capitaine Marryat tient plus particulièrement à ce que nous appelons en France, avec assez d'impropriété dans l'expression, la littérature maritime. Il n'est en aucune façon de l'école de Walter Scott; mais si j'avais à désigner le roman qui a pu lui inspirer ses premiers écrits, je nommerais le *Pilote* de Fénimore Cooper. Cependant des trois romans qu'a traduits jusqu'a présent M. Defauconpret, un seul, *Pierre Simple,* déroule à nos yeux ces grandes scènes de mer qui jettent sur la vie des marins un intérêt si puissant. Jacob Fidèle est aussi marin à la vérité, mais marin d'eau douce, marin de la Tamise; et les rives de ce fleuve magnifique, qui fait de Londres la reine des cités, sont les témoins constans de ses aventures. Japhet cherche son père sur la terre ferme; la seule mer qu'il rencontre dans ses courses vagabondes est l'étroit canal qui sépare l'Irlande de l'Angleterre.

Les romans du capitaine Marryat affectent constamment la forme des mémoires. C'est toujours le principal personnage qui, rendu à la vie tranquille après une jeunesse agitée, reporte ses regards en arrière et raconte avec complaisance les longues épreuves qu'il a dû subir. Ainsi Jacob Fidèle nous apprend comment, fils du pauvre patron d'une barque sur la Tamise, orphelin dès son bas âge, il est arrivé après bien des fortunes diverses à épouser la fille de son protecteur et à se reposer dans les loisirs d'une médiocrité dorée. Pierre Simple nous fait le touchant récit de ses rudes travaux comme midshipman d'abord, puis comme lieutenant à bord d'une frégate anglaise, des dangers de sa captivité en France et de son évasion, des persécutions auxquelles il est en butte de la part de son oncle, et des singuliers hasards qui lui assurent l'héritage de la pairie de son grand-prèe, le vieux lord Privilége. Enfin Japhet nous conduit à travers toutes ses infortunes, depuis sa sortie de l'hôpital des enfans-trouvés jusqu'au jour où il trouve son pare dans la personne du général de Benyon, et avec lui l'espérance certaine d'une succession immense. Cette forme a sans doute d'incontestables avantages pour un roman qui est destiné à paraître dans une revue à des intervalles périodiques. Le lecteur n'a point à débrouiller les fils d'une intrigue qui lui échapperaient sans cesse entre deux livraisons. C'est le héros lui même qui le mène, pour ainsi dire, par la main, qui applanit pour lui toutes les difficultés, qui abaisse devant lui tous les obstacles. La tâche de l'auteur en devient plus facile; mais il faut reconnaître qu'en même temps il est plus exposé à commettre des fautes que le capitaine Marryat n'a pas su toujours éviter.

Jacob Fidèle, Pierre Simple et Japhet ont à peu près la même physionomie; surtout ils ont le même langage. Ni la naissance, ni l'éducation n'ont apporté de différences essentielles dans leurs pensées et leurs sentimens. Le personnage change; mais l'auteur reste toujours, et c'est trop souvent lui qu'on aperçoit. Racontant toujours à la première personne, il oublie facilement qu'il ne doit pas parler en son nom; quelquefois il vient se placer tout à fait devant son héros; alors il lui échappe de facheux contresens. Jacob Fidèle raconte sur un ton de légèreté fort inconvenante la mort de sa mère, mort horrible produite par la combustion spontanée; et dans une autre circonstance il aime mieux s'exposer aux soupçons injustes de son ami que de révéler le pénible secret de cette mort misérable. Dans le récit, c'est le capitaine Marryat qui s'adresse au lecteur; c'est Jacob Fidèle qui se tait devant son ami.

Je sais que cette faute est très commune dans les écrivains de nos jours, et qu'en général nos romanciers et nos poètes ne se soucient pas de perdre un trait brillant ou une réflexion piquante, uniquement pour rester fidèles à la vérité dans les caractères des personnages qu'ils ont créés. C'est preécisément pour cela que je la signale dans le capitaine Marryat. Je voudrais qu'on se persuadât bien que l'esprit ne rachète pas les erreurs du goût. Rien ne choque plus que la substitution de l'auteur au personnage parce que rien n'est plus faux. Le capitaine Marryat est d'autant plus inexcusable que dans ces occasions là son esprit même le sert mal et que ses saillies sont assez souvent de mauvais aloi.

La nature, telle qu'il l'a observée et qu'il la peint, est presque toujours vulgaire; mais aussi elle est vraie dans sa vulgarité. Ses personnages ne sont que des hommes et jamais des dieux ou des monstres. Ils appartiennent tous à la vie réelle, positive, à la vie que nous font les besoins, les intérêts et les passions; ils se meuvent dans un monde que l'imagination de l'auteur n'a point rêvé, mais qu'il a vu et étudié, que nous pouvons voir et étudier comme lui. Leurs vertus et leurs vices sont de la terre où nous vivons; le lecteur ne se sent point humilié par leurs perfections, ni épouvanté par leurs crimes; au contraire, ce'st avec une vive sympathie qu'il rit de leurs joies et souffre de leurs douleurs. Le capitaine Marryat sait avec un art infini nous intéresser à la bonne et à la mauvaise fortune de ses héros. C'est par là surtout qu'il s'est assuré un rang honorable parmi les romanciers de notre époque.

Sa fable est conçue avec beaucoup de simplicité ; les incidens en sont naturels et leur variété annonce chez l'auteur une grande richesse d'imagination ; tout se lie et s'enchaine sans confusion et sans efforts ; la gaîte y est franche et la douleur émeut sans irriter les nerfs et sans soulever le cœur. Le capitaine Marryat a une verve d'enjouement qui s'allie merveilleusement à une exquise sensibilité. Quelques scènes de *Japhet* rappellent à certains égards les bonnes scènes de *Gil-Blas ;* et rien n'est plus naïf, plus touchant et plus vrai que la peinture des angoisses du jeune Tom, condamné à mort dans *Jacob Fidèle.*

Le capitaine Marryat est un narrateur spirituel, plein de chaleur et d'entrainement. Ses descriptions rapides et pourtant complètes, ne laissent rien à désirer, j'allais dire aux yeux, tant elles présentent clairement les objets à la pensée. Il ne fait point étalage de la science maritime qu'il acquise dans son service vraiment actif, à bord des vaisseaux de Sa Majesté Brittannique, et il use fort sobrement des termes du métier : ses personnages ne jurent par aucun des agrès, ni par aucune des pièces d'un navire. C'est une réserve de bon goût qui sera d'autant mieux sentie en France que nos romanciers maritimes ne nous y ont point accoutumés.

Personne sans doute ne s'étonnera de me voir faire au capitaine Marryat un mérite du respect qu'il montre partout pour la religion et pour la morale. On a voulu, depuis quelques années, nous faire applaudir tant de fanfarons de vices et de crimes ! nous avons eu à déplorer la publicité donnée à tant de monstrueuses compositions où l'opprobre et l'infamie se parent effrontément des couleurs de l'honneur et de la vertu ! Dans les romans du capitaine Marryat il n'est point jeté d'audacieuses provocations aux mauvaises passions de l'homme ; la parole de Dieu n'est point insultée, ni les règles éternelles de la morale et de la justice sacrifies aux inspirations de l'ambition, de l'envie ou de la cupidite. C'est au contraire par une exacte probité, par l'accomplissement entier de leurs devoirs que ses personnages prospèrent, par une humble soumission aux conseils de la Providence, qu'ils sont heureux. Japhet commence par se montrer peu scrupuleux sur les moyens de pénétrer dans le monde où il croit trouver son père. Mais ce n'est qu'après, qu'il est rentré dans le sentier de l'honneur que la fortune vient, pour ainsi parler, le prendre par la main et le conduire au but de ses longues et pénibles recherches. Si Jacob Fidèle s'élève au-delà de ses plus ambitieuses espérances, c'est qu'il n'a pas cessé un instant d'être honnête homme.

On sera peut-être curieux de savoir auquel des trois partis qui divisent la Grande-Bretagne, s'est donné le capitaine Marryat. Je répondrai que je n'ai point rencontré la solution de cette question dans ses romans. J'affirmerais bien qu'il n'est point radical, puisque dans *Japhet* il présente le vol comme une conséquence logique du radicalisme. Mais est-il whig ou tory ? Je ne sais. Il y a dans *Pierre Simple* une sanglante mais très injuste satire contre le droit d'aînesse, cette pierre angulaire de la constitution anglaise. Or cela n'est ni tory ni whig. Le capitaine Marryat suppose que lord Privilége n'a d'affection que pour celui de ses enfans qui doit hériter de sa pairie et qu'il ne daigne pas même s'inquiéter de l'existence des autres. Ce n'est pas là ce qu'en Angleterre on reproche aux chefs des familles aristocratiques. On les accuse au contraire de ne maintenir les sinécures et les abus que dans l'intérêt de leurs cadets. Et il faut convenir que cette accusation se comprend beaucoup mieux que la fiction du capitaine Marryat. Je n'ai pas l'intention de discuter ici le bien ou le mal fondé des données premières de *Pierre Simple.* Il me suffit d'avoir fait connaitre la cause de mes doutes sur l'opinion politique de l'auteur. Qu'on se rassure d'ailleurs : le capitaine Marryat n'a pas fait de ses romans une œuvre de propagande ; il a laissé ce ridicule à nos écrivains.

On peut appliquer aux trois romans du capitaine Marryat dont la traduction a paru jusqu'à ce jour, les jugemens généraux que j'ai portés sur le talent de cet écrivain. Tous trois ont reçu l'empreinte des mêmes qualités et des mêmes défauts. Cependant il me semble qu'il y a quelques raisons de préférer *Jacob Fidèle* aux deux autres. *Japhet* et *Pierre Simple* sont moins originaux; les caractères en sont moins heureusement conçus; il en est qui ne sont tracés ni avec assez de netteté ni avec assez d'énergie. A mon avis, l'auteur aurait dû mettre plus en relief, dans *Japhet*, la fraîche et gracieuse physionomie de la petite Fleta, de cette intéressante jeune fille que Japhet arrache à une troupe de bohémiens et qui disparaît ensuite de la scène avec aussi peu de raison qu'elle y était entrée. J'en dirai autant de Céleste O'Brien dans *Pierre Simple*. Est-ce qu'il n'était pas possible de faire ressortir avec plus de vigueur le caractère de celle qui devait être la femme de l'héritier de lord Privilége? Le capitaine Marryat ose à peine ébaucher ses figures de femmes. Il en est une pourtant qu'il paraît avoir traitée avec amour; c'est dans *Jacob Fidèle*, la coquette Marie, pour qui le jeune Tom s'expose deux fois à une mort infame, à la mort des déserteurs et des lâches. Cette figure là est vraie, vraie jusque dans ses nuances les plus délicates. Aussi on aime Marie avec tous ses caprices; on l'aime dans sa joie et dans ses larmes; on l'aime même dans ses infidélités. Le caractère du jeune Tom est d'une franchise et d'une vérité parfaites. Quelle tête légère! mais en même temps quel excellent cœur! et dans ce cœur que de dévouement et d'amour! que de fermeté tout ensemble et de tendresse dans ses adieux à Marie, à cette heure où il n'attend plus que l'ordre de quitter sa prison pour mourir! Le vieux Tom, la vieille Brigitte, et le capitaine Turnbull sont d'excellens portraits dont il n'est pas rare de rencontrer les originaux. Et le *Domine!* ce brave et digne maître d'école dont l'âme est si honnète, qui montre tant de constance dans son affection pour Jacob Fidèle, chez qui tout est bon, l'esprit et le cœur, mais dont la tête est si bien remplie de grec, de latin et de mathématiques, qu'il y reste à peine un peu de bon sens et de raison. Le pauvre homme, malgré ses soixante-dix ans, devient amoureux de Marie, de cette folle enfant qui joue avec l'amour, jusqu'à ce que l'amour mène Tom à la mort. Le capitaine Marryat n'a rien écrit de plus naturel et de plus vrai que les pages où le *Domine* déclare sa passion à la coquette, et où, humilié d'abord par une réponse railleuse, il si relève bientôt à ses propres yeux aux yeux de Marie à force de calme, de douceur et de dignité. La figure du *Domine* est délicieuse d'un bout à l'autre, soit que son expression habituelle, toujours comique, quelquefois grotesque, excite le fou rire, soit qu'elle inspire une vive sympathie pour les sentimens qui viennent la rendre un moment plus grave et plus solennelle.

Malgré la préférence que j'accorde à *Jacob Fidèle*, je n'en ai pas moins de plaisir ɞ reconnaître le mérite réel de *Pierre Simple* et de *Japhet*. J'aurais aussi beaucoup d'excellentes parties à signaler dans ces deux romans; mais l'espace me manque; et je me borne à dire que je persiste dans tous mes jugemens.

Picciola. From the French. 2 Vols.

Picciola is a little work of which much praise had already reached us from the continent. A French novel, remarkable for its moral purity, may be accounted a literary phenomenon; and as such, "Picciola" has been selected for public honours by the French Academy. Even the honours of the French Academy, however, are not so hard to win as the genuine favour of the English public; and this further triumph we predict for "Picciola." It belongs to a class for which we have no parallel. Our works of imagination are limited just now to the species of light

writing which is monstrous heavy reading—three volume novels of the most matter-of-fact description.

"Picciola," on the contrary, is a flight of fancy—not of a disordered fancy, but of the healthy imagination of a man of genius. We have been taught in the physical sciences, by Watt, the stupendous force that even vapour may be made to assume; we are instructed by Saintine that imagination may be endowed with powers of argument equal to those of reason. The plan of his work is strikingly original and the execution pleasing. There is something almost ludicrous in the tenderness he continues to excite for his singular heroine. We tremble for her and rejoice with her, as with a creature of flesh and blood. To say more would be to mar the curiosity of the reader, whose indulgence we are strongly inclined to bespeak in favour of "Picciola."

History of the West Indies. By R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN, F.G.S.

This is a valuable addition to our works of information. The first volume comprises accurate and well arranged descriptions of Jamaica, Honduras, Trinidad, the Bahamahs, and the Virgin Islands. The second, British Guiana, Barbadoes, St. Vincent's, St. Lucia, Dominica, Montserrat, and the other small islands. Mr. Martin, in his manner of treating his subjects, is perspicuous, and his style is lucid and flowing. To the faithfulness of much of what he has written we can bear witness, as we have ourselves visited most of these islands. With his remarks upon slavery we do not agree; nor can we, though we ardently desire it, participate in his hopes. At present, we know that the whole negro population is in a state of disorganisation, and now they have the power to reorganise their own state of society, let us ask common sense and experience in what manner they will do it.

The Married Unmarried. By the Author of "Almack's Revisited," "The Belgic Revolution," &c. &c. 3 vols.

We request the attention of our friends and readers to what we conceive it to be our duty to say on this excellent and spirited production. It is a most invidious act to say that the novel of one author is better than that of another, for writings that have different ends in view, or employ dissimilar means to work out those ends, are not comparable. Thus, we may fairly compare the works of Sir Walter Scott the one with another; but there is no common ground on which a critic can stand and compare the fictions of that master-mind with those of Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer. We may as well endeavour to establish the superiority between three quarters of an hour and three quarters of a yard in space. The writings of both the above-mentioned gentlemen are admirable, are excellent. This sort of excellence, peculiar to itself, we claim for the novel "The Married Unmarried." It is not so romantic as the creations of Sir Walter Scott, nor so poetical as those of Mr. Bulwer, but it has qualities, individualities, and beauties, that cannot be found in either of them. These volumes will be found to give an accurate representation of English life, embracing all ranks and possessing a vast variety of genuine English personification. The tale is one of the romance of truth—nature is never outraged in the plot—there are no surprises—event begets events, in the natural order of human life; yet, is the whole the antipodes of commonplace, and deeply interesting. The story opens with an animated description of the abode, family, and occupations of that hardy and truly English character, an open-sea pilot. All this is not only painted to the life, but we think never so well painted before. The destruction of this humble hero and of his gallant sons, in a successful attempt to release the crew of an Indiaman from the horrors of shipwreck, is a scene of thrilling excitement. Though this is not a naval novel, a more faithful and a more nautical description no naval novel has given. The hero of the tale has been entrusted mysteriously to the keeping of this honest seaman. His widow, a selfish person, having lost all clue to the secret, and despairing of making any money by the deserted lad, sends him to the workhouse. Wherever the author got his materials, we know not—it would hardly be fair to surmise; but nothing can be at once more harmonious and more accurate than his picture of the various light and shades, we had almost said, but lights there are none, of workhouse inmates under the old system. From this den of profligacy the hero, Peregrine Penguin, is rescued by the kindness of a neighbouring attorney, who advertises his destitute situation, and receives anonymous instructions to forward the youth to a distant boarding-school. This part of the story will be read with intense interest. The poor lad is expelled from this place under a false charge of theft, or rather, he makes his escape from his pedagogue in order to avoid a committal to the county jail. Then commence his wildest adventures Peregrine was born musical, and is a fiddler almost by intuition, and thus we must not be surprised at his various droll *scrapes*. We are not told exactly how many strings he has to his bow, but all his scrapes finish to his advantage. His vagabond life terminates in his becoming a confidential clerk to a Smyrna merchant, a character rich in English humour; and here he becomes a youth of two loves, one of them, of course, is the only daughter and heiress of the common councilman; the other the only daughter of a Tory earl; and strange as this may seem when thus abruptly told, both of these incidents are perfectly natural. We are not going to destroy the reader's interest by displaying too much of the story; but prefer to give a quotation, from which the author's powers of delineation of character may be fairly inferred.

> "At length we came to the door of Martin's chamber. My limbs began to tremble with mingled dread and suspense. The principal object of my curiosity was about to be satisfied. In a few moments more, I should know whether my long-cherished presentiments were well-founded—I should know whether this man was the detested usher—the wanton persecutor of my youth, the murderer, seducer, and betrayer of others. The ponderous bolts were now drawn back; the massive key revolved, the door was pushed open, and the inmate, starting from the pallet on which he was reclining, sat up, and proved to me that I had not been mistaken. It was Nibshort, the blood-stained usher; more hideous, more ghastly than when I had last seen him, triumphing in the full stretch of malice. Though prepared for my visit, he seemed for a moment to quail before me—a convulsive shudder overspread his features;—but it was more the expression of blasted pride, than that of shame or repentance.
>
> "The attorney was about to speak, when Martin, suddenly recovering his self-possession, interrupted him, saying, 'You may spare yourself the trouble of an introduction—Mr. Penguin and I are old acquaintances.'
>
> "'And a d——d hard fellow to deal with: he has done us, by God,' retorted Slipknot.
>
> "'We have foiled ourselves,' replied the prisoner. 'But more of that presently; Mr. Penguin and I have an account to balance. Before I expect justice—justice!' repeated he, sternly but significantly—'from others, I must accord it to him. Young man, I injured you some years past in a manner that demands public reparation. I shall not disclose my motives, nor are they of any importance now. They are connected with the history of my life—not with yours. That history may appear when I am gone. But, although I may be a murderer, a forger, and guilty of a thousand villanies, and although I can neither recal the dead, nor efface the traces of my hand or crimes——'
>
> "'For God's sake, my good friend,' said Slipknot, pointing to the door which

stood ajar, 'the turnkeys and doctor will hear you—you'll floor our alibi if you plead guilty.'

"'Be it so, rejoined Nibshort; 'but that shall not prevent my performing one good act, before I wind up my accounts in this world.'

"'He's turned methodist!' ejaculated the attorney, aside.

"'Penguin,' continued Martin, stretching forth his left hand, 'you may take this; it is not blood-stained. Penguin, I ask your forgiveness'—and here, methought, I saw a tear moisten his eyelid, and his lip quiver—'Penguin, I grossly calumniated you—it was I that placed the marked money in your desk—you are innocent as a lamb. Here,' said he, taking pen and paper, and writing rapidly, 'here is a declaration to that effect, which shall be attested by a more creditable witness than my good friend there.'

"'Thank you, Mr. Martin,' replied the other; 'this is all one gets from you cracksmen for risking one's life and character.'

"'Character!' exclaimed Martin, with a sneer; 'if ever man deserved hanging more than I, it is you, and all those who are like you.'

"He then placed the written paper in my hand. O selfish weakness of our nature! at that moment I felt my horror of the man diminish. Murderer, outcast, villain as he was, and said he was, I forgave him—my heart seemed bursting with conflicting emotions. I even pitied him, and if I could have opened the prison doors and have set him free, I would have done so. I shall be condemned for this morbid sensibility. No matter: I am here to avow, not to conceal my sentiments. After a moment's pause, I pressed his hand; it was cool, steady, and less agitated than mine.

"'I forgive you, Mr. Martin,' said I, 'willingly forgive you, and regret——'

"'Spare your regrets,' replied he, 'I am not worthy of them. But your forgiveness and my confession are a great relief, for it was a dirty act, and has cost me more compunction than if I had stabbed you. I can look the scaffold boldly in the face. *Malè vivet quisquis nesciet benè mori.*'

"'Not a bit of it,' exclaimed Slipknot; 'we've got the alibi, if you will but hold your d——d canting patter.'

"'You're a fool as well as a knave,' rejoined Martin, looking at him with ineffable contempt: 'murder, forgery, and other crimes, will inevitably be proved against me. My accomplices were arrested yesterday, and have turned king's evidence. I shall plead 'not guilty;' not in hopes of saving my life, but, because I do not choose to resign it without an effort; besides, I intend to let the world know of what stuff I am made. I will conquer their admiration, though I cannot obtain their pity.'

"'Mad as a March hare,' ejaculated Slipknot, in an under tone: then he added, aloud; 'as you plead 'not guilty,' you'll want the alibi and my assistance.'

"'Neither,' rejoined Martin. 'I have injured that gentleman sufficiently. I will not urge him to perjure himself, nor will I trouble you. His reputation would be ruined by the one, and my character suffer by the other.'

"'Thank you, my good friend,' replied the attorney; 'this comes of helping such dare-devils as you are. I shall go over, and see whether Bill and Ned will turn up their noses.'

"'You may go where you please, sir,' retorted the other, 'and the sooner the better.'

"Slipknot took the hint, and departed. When he was gone, Martin resumed the thread of his discourse, saying, 'Yes, Mr. Penguin, I shall die without fear or remorse.'

"'Without remorse!' said I: 'surely that is impossible.'

"'It is true, though,' answered he. 'When I abandoned myself to crime, I knew that I placed myself in flagrant hostility to human and divine laws. A race then commenced between me and justice. I knew the penalty of violating the social compact. I also knew that I must then sign a bond with the scaffold, as others are said to have done with the devil. I resolved to embrace all the consequences of my pact, and, in truth, I would sooner die suddenly by the rope than by lingering illness. I am not one of those common minds that measure things by the yard, and think nothing good that is not durable. I take the ball at the bound. The most exquisite enjoyments are the most ephemeral. It's the study of all great minds to condense much in a small space. The influence of conscience and the execution of crime are incompatibilities: when I broke with society, and steeled my nerves to the latter, I utterly stifled the former, or I could not have commenced. I have committed more than one murder—you may well start—yes, and I did so premeditatedly, in every instance, save that of the bar-maid. That was the mere instinct of self-preservation. But, although I have felt neither remorse nor compunction for these desperate crimes, I cannot support the idea of having been guilty of a mean and dirty act, such as drove you from Thistle-house.'

" 'What strange contradiction!' replied I. 'Ah, sir! it is unfortunate for me, that this consideration did not deter you at the moment.'

" 'True; but I had an object then in view; you, I thought, might be the means of frustrating it, and so I resolved to remove you. Strange as it may appear, that act has cost me more regret than any other crime. I am no petty malefactor, no vile calumniator. If ever I betrayed another, it was to prevent his betraying me. Between me and the noble freebooters of old, who robbed, murdered and tortured by wholesale, there is only the difference of power and issue. What they did through the agency of others, and with a conviction of impunity, I have done boldly, with my own hand, and with foreknowledge of the risk and responsibility. I anticipated hatred, loathing, curses. I expect neither pity nor sympathy; but I will not merit contempt.' "

We trust that we have said enough to excite a general curiosity to know more of these volumes. A better novel of its class, we can safely affirm, has never appeared in print.

The Christian Correspondent; Letters, private and confidential, by Eminent Persons of both Sexes, exemplifying the Fruits of Holy Living, and the Blessedness of Holy Dying. With a Preliminary Essay, by JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq. 2 vols.

We think the publishing of these letters a most happy idea. The advice, the convictions, and the consolations, that they carry to the erring, the doubting, or the suffering Christian, are various and invaluable. They possess one great advantage over every other species of composition—the reader sees that the writer is in *earnest*. The names that have been laid under contribution to complete these two delightful volumes, are those that have been renowned for piety and learning, many of them having become English classics. The preliminary essay that introduces this correspondence to the reader, should be read diligently, as it contains many valuable truths, narrated in forcible and elegant language. We may look upon this work at random, and quote the first letter that meets the eye, when all are so good and so instructive. We will give our readers the following, as it affords ample occasion for reflection.

" DR. DONNE, shortly before his death, to a FRIEND.

" Sept. 7.

. . . .

" I have often suspected myself to be overtaken *with an over-earnest desire* of the next life; and, though I know it is not merely a weariness of this, (because I had the same desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than I now do;) yet I doubt worldly troubles have increased it. It is now spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me: every other tree blossoms, and I wither; I grow older, and not better; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness; for to choose is to do; but to be no part of any body, is as to be nothing; and so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world, as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. This I made account; I began early, (when I understood the study of our laws;) but was diverted by leaving that, and embracing the worst voluptuousness—*an hydroptic, immoderate desire of human learning and languages;* beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes, but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation; which I thought I entered well into, when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities: and there I stumbled, and fell too; and now, I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters.——Sir, I fear my present discontent does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing—that is, dead. But, sir, though my fortune hath made me such, as that I am rather a sickness or disease of the world, than any part of it, and therefore neither love it, nor life; yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me. Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous for your good, than I am; and God, who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to doubt it. You would pity me now, if you saw me write; for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my prayers with my own weary soul, and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news, for I have either mending or dying on my side; but, if I do continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my blessed Saviour, in exercising his justice, upon my two worldly parts, *my fortune* and *my body*, reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, *my soul!* which is, I doubt, too like a porter, that is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to you truly, that my loathness to give over writing now seems to myself a sign that I shall write no more.

" *Your poor friend*, and *God's poor patient*,
"JOHN DONNE."

An attentive perusal of these volumes will convince the most christian of us, that we have yet much to learn, and still more to reform; and that there are very few of us who can safely say, we equal the writers of this correspondence, men who were dissatisfied with themselves, and who had an opinion so humble of their own merits. This is indeed a work, not of instruction only, but of solemn admonition.

Manchester; its Political, Social, and Commercial History, Ancient and Modern. By JAMES WHEELER.

In naming this production a history, the author has evinced more pretension than accuracy: it is a statistical account of this great commercial and manufacturing town, interspersed with historical sketches, antiquities, and personal anecdotes; and of the last, some are minute even to frivolity, and can be of no possible interest to the general reader. But still this volume is a valuable one, and had we means of ascertaining the fact, we doubt not but that we should find it highly popular in Manchester.

The Family History of England. By the Rev. GEORGE R. GLEIG, M.A.

We have received and read the first part of this work, and find that eighteen parts will complete this undertaking. We will give in his own words the author's intention in thus giving a new history to the public. He says that it is "designed to occupy, in the literature of this country, a space, which has, perhaps, too long been left vacant." There is no deficiency of elaborate histories of England, or of abridgments, well adapted to the use of schools, and readers of tender years. But no work, I believe, has been yet published, for those who are too far advanced in life to be satisfied with a mere school-book, and yet have not the leisure for the studying the more voluminous writers. In fact, Mr. Gleig intends an ample abridgment. He has begun his task well. The woodcuts illustrative of the costumes, &c. &c, of the ancient Britons, greatly enhance the value of the work. The plate of the supposed state of Stonehenge, in the time of the Druids, is highly curious. We think that this publication will prove a desideratum.

The Naval History of Great Britain, a new and improved Edition, brought down to the present time. By EDWARD PELHAM BRENTON, Captain, R. N. Dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty.

We have spoken most favourably before of this work, which has now reached its eighth part, and as the next month will terminate the series, we shall reserve our more extended remarks until it appears. We must not, however, deny ourselves the pleasure of saying that the naval history of the second American war detailed in this number, is not only patriotically but impartially written. Ages of glory are insufficient to enable the boldest hearts to overcome physical impossibilities, and no axiom can be more indisputable than that of two forces placed in opposition, the greater will overcome the less. Moral superiority is, in naval combats, much, but not everything. The most chivalrous courage and the nicest tactics, if not backed by a sufficiency of brute force, will be unequal to victory. In this lies the secret of the naval advantages gained by the Americans over us at the commencement of this second unnatural war.

Tales in Prose. By MARY HOWITT.

This is a handsome little volume, containing a few tales beautiful in their simplicity and rich in their morality. We hold Mary Howitt to be the best relater of a quiet little story, that steals upon the heart and wins it, now living. It is almost a duty to put her writings into the hands of the young. A pleasure we are sure it is, and one which few would refuse themselves, when the fitting opportunity may offer.

Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club; containing a Faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations.

We perceive, as yet, no lack of vigour or of originality in these truly amusing papers. The eleventh as much rewards the reader for its perusal as the first. The service of the notice of action on the renowned patriarch of the club, and the subpœnas on his satellites, is admirably told. We are glad that Boz is getting among the lawyers. They want somebody among them more impartial than their patron saint, whom to name, causeth an imaginable odour of sulphur. Boz will be the first person, not a lawyer, who ever made anything by meddling with the law. The plates do not, or rather one of them does not, correspond with the letter-press, a defect hardly pardonable in so short a publication.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Results of the Parliamentary Inquiry relative to Arts and Manufactures, New Schools of Design, the Royal Academy, &c., &c., explained. By Geo. Tegge, Historical Painter.—Very necessary to be read by all artists.

A View of the Law of Scotland on Intestate Succession, as compared with that of England, and with Suggestions for its Amendment. By John Taylor, A.M.—The subject well considered and a good remedy propounded.

Coghlan's German, French, and English Conversations.—A very useful travelling companion.

A Voice from Ireland upon Matters of present Concern, addressed to Legislators and Ministers of State. By Daniel O'Rourke, Esq.—A voice that it would be for the happiness of thousands if it were heard and attended to.

The Lady's Cabinet Lawyer; being a familiar Summary of the exclusive and peculiar Rights and Liabilities, Legal and Equitable, of Women or Infants, as Wives and as Widows. By a Barrister of the Middle Temple.—The title bespeaks the work, (not always the case,) and the work approves the title. It is short and to the purpose.

Letter to the President of the Royal Geographical Society of London, on Atlantic Discovery.—A letter worthy of attention.

The Poetical Works of Richard Hat, dedicated by permission to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.—We shall defer our remarks until we see a second edition of these poems; we cannot trust ourselves to speak of the first.

Mosse's Parliamentary Guide for 1837.—This is a valuable and accurate little work, corrected up to the 24th of January. Why does Mr. Mosse make that political which ought only to be general.

The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education. By Andrew Combe, M.D., &c. &c.—This is a fifth edition—can we say anything more striking in its favour?

The Carthusian. No. I.—This is the first of a series of some pretension, and of a good deal of merit—it is highly fallacious to predict from a first number.

Two Months at Kilkee. By Mary John Knott.—As we do not like our criticism to extinguish our gallantry, we shall be silent respecting the merits of this work.

The Use of Talents. By Mrs. Cameron, Author of "The Fruits of Education," &c. &c. &c.—A very interesting tale, inculcating the best moral and religious sentiments.

The Beauty of the Rhine. A Metrical Romance, in Four Cantos. By Captain Richard Hort, 81st Regiment.—We have no objection to these four cantos, or forty more of them.

The Outcast.—So be it.

The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all Parts of the World. By C. Mac Farlane, Esq.—We are glad to see this excellent work recognised as an English classic, by being placed among the productions of the "Family Library," forming the sixty-second number.

The Cheltenham Annuaire, for the Year 1837; *containing Original Essays, &c. &c. An Almanac for the Year, &c.; and also a Directory and Guide.*—This is an excellent local affair, not useless in a more extended sphere.

Supplementary Remarks on our Foreign Policy—This pamphlet is by the same author, that has already created so much sensation by his foregoing brochure on "Our Foreign Policy." It deserves attention.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Cooke's History of Party. Vol. II. 8vo. 18*s.*
Abel Allnutt. By the Author of "Hajji Baba." 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Ellis's Laws of Shipping. 12mo. 9*s.*
Boullaye Le Gauz's Tour in Ireland, in 1644, with Notes, &c. By T. C. Croker. Post 8vo. 5*s.*
Scripture Account of the Sabbath. By Archdeacon Stopford. 8vo. 7*s.*
Parochial Lectures on the Holy Catholic Church. By the Rev W. J. Irons. 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
The Caraguin. By R. N. Dunbar. 12mo. 5*s.*
M'Culloch's Dictionary of Commerce. New Edition, corrected to December 1836. 8vo. 2*l.* 10*s.*
Scott's Harmony of Phrenology with Scripture. Second Edition. 6*s.* 6*d.*
Hunter's Works. Vol. I. By J. F. Palmer. 8vo. 17*s.* 6*d.*
Hunter's Surgical Works. Vol. I. By J. F. Palmer. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Dibdin's New Spring Annual, 1836. 12mo. 1*s.*
Bloomfield's School Greek Testament, with English Notes. 12mo. 12*s.*
Brenton's Naval History. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Burton's History of the Church. Second edit. fcap. 6*s.* 6*d.*
Boyle on the Law of Charities. 8vo. 24*s.*
Hawks of Hawk-Hollow. By Dr. Bird. 3 vols. post 8vo. 27*s.*
Morrison on Metallic Currency. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
Leland's Deistical Writers. New edit. 8vo. 12*s.*
Pierce's Growth in Grace. Third edit. 18mo. 3*s.*
Monk's Alcestis of Euripides. Fifth edit. 8vo. 6*s.*
Kenrick's Key to Greek Exercises. Part I. 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.*
Graglia's Italian Dictionary. New edit. 6*s*
Cutler on Dressing and Bandaging. Second edit. 6*s.* 6*d.*
Crombie's Etymology and Syntax of the English Language. Fourth edit. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*
Muehlenfels' Manual of German Prose. fcap. 5*s.*
Muehlenfels' Manual of German Poetry. fcap. 5*s.*
Edgeworth's Harry and Lucy concluded. Third edit. 3 vols. fcap. 12mo. 12*s.*
Cressley's Flowers of Ebor. Post 8vo. 6*s*.
Henrietta Temple. Second edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*
Ferrall's Exposition of the Law of Parliament. 8vo. 12*s.*
Bateman's Magnacopia. Second edit. 18mo. 6*s.*
M'Lean's Comic Alphabet, No. II. 2*s.* 6*d.* pl.; 4*s.* col.
Foreign Tales. 18mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*
Medical Properties of the Bladud Spa-Water. By C. T. Edwards, 8vo. 3*s.*
Tithe Commutation Tables. By C. M. Willich, royal 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*
Taylor's Golden Grove, 18mo. new edition, 4*s.*
Family Poetry, chiefly devotional, 32mo. 3*s.*
Walker's Games and Sports, 12mo. roan, 9*s.*
A Practical Treatise on the Law of Charities. By W. R. A. Boyle, royal 8vo. 1*l* 4*s.*
Rosamond Culbertson, with Introduction, by S. B. Smith, 12mo. 3*s.*
A Treatise on Painful and Nervous Diseases. By A. Turnbull, M.D. Third Edition. 6*s.*
Spiritual Crumbs. By Gerhard Terstigen, from the German, by S. Jackson, 12mo. 5*s.*
Quarle's Judgment and Mercy, 12mo. 2*s.*

LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's "Athens," is not yet published, but is expected speedily.

Miss Boyle's new work, "The State Prisoner," has, we understand, just appeared, though not in time for notice in our present Number. We cannot doubt its excellence from the high character given of it by Mr. James, the Author of "Richelieu," who says of it in his Dedication to his new work, "The Desultory Man," "I do not scruple to assert, that every one who can estimate genius, guided by high principles and the poetry of the heart, inspired by noble feelings and pure taste, will read that work with delight and approbation."

The Author of "Makanna" has just committed to the press a new work, entitled "The Picaroon." The graphic power of this author will find an ample field in the subject of this production.

The Countess of Blessington's new work, "The Victims of Society," is nearly ready for publication.

Mrs. Butler (late Miss Kemble) has in the press a new drama, entitled "The Star of Seville."

So great has been the demand for the new and improved edition of Mr. Lodge's Peerage, that a large impression has been nearly exhausted since its recent publication. Embellished as it now is by the Armorial Bearings incorporated with the Text, it may safely be pronounced the most beautiful and complete work of the kind that has ever appeared.

The author of "Almack's Revisited," has just ready his new work, entitled, "The Married Unmarried."

We are glad to find Miss Stickney engaged on a third volume of her inimitable Pictures of Private Life, and that she has chosen the fertile subject of "Pretension" for the exercise of her talented pen. If there be one prevailing annoyance greater than another, in every grade of society, it is that of Pretension, and we therefore anxiously hope that the present laudable endeavour of this popular writer to expose its folly, and check its many absurdities, will prove successful. The Work will be published in a few days.

A new issue of The Library of Romance is now preparing for publication, with splendid Illustrations, engraved on steel, by the most eminent Artists, after Drawings by the first masters of the day.

Piso and the Prefect; or, the Ancients off their Stilts.

The Progress of Creation considered with reference to the Present Condition of the Earth. By the Author of "Annals of my Village," &c.

A Dream of Life. By the Rev. W. G. Moore.

Doveton, or the Man of many Impulses, a Metaphysical Romance. By the Author of "Jerningham."

The Felonry of New South Wales, a picture of the Romance of Life in Botany Bay, &c. By James Mudie, Esq.

First Impressions and Studies from Nature in Hindostan, embracing an Outline of the Voyage to Calcutta and Five Years' Residence in Bengal and the Doáb, from 1831 to 1836. By Thomas Bacon, Lieutenant of the Bengal Horse Artillery.

FINE ARTS.

Mr. Burford's Panorama of Mont Blanc, now exhibiting in Leicester Square.

This branch of the fine arts, the importance of which we think not to be duly appreciated, has been brought wonderfully near perfection by the skill and assiduity of Mr. Burford; a more striking instance of which need not be desired than this view of Mont Blanc and the adjacent scenery. We have no room for poetical expatiation or raptures about cloud-capp'd mountains, but must strictly confine ourselves to a short critical notice of the view as a painting, as a mere transcript on the canvass of the real Mr. Burford saw. Those who have visited these regions will be at first struck by the extreme fidelity of the representation; they will find everywhere the sober tints that nature usually wears, as in this picture; the remote is the most imposing and principal feature; they will find it clothed with that vapour of indistinctness that forbids the introduction of glowing colours, and all the gaudy clap-traps of crimson and yellow ochre. The foreground is, however, distinctly and even vividly painted, yet in no manner overstepping the modesty of nature. With all our admiration of this splendid production, we cannot forbear noticing a defect, which lies not in the want of capacity of the artist, but in the room in which that capacity is displayed. The canvass is too large for the circular space in which it is placed to be viewed; the tops of the mountains are nearly invisible; and notwithstanding the utmost craning of the neck, the lower part of the picture wholly so. This, however, is but a minor blemish, and will not at all detract from the exquisite pleasure all persons will have in contemplating this wild, awful, and yet beautiful scene.

Wanderings and Excursions in South Wales, including the Scenery on the River Wye. By Thos. Roscoe, Esq. Illustrated by fine Steel Engravings, by Mr. Radclyffe, from Drawings made expressly for this Work by Cox, Harding, Copley, Fielding, and other eminent Artists.

We have received the fourth and fifth numbers of this popular and improving work, and can fearlessly recommend them to the notice of all the lovers of art and of good writing. No. IV. contains views of Brecon Church, Pont y Prydd, and Caerphilly; all of them particularly fine engravings; and the letter-press that follows leaves us nothing to wish for, as far as satisfactory description and animated narrative are concerned. The fifth part is embellished by views of Goodrich Court, Pembroke Castle, and the watering-place of Aberystwith, with accompanying descriptions. Altogether we pronounce this to be a splendid as well as an economical production, and when completed will form a very beautiful volume.

Mr. C. H. Adams's Annual Lecture on Astronomy, at the King's Theatre, Haymarket.

We have often spoken in high terms of commendation of these beautiful and scientific lectures, so appropriate to the season of the year, and so conducive to the improvement of the young, that another repetition of our sentiments might almost seem superfluous. But still it is our duty to remind parents and guardians that an opportunity like that which Mr. Adams offers to them, in displaying before the juvenile mind the unfathomable wisdom and the inconceivable power of the Creator, by an accurate and philosophical insight into his stupendous works, ought to be seized with avidity, as it is certain it will be productive of the purest emotions of pleasure. All sensible people should reflect, that for a few, we are bound to say too few a number of nights, the temple usually dedicated to fashion, frivolity, and dissipation, will be the sanctuary of that science that is nearest to heaven, and must consequently induce in the mind reflections of piety.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—We submit to the attention of Mr. Hamblin, "*tragedian!!!*" who has been induced to favour his countrymen by appearing at this theatre, "*on his return to this his native land*," the following passage from a lecture by Coleridge on Hamlet. "Man is distinguished from the brute animals in proportion as thought prevails over sense: but in the healthy processes of the mind, a balance is constantly maintained between the impression from outward objects and the inward operations of the intellect; for if there be an overbalance in the contemplative faculty, man thereby becomes the creature of mere meditation, and loses his natural power of action. Now one of Shakspeare's modes of creating character is, to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself, Shakspeare, thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances. In Hamlet he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds,—an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet this balance is disturbed: his thoughts, and the images of his fancy, are far more vivid than his actual perceptions, and his perceptions instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire, as they pass, a form and colour not naturally their own. Hence, we see a great, an almost enormous intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakspeare places in circumstances, under which he is obliged to act upon the spur of the moment:—Hamlet is brave, and careless of death; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. Thus it is that this tragedy presents a direct contrast to that of Macbeth; the one proceeds with the utmost slowness, the other with a crowded and breathless rapidity.

"The effect of this overbalance of the imaginative power is beautifully illustrated in the everlasting broodings and superfluous activities of Hamlet's mind, which, unseated from its unhealthy relation, is constantly occupied with the world within, and abstracted from the world without,—giving substance to shadows, and throwing a mist over all common-place actualities. It is the nature of thought to be indefinite;—definiteness belongs to external imagery alone. Hence it is, that the sense of sublimity arises, not from the sight of an outward object, but from the beholder's reflection on it; not from the sensorious impression, but from the imaginative reflex. Few have ever seen a celebrated waterfall without feeling something akin to disappointment: it is only subsequently that the image comes back full into the mind, and brings with it a train of grand or beautiful associations. Hamlet felt this; his senses are in a state of trance, and he looks upon external things as hieroglyphics. His soliloquy—

'O! that this too solid flesh would melt,' &c.

springs from that craving after the indefinite—from that which is not—which most easily besets men of genius; and the self-delusion, common to this temper of mind, is finely exemplified in the character which Hamlet gives of himself:—

'It cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter:'

He mistakes the seeing his chains for the breaking them, delays action till action is of no use, and dies the victim of mere circumstances and accident."

That Mr. Hamblin never read this wonderful passage, we are certain; because, had he done so, his own good sense would have restrained him from presenting a representation of Hamlet to his countrymen, even "on his return to this, his native land;"—that he has no idea, not even the most distant, of Shakspeare's Hamlet, it is only necessary to witness his performance of any one scene in the tragedy. In what estimation Mr. Hamblin may have been held, on the other side of the Atlantic, we know not; but if any audience in America could listen with feelings of admiration or excitement to his Hamlet, we should be glad to learn that this tragedy was struck out of the list of acting plays in that country, and the *Black Bandit of Bohemia*, or the *Sad Saracen of Seringapatam*, substituted for it.

It is by no means pleasant to speak harshly of the exertions of any actor, but when a performer attempts the highest effort of his art, which is the realisation of Hamlet, he must be prepared to hear truth; which, in this "tragedian's" case amounts to this, that his performance of Hamlet is most execrably bad, offensive from pretension, and unredeemed by one spark of true reverential Shakspearean feeling.

The amusements at this theatre, during the last month, have not been so generally attractive as they were during the early part of the season, owing, it is said, to the prevailing epidemic, which has rendered Mr. Macready unable to perform. We earnestly hope that the manager will not deprive the public of witnessing the now only "tragedian" of the British stage, the moment he is able to resume his professional duties. This is only due to the public, who have generously aided him, undeterred by malicious slanders and vulgar pride.

The nautical performances of Mr. T. P. Cooke are complete portraits of the lives and manners of sailors, and prove most attractive to those whom avocations and dispositions permit only to come at half-price.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Edwin Forrest, by the means of reduced prices, is drawing audiences respectable in point of numbers to this house. If Mr. Forrest be, as his friends insist, a man of genius and a great actor, we are surprised that he does not confine his great powers to great plays. Surely both the tragedy of Brutus and that of Damon and Pythias, are beneath the dignity of genius; and yet, by general consent, it is said that Mr. Forrest has been most successful in these plays; and the reason is obvious—neither of them require any effort of the imaginative qualities; they are both

"Coldly correct and critically dull,"

and a less imaginative actor than Mr. Forrest we have seldom seen. In Shakspeare, he understands the broad outline of characters, but he perceives not the nice and subtle points which fill up and complete the picture. He appeals to the senses rather than the imagination; to the mere understanding, rather than the reason, as contemplating inward nature and the workings of the passions in their most retired recesses. Besides, in his appeals to the senses, Mr. Forrest is always aiming at something more than what is possible on the whole: he thinks too much of himself, his positions, his hits, his points, and too little of Shakspeare. What Coleridge remarks of Shakspearean criticism is equally true of Shakspearean acting: that assuredly that acting of Shakspeare will alone be genial which is reverential; and that the man who, without reverence—a proud and affectionate reverence—can utter the words of Shakspeare, stands disqualified for the office of actor, and will play at best but as a blind man; while the whole harmonious creation of light and shade, with all its subtle interchange of deepening and dissolving colours, rises in silence to the call of the actor, and is seen only by the audience through a dim and disagreeable mist. Now this want of proud and affectionate reverence is palpable throughout every performance of Shakspeare which Mr. Forrest has given. On leaving the theatre, after having seen Kean or seeing Macready, the mind was or is filled with rapture, admiration, and astonishment, at the genius of Shakspeare. After having witnessed Mr. Forrest's performance, we think of the actor, his few beauties, and his many blemishes, and feel more than ever the incapacity of art to realise genius. In Mrs. Butler's very clever Journal there is an example of this. Having seen Forrest in Brutus, this lady merely notes down in her diary, "What an enormous man he is!" Whether this be intended for sarcasm, or merely the natural expression of what was uppermost in her mind, is of no consequence; similar, we venture to predict, is the note of all who keep journals, after seeing Mr. Forrest.

The Operas of *Cinderella* and the *Mountain Sylph* have both been charmingly got up here, and have proved exceedingly attractive. Public curiosity has for some time been greatly excited by the announcement of Barnet's new opera, *Fair Rosamond,* which will in all probability have been brought out before this notice appears, and on the decoration, dresses, &c., the manager intends, it is reported, to be more than usually expensive and magnificent; although the public have no reason to complain in either respect.

Mr. Warde.—It is reported that this gentleman has become the proprietor of the Queen's Bazaar, in Oxford Street, and intends to turn it into a theatre. If this be the case, we sincerely wish complete success to one who is at once a man of considerable talents, a scholar, and a gentleman, and who, for some years past, has been too much neglected and passed over by the managers of the great houses. Those who have witnessed Mr. Warde's Iago, his Joseph Surface, and latterly, his Black Ralph, in Sheridan Knowles's last play, will readily admit that he is now one of the last of the sterling actors, who once adorned the stage, and delighted the public. We again reiterate our wish of success for him in this hazardous undertaking.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

Our imports (considering the time of year) have as yet, with one exception, been very great, and that exception is the Turkey trade—but large arrivals of opium, gall, and gum arabic, are expected during the ensuing month (March.) East India and other sugars have had but few buyers. Cotton is steady. Dye woods have had a decline in prices—spices are dull. Our West India produce, viz. sugar, rum, and molasses, still hold their prices. There has been a rise in coffee from Jamaica and Berbice. Nothing has been doing in cocoa. The Cape trade is prosperous, its hides, skins, horns, wines, &c. having a ready market. Ivory is not now a good speculation. Raw silk fetches a high price. The Russia trade is dull. Tallow sells slowly, and at low prices; wool finds buyers. The exports are still on the increase, particularly of manufactured cotton. The increase of foreign vessels in the carrying trade is what we regret, but only what we expected. Our internal commerce has been brisk; great fluctuations in prices have taken place; they are now high. The rail-roads are proceeding with rapidity. The complete success of the Manchester line has raised the hopes of the holders of shares in other rail-roads, and unsold shares in most of these speculations are now scarce, and at a premium. All this is very well so far as it goes, but the accounts from those great sources to which we must look for the supply of our means of commerce, are by no means so satisfactory. The general trade of Birmingham is, we regret to learn, in a very depressed state, almost amounting to complete stagnation. The cause of this state of things has been as sudden as it is undefinable. An address to Lord Melbourne is now in course of signature, to which are attached the names of the high and low bailiffs, and the principal merchants and manufacturers of the town, soliciting the serious and immediate attention of Government to the subject. The memorial states that during the last two or three years the greatest prosperity prevailed; but within the last three months, that gratifying state of things has entirely disappeared, without any prospect of its being restored. Nor are the accounts from Liverpool more cheering, for we regret to say that it continues very indifferent, principally owing to the uncertainty and confusion in the Money Market, which compels all persons to limit their transactions within as narrow bounds as possible. The state of the American money market is also such as greatly to narrow the trade with that country, to the extreme inconvenience of the British manufacturer. A very severe failure in the sugar trade was announced on 'Change—the heaviest that has taken place in Liverpool for some years—and greatly added to the prevailing dulness of trade, although the loss will principally fall on very strong houses. In the metropolis great distrust exists among all classes connected with business. Times, we trust, though we cannot see any prospect of it, may speedily amend.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Thursday, 23rd of February.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock 207 one-half.—Three per Cent. Consols 91 one-eighth.—Three per Cent., Reduced 90 five-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 90 seven-eighths.—Exchequer Bills, 32 p.—India Bonds, 28*s.* p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent., 49 one-quarter.—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 53 three-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 26 three-quarters.

Money Market Report.—On the close of January last the Money Market was in a feverish state, from an apprehension that the Bank was about to set about contracting its issues with more earnestness. In the absence of unwelcome news Consols for money, which had been sold at 89¼, advanced above ⅛ per cent. In America it appears that the credit of mercantile classes was at such a wretchedly low ebb at the close of the year, that the banking-houses would not receive cheques drawn upon other banks, and therefore their customers could only draw cheques to the amount of the cash actually paid in. Such is the miserable issue of free-banking. To stop the exportation of specie to America, it is clear that we should annihilate the power of the joint-bankers to issue paper; this would allow the price of cotton to fall to the level at which it was before that issue produced speculation, and a rise in the price—a depreciation of, perhaps, 2*d.* in the lb. Then having two millions sterling per annum, less to pay to America for the raw material, and the low price of our cotton goods increasing the demand from abroad, the exchanges, not only with the United States, but the Continent, would turn decidedly in favour of England, and our manufacturers would again become busy.

There was a slight revival of the dealing in shares of rail-roads and joint-stock banks, but not to a material extent. In the commercial world discredit, stagnation, and extreme pressure for money prevailed. A heavy failure was announced, and several small houses engaged in the silk trade have stopped.

About the middle of last month, (February.) The Money Market wore a firm appearance, although beyond the precincts of the Stock Exchange increased distress prevailed. Mercantile houses of the first rank found it impossible to get bills discounted on any terms: where attempts were made to sell goods by auction they were mostly withdrawn for want of bidders; the export trade continued to be miserably flat, while the importations were heavy; and the accounts from the manufacturing districts complained of excessive dulness, numerous failures, and general distrust. The state of the Exchange, in fact, was still such that capitalists prefered abstaining altogether from business to encountering the great risk which attends the employment of money in any manner. Though seven per cent. might have been readily obtained for the use of money, no man who held Three per Cent. Stock or Exchequer Bills, was tempted to sell his Public Securities, which yielded him not half that per centage. Stock was positively scarce, and the more pinching the want of money became, the firmer appeared the value of Stock. Consols seemed to be nailed, and could not be moved one per cent. up or down.

The premium on Exchequer Bills remained steady, no further sales being pressed by the Bank, which was understood to have resorted to re-discounting its commercial bills. This new drain of the capital usually employed in discounting, increased the difficulty of the merchants and bankers, who had hitherto been accommodated with the use of it. There was a slight revival of business in the Share Market, and some new speculations have been advertised in the course of the last fortnight. Several failures at Liverpool, and a heavy one in London, were the subjects of much discussion.

Another week of considerable anxiety passed without any calamity. The Bank has not had any adequate offer for its Government Annuity till the year 1867, or Dead Weight. It requires about 17*l.* 10*s.* for every 1*l.* annuity, which is at the rate of 9,150,450*l.*, for the whole, and this amount, with the sum of 7,614,620*l.*, which it has already received from the Government by annual payments since 1823, would give a total of 16,765,070*l.* for its bargain, which cost 13,089,419*l.* The highest offer is understood to have been made by the Equitable Insurance Office, being 17*l.* 5*s.* for 1*l.* annuity. Mr. Medley, the country banker at Aylesbury, who recently failed, has addressed a letter to his customers, in which he states, that, from the pressure of the times, out of 220,000*l.* of permanent lodgments in his hands, 200,000*l.* was drawn out in the last two months, and this trying demand he intimates has been pretty general among the country bankers. He describes those two months as "a crisis unexampled since the dreadful panic of 1825;" and he expresses his fear that his stoppage is "only the commencement of a catalogue of disastrous failures."

About the 17th, Consols advanced 1 per cent., owing, it should seem, partly to the non-interference of the Bank with the rate of discount, but chiefly to the continued scarcity of stock, which will perplex those who have large amounts to deliver on the settling day. The mercantile members of the community, who are affected by the pressure for money, are not generally holders of 3 per cents., and their distress, therefore, does not produce sales. The ruinous fluctuations and stagnation in the Market for Foreign Securities and Mining and Railway Shares, have diverted altogether the employment of a spare capital into the English Stock Market; and there is a constant demand, especially for 3½ per cents. and small Exchequer Bills. The Bank abstains from acting on the currency because the last advices from the United States have brought plenty of orders for English goods, and as American cotton has declined fifteen per cent. in the course of the last three weeks, and we shall have so much less to pay to America, the chance of a revival of the exportation of gold is considerably diminished. France has been supplying the continental markets with indigo at 6 to 8 per cent. below the prices here; and if speculation and high prices are fostered in this country by suffering the Joint Stock Banks to create sham money without restraint, the French will no doubt undersell us as to other articles.

In the Foreign Stock Market Spanish Bonds have advanced from 25¾ to 28, upon the presumption that the blow about to be struck by General Evans will bring the Carlist war to a rapid close.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JANUARY 24, 1837, TO FEBRUARY 17, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

Jan. 24.—J. Baker, Melbourne, Cambridgeshire, grocer.—C. Baker, Merton Mills, Wimbledon, Surrey, miller.—J. H. Farmer, Abchurch Lane, painter.—F. and R. Sparrow, Ludgate Hill, wine merchants.—T. Greenfield, Roebuck Tavern, Chiswick, victualler.—T. Tullock, Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, builder.—J. Clarkson, Nottingham, currier.—T. Wheeler, Shrewsbury, Shropshire, grocer.—R. Cuming, Plymouth, Devonshire, ship owner.—W. Alston, Leicester, spinner.

Jan. 27.—W. Watling, Arabella Row, Pimlico, eating-house keeper.—J. Collins, South Row, New Road, Somers Town, dealer.—E. Joseph and E. Levi, Ratcliffe Highway, merchants.—D. Morgan, Hedge Row, Islington, butcher.—J. Hopton, E. W. Peniston, J. Peniston, and C. Rose, Leeds, dyers.—T. and N. Armstrong, Caldcoats, Cumberland, tanners.—J. H. Hetherington, Whitehaven, Cumberland, brewer.—S. and J. Reading, Birmingham, gilt toy makers.—T. Wootton, Bognor, Sussex, grocer.—J. Nield, Midge Hill, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer.—R. Wilson, Liverpool, tallow-chandler.—I. Johnson, Sheffield, hatter.—J. Jennings, Canterbury, hotel-keeper.—C. Jauncey, Sponend, Herefordshire, cattle dealer.—J. Armstrong, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, common brewer.—W. Roberts, Newport, Monmouthshire, shipwright.

Jan. 31.—T. Nottage, Green Dragon Yard, Worship Street, coach master.—H. Greenhill, Philpot Lane, tea-dealer.—J. Bates, Long Lane, Bermondsey, Surrey, furrier.—R. Johnstone, Chelmsford, Essex, woollen draper.—W. Geach, sen. and W. Geach, jun. Polruan, Cornwall, shipwrights.—J. Millington, Manchester, joiner.—A. Manson, Liverpool, merchant.—T. Cartwright, Manchester, toy merchant.—R. Powell, Bath, butcher.—E. Whele, Walsall, Staffordshire, grocer.—R. Crabtree and S. Holdsworth, Burnley, Lancashire, curriers.—E. Sheppard, sen. & E. Sheppard, jun., Uley, Gloucestershire, clothiers.—B. Boothby, sen. and B. Boothby, jun., Nottingham, iron founders.—D. Parry, Pontypool, Monmouthshire, victualler.—J. Duncan, Manchester, hosier.—J. H. Collens, Weston, Somersetshire, nurseryman.—J. Rogers, Martley, Worcestershire, tanner.—J. Harland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woodmonger.—S. Beeny, Birmingham, mercer.—W. Whittaker, Wakefield, maltster.

Feb. 3.—J. Burke, Golden Lane, St. Luke's, soap maker.—E. Burn, St. Helen's Place, merchant.—J. W. Spradbow, Newington, Kent, linendraper.—J. J. Cole, Anchor Brewery, Britton Street, Chelsea, ale brewer.—H. Pegg, Royal Hotel, Tunbridge Wells, hotel keeper.—W. and A. O. Medley, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, bankers.—C. Stoddart, Bank Chambers, Tokenhouse Yard, money scrivener.—W. De Burgh, Bishopsgate Street, Without, licensed victualler.—C. White, Willingale, Spain, Essex, goosefeeder.—J. Cram, Northfleet, Kent, coal merchant.—G. Moore and J. Wholly, Basinghall Street, wholesale woollen drapers.—W. Iredale, Ranskill, Nottinghamshire, horse dealer.—H. Raines and J. Savage, Dukinfield, Cheshire, steam-boiler makers.—W. Splaine, Liverpool, coal merchant.—T. Pierpoint, Warrington, Lancashire, draper.—H. Holdsworth, Halifax, and A. Knight, London Wall, worsted spinners.—R. Wilson, Liverpool, tallow chandler.—J. Hartley, Stickney, Lincoln, victualler.—J. Wilmot, Lenton, Nottinghamshire, coach proprietor.—J. Harley, Colne, Lancashire, draper.—J. Stafford, Glossop, Derbyshire, victualler.—W. Boulter, Worcestershire, tobacconist.—A. Fletcher, Redbridge, Southampton, auctioneer.—T. Ladyman, Liverpool, ironmonger.—J. Butcher, Birmingham, chemist.

Feb. 7.—J. and J. Richards, Morris's Walk, Bridge Street, Southwark.—T. Dell, jun., Chingford Green, Essex, butcher.—S. M. Briggs, Barnet, Hertfordshire, plumber.—T. Kilvington, Brough, Westmoreland, innkeeper.—T. Beesly, Farringdon, Berkshire, grocer.—H. Swan, jun., Little Hampton, Sussex, grocer.—W. Barmby, Pudsey, Yorkshire, tallow chandler.—W. H. Everett, Manchester, commission agent.—J. Shilton, Walsall, Staffordshire, carpenter.—T. Wescott, Trews Weir Mills, Devonshire, paper maker.—T. C. Perritt, Kingston-upon Hull, money scrivener.—J. and J. Crossley, Farnley Tyas, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturers.—G. Miller, Bath, victualler.—J. Seed, Catteral, Lancashire, spindle maker.

Feb. 10.—H. Woodthorp, Avely, Essex, grocer.—T. Chandler, Wood Street, Cheapside, warehouseman.—N. Bingham, Old Bond Street, surgeon.—J. West, High Street, Shoreditch, grocer—J. Barnett, Stourport, Worcestershire, wharfinger.—J. B. Higgs, and T. G. Ransford, Manchester and London, hat manufacturers.—C. Radcliffe, Bury, Manchester, drysalter.—J. Lancashire, Wirksworth, Derbyshire, carrier.—J. R. Greer, Bristol, provision merchant.—W. Bodmin, Bristol, tallow chandler.

Feb. 14.—J. Chisholm, Abchurch Yard, cupper.—W. and W. H. Longstaff, Bury Street, St. James's, tailors.—D. Deilier, Berners Street, Oxford Street, upholsterer.—J. Wiggins, High Holborn, woollen draper.—A. Tulley, Church Street, Hackney, grocer.—J. Shindler, Brompton, Kent, butcher.—W. Mason, Pickett Street, Strand, bookseller.—T. Warr, Allweston, Dorsetshire, builder.—J. S. Bramhall, Bristol, cutler.—J. Saul, Holme, Cultram, Cumberland, schoolmaster.—H. Dunn, Manchester, provision dealer.—G. W. Hearle, Devonport, printer.—J. Suffield, Leicester, brace manufacturer.—W. Holtom, Leamington Priors, builder.—J. Gray, sen., Manchester, paper manufacturer.—W. Broom, Manchester, picker manufacturer.—W. Gee, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—J. Russell, jun., Taunton, Somersetshire, tailor.—J. B. Pigott, Darlington, Durham, linen manufacturer.—R. and W. Thacker, New Mills, Derbyshire, cotton spinners.—S.

Brown and J. Cheetham, Manchester, commission agents.—D. Dakeyne and T. Wankyln, Manchester, flax spinners.

Feb. 17.—J. S. Crispin, St. Martin's Court, St. Martin-in the-Fields, boot and shoe maker, —S. Fletcher, Great Marlborough Street, Westminster, goldsmith.—T. Count, Colchester, Essex, wine merchant.—G. B. Robinson, Cross Lane, St. Mary-at-Hill, coal factor.—Z. Allnutt, Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, paper manufacturer.—S. Passey, Birmingham, stationer.—H. Wilson, Duke Street, Southwark, grocer.—F. D. Rose, Trinity Place, Charing Cross, builder.—T. Dicks, Greenwich, Kent, corn dealer.—T. Fordham, Leadenhall Market, poulterer.—J. Aspinall, Halifax, Yorkshire, woolstapler.—J. W. Timmins, Westbromwich, Staffordshire, nail maker.—H. Shelton, Syston, Leicestershire, shopkeeper.—W. Cockcroft and J. Whitaker, Southowram, Yorkshire, stone-merchants.—T. Leake, Orston, Nottinghamshire, miller.—C. Spencer, Bristol, victualler. —S. Marshall, Sheffield, manufacturer of cutlery.—E. Gilbert, Manchester, shopkeeper.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1836.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Jan.					
23	51-45	29,38-29,35	S.	,1875	Cloudy, raining frequently during the day.
24	51-44	29,57-29,44	S.	,15	Cloudy, rain in the evening.
25	46-41	29,58-29,55	S.E. & S.b.W.	,425	Cloudy, rain in the morning.
26	44-39	29,60-29,54	E. & E. b. N.	,35	Cloudy, rain at times.
27	39-34	29,75-29,67	N.E.	,375	Cloudy.
28	37-31	29,81-29,79	N.E.		Cloudy, rain in the morn. and snow in the aftern.
29	35-28	29,71-29,69	N.E.		Cloudy, snow in the morn. and rain in the even.
30	42-25	29,72-29,69	S.E.	,1	Cloudy, rain in the evening.
31	48-33	29,89-29,8[illegible]	S.E.	,025	Generally cloudy, sun shining at times.
Feb.					
1	44-33	30,06-29,89	S.	,0125	Cloudy.
2	46-36	30,22-30,15	S.E.		Generally cloudy, a little rain during the night.
3	45-34	30,28-30,22	S.	,025	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
4	39 25	30,28-30,25	S.E.		Generally clear.
5	38-29	30,25-30,23	S.E.		Evening clear, otherwise cloudy.
6	34-21	30,25-30,24	S.E.		Generally clear.
7	34-22	30,20 30,16	S.E.		Generally clear.
8	45-24	30,02 Stat.	S.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
9	49-36	30,17-30,00	S.W.	,05	Cloudy, with rain.
10	51-41	29,91-29,67	S.W.	,025	Cloudy, frequent showers of rain during the day.
11	49-44	29,48-29,08	S.W.	,325	Cloudy, with rain.
12	45-31	29,46-29,35	S.W.	,325	Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy; hail in the aftern., rain in even.
13	51-34	29,23-29,18	S.W.	,2	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, with rain.
14	47-29	29,64-29,25	S.W.	,125	Generally clear.
15	46-23	30,00-29,88	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
16	55-41	30,05-30,01	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
17	50-36	30,21-30,13	W. b. S.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
18	40-27	29,98-29,57	S.E.	,025	Cloudy, with rain.
19	51-28	29,68-29,19	S. b. W.		Cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.
20	45-34	29,68-29,38	W.	,875	Generally clear, rain during the morning.
21	50-39	29,62-29,47	W.	,15	Generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain.
22	45-32	29,90-29,75	W. b. S.	,05	Generally clear.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

AURORA BOREALIS.—On Saturday night last, from 11 till nearly an hour after midnight, we had the most splendid Aurora perhaps ever witnessed in this latitude; the coruscations were intensely red, and extended at times to within a few degrees of the moon, which was not many hours from the opposition.

NEW PATENTS.

H. Stansfield, of Leeds, Yorkshire, Mechanic, for an invention, being the application to certain machinery of a tappet and lever action, to produce a vertical or horizontal movement through the medium of ropes or bands working over, under, or round pulleys. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. December 30th, 1836, 6 months.

W. Cooper, of Picardy Place, in the city of Edinburgh, Glass Merchant and Stained Glass Manufacturer, for an improved method of executing ornaments, devices, colours, or stains on glass. January 10th, 1837, 6 months.

R. Griffiths, of Smethwich, near Birmingham, Warwickshire, Machine Maker, and S. Evers, of Cradley Iron Works, Staffordshire, Iron Manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of burs or nuts for screws. January 11th, 6 months.

H. Adcock, of Sumner Hill Terrace, Birmingham, Warwickshire, Engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of the furnaces employed in the reduction of iron ores and other metallic ores; as also in some of the processes of the iron manufacture of other metals, such furnaces being applicable to other purposes. January 11th, 6 months.

J. Gardner, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, Ironmonger, for certain improvements in cutting Swedish and other turnips, mangle wurzle and other roots used as food for sheep, horned-cattle, and other animals. January 11th, 6 months.

C. Sheridan, of Ironmonger Lane, in the city of London, Chemist, for improvements in the manufacture of soda. January 11th, 6 months.

J. P. Neumann, of 81, Great Tower Street, in the city of London, Prussiate of Potash Maker, for improvements in the manufacture of prussiate of potash and prussiate of soda. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 11th, 6 months.

G. Goodlet, of Leith, Edinburgh, Merchant, for a new and improved mode of distilling from wash and other articles; also applicable to general purposes of rectifying, boiling, and evaporating or concentrating. January 11th, 6 months.

F. G. Spilsbury, of Newman Street, Oxford Street, Middlesex, Engineer, and W. Maugham, of Newport Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Chemist, for certain improvements in the manufacture of carbonate of soda. January 11th, 6 months.

J. Macneill, of Parliament Street, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for improvements in making or mending turnpike or common roads. January 11th, 6 months.

J. Braby, of Duke Street, Stamford Street, in the parish of St. Mary Lambeth, Surrey, Wheelwright and Coach Maker, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages. January 11th, 6 months.

R. Sewell, of Carrington, in the parish of Basford, Nottinghamshire, Lace Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of white lead. January 11th, 6 months.

C. T. Coathupe, of Wraxall, Somersetshire, Glass Manufacturer, for certain improvements in the manufacture of certain descriptions of glass. January 11th, 6 months.

J. Gall, of Aberdeen, Scotland, Carpenter and Builder, for an improved mode of priming fire-arms applicable to percussion locks. January 17th, 6 months.

A. Dunn, of No. 22, Nelson Street, City Road, Middlesex, Manufacturing Chemist, for an improved mode of dissolving silicious matter and compounds of silica, and of manufacturing soap. January 17th, 6 months.

W. Gossage, of Stoke Prior, Worcester, chemist, for certain improvements in manufacturing oxide of lead, applicable to making paints, and to other purposes; also certain improvements in the process of bleaching and purifying oils, suitable for mixing paints and other oils and fatty matters. January 19th, 6 months.

J. Murray, of Fitzroy Square, St. Pancras, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in the construction of carriages. January 19th, 6 months.

M. Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements in ordnance and other fire-arms. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 19th, 6 months.

H. N. S. Shrapnel, of Bayswater Terrace, Middlesex, Esquire, for certain improvements on snuffers. January 19th, 6 months.

W. S. Gillett, of Guilford Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for improvements in trimming and facilitating the progress of vessels in water. January 21st, 6 months.

J. Oliver, of Castle Street, Falcon Square, in the city of London, Gentleman, for a certain improvement in the filters employed in sugar refining. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 24th, 6 months.

J. Cuttel, of Hollingforth, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, Woollen Manufacturer, for improvements in producing slubbings of and in spinning wool. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 26th, 6 months.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Mr. Curtis's Acoustic Inventions.—The application of acoustics to the purposes of civilisation has been very culpably neglected—even to the loss of what was known and practised centuries ago. Dr. Reid has had the merit of calling public attention to the subject, in as far as relates to the construction of buildings, in his public lectures and his evidence before the Commons' Committee on the New Houses of Parliament. We have now to call the attention of our readers to another branch of the science, namely, the conveyance of sound to great distances by acoustic tunnels. "What the telescope is to the eye, acoustic tunnels would be to the ear. It appears no more wonderful that we should be able to *hear* at the distance of five or six miles, than we should be enabled to *see* objects at that distance by the telescope, as distinctly as if we were within a few yards of them." Acting on this intelligent view of the subject, Mr. Curtis, one of the most skilful aurists of the day, has been led to the invention of an acoustic chair.

"By means of sufficient tubes, this chair might be made to convey intelligence from St. James's to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and even from London to the King at Windsor. Marvellous as this may seem, the idea is not a novelty; it is but another confirmation of the saying of Solomon, that there is nothing new under the sun. M. Itard, in his excellent work on the ear, tells us that Aristotle (who was physician to Alexander the Great) invented a trumpet for his master, which was capable of conveying orders to his generals at the distance of 100 stadia, equal to rather more than twelve miles."

We understand that Mr. Curtis has, at present, before the Lords of the Treasury a plan for conveying messages from one government-office to another, upon the same principle as the chair; as, for instance, between the various official departments in Whitehall, from the Horse Guards to the Mansion House, &c.

"Some experiments have lately (1828) been made by M. Biot, 'on the transmission of sound through solid bodies, and through air, in very long tubes.' These experiments were made by means of long cylindrical pipes, which were constructed for conduits and aqueducts, to embellish the city of Paris. The pipes by which he wished to ascertain at what distance sounds are audible, were 1,039 yards, or nearly five furlongs, in length. M. Biot was stationed at the one end of this series of pipes, and Mr. Martin, a gentleman who assisted in the experiments, at the other. They heard the lowest voice, so as perfectly to distinguish the words, and to keep up a conversation on all the subjects of the experiments. 'I wished,' says M. Biot, 'to determine the point at which the human voice ceases to be audible, but could not accomplish it: words spoken as low as when we whisper a secret in another's ear, were heard and understood; so that not to be heard, there was but one resource, that of not speaking at all. This mode of conversing with an invisible neighbour, is so singular, that we cannot help being surprised, even though acquainted with the cause. Between a question and answer, the interval was not greater than was necessary for the transmission of sound. For Mr. Martin and me, at the distance of 1,039 yards, this time was about 5½ seconds.' Reports of a pistol fired at one end, occasioned a considerable explosion at the other. The air was driven out of the pipe with sufficient force to give the hand a smart blow, to drive light substances out of it to the distance of half a yard, and to extinguish a candle, though it was 1,039 yards distant from the place where the pistol was fired. A detailed account of these experiments may be seen in *Nicholson's Phil. Journ.* for October, 1811. Don Gautier, the inventor of the Telegraph, suggested also the method of conveying articulate sounds to a great distance. He proposed to build horizontal tunnels, widening at the remoter extremity, and found that at the distance of 400 fathoms, or nearly half a mile, the ticking of a watch could be heard far better than close to the ear. He calculated that a series of such tunnels would convey a message 900 miles in an hour.

"From the experiments now stated, it appears highly probable, that sounds may be conveyed to an indefinite distance. If one can converse with another, at the distance of nearly three quarters of a mile, *by means of the softest whisper*, there is every reason to believe, that they could hold a conversation at the distance of thirty or forty miles, provided the requisite tunnels were constructed for this purpose. The latter case does not appear more wonderful than the former. Were this point fully determined, by experiments conducted on a more extensive scale, a variety of interesting effects would follow, from a practical application of the results. A person at one end of a large city, at an appointed hour, might communicate a message, or hold a conversation with his friend, at another; friends in neighbouring, or even in distant towns, might hold an occasional correspondence by articulate sounds, and recognise each other's identity by their tones of voice. In the case of sickness, accident, or death, intelligence could thus be instantly communicated, and the tender sympathy of friends immediately exchanged. A clergyman sitting in his own room in Edinburgh, were it at any time expedient, might address a congregation in Musselburgh or Dalkeith, or even in Glasgow. He might preach the same sermon to his own church, and the next hour to an assembly at forty miles distant. And surely there could be no valid objection to trying the effect of an *invisible preacher* on a Christian audience. On similar principles, an apparatus might be constructed for augmenting the strength of the human voice, so as to make it extend its force to an assembled multitude composed of fifty or a hundred thousand individuals. In short, intelligence respecting every important discovery, occurrence, and event, might thus be communicated, through the extent of a whole kingdom, within the space of an hour after it had taken place."

We are happy to learn that the adoption of this invention at the public offices, the Bank, Post Office, &c. is under serious consideration.

Law of Copyright.—The Committee in Paris, to investigate the question of the infringement of French copyrights in foreign countries, has made its report to the government, through its president, M. Villemain; and the following are the leading points:—1. To prohibit (with slight exceptions) the publication, in France, of foreign works, without the consent of their authors: a similar protection of French works to be given by the countries whose authors are so protected in France. 2. Copies of foreign editions of books so pirated to be forbidden entry into France; and French books, exported from France, not to be allowed to be reimported within five years, as noted by the law of 27th March, 1817. These regulations would certainly be good, as far as they go; if they do not altogether remedy the existing mass of wrongs and evils.

Silk Worms.—It is now ascertained, that the silk worm, while in full health and vigour, is liable to be attacked by a parasitical vegetable substance, which eventually kills it. It is not visible during the life of the animal, but invades the fatty substance and the trachæa, and after death appears like a white efflorescence all over the body, which has been hitherto called muscadine. This is quite a new kind of parasite, and is a Cryptogamia, of which there appear to be even two species.

Steam Navigation to America.—The company projected for this undertaking in London has at length been formed, and it is determined to proceed at once with the building of the vessels. The application of Hall's condenser to the engines is calculated to effect a saving of one-third in fuel, and leave room for greater stowage for merchandise. The following are the dimensions of the first ship to be built: length of the keel, 220 feet; length between perpendiculars, 235 feet; beam, 40 feet; depth in hold, 27 feet—burthen, 1,800 tons. The vessels are intended to sail alternately from London and Liverpool, thus uniting all interests in the scheme,—to which we cannot but wish success.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—February, 1837.

House of Lords, Jan. 31.—Parliament was opened by Commission. At two o'clock the Lords Commissioners took their seats. The Lord Chancellor said—It not being convenient for his Majesty to be present here to-day in his Royal person, he has been pleased to direct that a Commission be prepared for opening the session, which Commission shall be read to your Lordships.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"We are commanded by His Majesty to acquaint you that His Majesty continues to receive from all Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition, and His Majesty trusts that the experience of the blessings which peace confers upon nations, will tend to confirm and secure the present tranquillity.

" His Majesty laments that the civil contest which has agitated the Spanish monarchy has not yet been brought to a close; but His Majesty has continued to afford to the Queen of Spain that aid which, by the Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance of 1834, His Majesty engaged to give if it should become necessary, and His Majesty rejoices that his co-operating force has rendered useful assistance to the troops of Her Catholic Majesty.

" Events have happened in Portugal which for a time threatened to disturb the internal peace of that country. His Majesty ordered, in consequence, a temporary augmentation of his naval force in the Tagus, for the more effectual protection of the persons and property of his subjects resident in Lisbon; and the Admiral commanding His Majesty's squadron was authorised, in case of need, to afford protection to the person of the Queen of Portugal, without, however, interfering in those constitutional questions which divided the conflicting parties.

" His Majesty has directed the reports of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the Province of Lower Canada, to be laid before you, and has ordered us to call your attention to that important subject.

" We have it also in charge to recommend for your serious deliberation those provisions which will be submitted to you, for the improvement of the law and of the administration of justice, assuring you that His Majesty's anxiety for the accomplishment of these objects remains undiminished.

" We are required to convey to you His Majesty's desire that you should consult upon such further measures as may give increased stability to the Established Church, and promote concord and good-will.

" Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

" The estimates of the year have been prepared with every desire to meet the exigencies of the public service in the spirit of a wise economy. His Majesty has directed them to be laid before you without delay. The increase of the Revenue has hitherto more than justified the expectations created by the receipts of former years. His Majesty recommends an early renewal of your inquiries into the operation of the Act permitting the Establishment of Joint Stock Banks. The best security against mismanagement of Banking affairs must ever be found in the capacity and integrity of those who are entrusted with the administration of them, and in the caution and prudence of the public; but no legislative regulation should be omitted which can increase and insure the stability of Establishments upon which Commercial credit so much depends.

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" His Majesty has more especially commanded us to bring under your notice the state of Ireland, and the wisdom of adopting all such measures as may improve the condition of that part of the United Kingdom. His Majesty recommends to your early consideration the present constitution of the Municipal Corporations of that country, the Collection of Tithes, and the difficult, but pressing question, of establishing some Legal Provision for the Poor, guarded by prudent regulations, and by such precautions against abuse, as your experience and knowledge of the subject enable you to suggest. His Majesty commits these great interests into your hands, in the confidence that you will be able to frame laws in accordance with the wishes of His Majesty and the expectations of his people. His Majesty is persuaded that should this hope be fulfilled, you will not only contribute to the welfare of Ireland, but strengthen the law and constitution of these realms, by securing their benefits to all classes of His Majesty's subjects."

The following Peers were then introduced with the usual formalities, and, having taken the oaths and subscribed the Parliamentary roll, were conducted to their seats: —Baron Raleigh, Baron Ducie, created Earl of Ducie, Baron Yarborough, created Earl of Yarborough, Baron Lovat, Baron Portman, and Baron Bateman.—The Bishop of Chichester and the Bishop of Ripon were introduced, and took the oaths and their seats. The House was then adjourned during pleasure. At five o'clock the Lord Chancellor took the woolsack.—Viscount Melbourne moved that his Majesty's Speech be now taken into consideration.—The Earl of Fingall moved, and

Lord Suffield seconded, the Address to his Majesty, on the speech of the Lords Commissioners. The Address was, of course, an echo of the Speech, and the comments of the noble mover and seconder were, for the most part, of a similar character. No amendment to the Address being proposed, it was adopted, and their Lordships adjourned to Thursday.

Feb. 2.—Lord Brougham presented a Bill for Promoting Education, and for the Better Regulation of Charities.—The Noble and Learned Lord also presented two Bills on the subject of Local Courts and Pluralities.

Feb. 3.—Some petitions having been presented praying for the abolition of Church-rates, the Lord Steward read his Majesty's Answer to the Address, as follows:—

"My Lords,

"I thank you for your dutiful and loyal Address, and I rely with entire confidence on your attachment to my person and Government, and your enlightened zeal for the public service."

Feb. 6.—Nothing of consequence.

Feb. 7.—A few petitions were presented, having reference to Church-rates, and their Lordships then adjourned.

Feb. 9.—Although there was an unusually full attendance of Peers, no business was transacted.

Feb. 10.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 13.—Lord Melbourne gave notice that, on Thursday, he would move for a Select Committee to inquire into the working of the National System of Education in Ireland.—At the request of the Bishop of Exeter, who wished first to move for some returns connected with the subject, the Noble Viscount postponed his motion till Thursday se'nnight.—The Right Rev. Prelate subsequently announced that, in discussing Lord Melbourne's motion, he should take the opportunity to defend himself from the charges brought against him in the 3rd Report of the Education Commissioners.

Feb. 14.—The business was almost entirely limited to the presentation of petitions.

Feb. 16.—Viscount Melbourne moved the second reading of the Registration of Deaths and Births and Marriages Acts Suspension Bill. The object of the Bill was to give time for the completion of the machinery of these Acts; and it was proposed to that effect to suspend their operation from the 1st of March to the last day of June.—Lord Brougham concurred in the object of the Bill; and stated that the Acts to which it referred were most important and beneficial measures to the community.

Feb. 17.—On the motion of Viscount Melbourne, the Registration of Deaths, Births, and Marriages Acts Suspension Bill was committed.—Lord Ellenborough objected to the Bill that if it passed in its then state, no person could be married by banns, or otherwise than by licence, until the 30th of June. He suggested, therefore, as an amendment, that every enactment in these Bills should be construed as if the last day of June were inserted in them, and not the first day of March. That amendment, if adopted, would have the effect of obviating the evil which would otherwise be produced.—After a few words from Lord Brougham, the amendment was adopted.

House of Commons.—Jan. 31.—After several new Members had taken their seats, and new writs had been ordered, an immense number of notices were given. Mr. Sandford moved, and Mr. V. Stuart seconded the Address on the King's Speech; but in that, as in the other House, the debate was short, no Amendment having been proposed.—Mr. Roebuck declared that he had lost all confidence in the Whigs; but Mr. Hume said that his Hon. Friend, though honest, was too sanguine, and that he had not yet lost all hopes of them.

Feb. 1.—On the motion to renew the Sessional order, regulating that admission to the strangers' gallery should be by means of Members' orders only, Mr. Ewart moved, as an amendment, that strangers should be admitted indiscriminately until the gallery was full.—Lord J. Russell opposed it, as calculated to repel the modest man, and to afford, in times of excitement, when crowds would be collected, opportunity for the activity of "pickpockets."—The amendment was lost on a division of 172 against it and 11 for it, being a majority of 161 in favour of retaining the previous standing order on the subject.—Lord J. Russell (after the adoption of other Sessional orders) moved that the case of Mr. Lechmere Charlton, a Member, against whom the Lord Chancellor's warrant was out for his seizure and commitment for contempt, be referred to a Committee of Privileges, as was done in the case of Mr. Long Wellesley, which course was adopted, and the Committee appointed.—The report of the Address was agreed to.—Adjourned.

Feb. 2.—Lord Ashley gave notice that, on the 6th of April, he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Factory Act, and particularly to alter the law regarding the employment of children in factories.—Lord J. Russell, on account of the difficulty of satisfactorily preparing for the Acts coming into operation, especially in consequence of the unions of parishes now in progress all over the country, moved for and obtained leave to bring in a Bill to suspend for four months the operation of the two Acts passed in the last Session of Parliament, for marriages and registrations of births.—Mr. Baines, Mr. Potter, and Mr. Wilks stated that the Dissenters of all classes were well satisfied with what the Government had done on this subject.—Lord J. Russell, in answer to inquiry by Mr. M'Lean, said that he hoped soon to be able to introduce a Bill to mitigate the Criminal Laws, by substituting a less severe penalty than death for certain offences to which that punishment attaches under the existing law, agreeably to the recommendations of the Law Commissioners, and subsequently revised by some of the Judges. The Marriages and Registration Suspension Bill, and the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill, were then brought in and read a first time.

Feb. 3.—Mr. S. Buckingham gave notice that he would on Thursday, the 16th of February, bring forward a motion for leave to bring in a Bill for supplying large towns with public walks and places of amusement; and that on the same day he would ask leave to bring in a Bill for the better regulation of houses for the sale of intoxicating drinks.—Sir S. Whalley gave notice of a motion for the 4th of May, for the repeal of the window tax.—Mr. Brotherton brought on his promised motion, that, except in very special cases, the House should not sit after twelve o'clock at night. After a short debate a division took place, when the numbers were, for the motion, 61; against it, 147.

Feb. 6.—The Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed; and the Court of Exchequer (Scotland) Bill was read a first time.—The Bill for suspending the Registration of Marriages Act passed through Committee.—On questions being asked by Mr. Robinson and Mr. C. Buller respectively, as to the commercial relations with Portugal, and the recent seizure of the ship *Vixen*, by the Russian navy, Lord Palmerston, in the clearest manner, explained that he did not at all know what he meant to do in either case.—In reply to a question by Mr. Walter, Lord J. Russell declined to give any facilities for the Hon. Member's motion relating to the Poor Law, which was fixed for an order day.—After a debate, in which several Hon. Members took part, leave was given to the Attorney-General to bring in a Bill for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt, except in cases of fraud.—The Attorney-General obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the better Registration of Voters in England.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer then moved the revival of the Committee of last Session upon Joint Stock Banks. The Right Hon. Gentleman abstained from any discussion of the subject, but it nevertheless gave rise to a debate, and a very interesting one, on our banking and monetary systems generally.—Adjourned.

Feb. 7.—Mr. Rushout Bowles took the oaths and his seat as a Member for Evesham.—Lord John Russell, then, in pursuance of his notice, moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the new modelling of Municipal Corporations in Ireland. The only change of any consequence in the Bill rejected last year is as to the appointment of sheriffs. It is now proposed that the town councils shall each return three names to the Lord Lieutenant, who may choose one or reject all. In the latter case a new return is to be made by the town council, with the same option by the Lord Lieutenant. If he again reject the three, the nomination is to vest absolutely in himself. With respect to the Bill itself, he recommended it as doing justice to Ireland, by extending to her the same laws which had been granted to England and Scotland. He thought it right to state that he considered this a question vital to the present Administration. He was fully sensible of the evil of bringing forward Bills year after year, and suffering them to be defeated and lost without taking any further steps. He did not think that the government could permanently go on, and be fairly entitled to the confidence of that House, if they remained as an Administration, suffering principles to be adopted with regard to the government of Ireland against which they decidedly and positively protested.—The debate was then adjourned.

Feb. 8.—The debate on Lord John Russell's motion for leave to bring in a Bill regarding Municipal Corporations—or rather on the government of Ireland—was resumed by Mr. Browne, who supported the motion, and vindicated the conduct of the Lord Lieutenant.—Sir Robert Peel closed the debate on the part of the Opposition.—Lord John Russell replied; after which leave was given to bring in the Bill, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Friday week.

Feb. 9.—There being only 36 Members present at four o'clock, an adjournment till Friday took place.

Feb. 10.—Mr. C. Wood obtained leave to bring in a Bill for the better regulation of Post Office Packets.—The Leasing-making Bill, the Court of Session, and the Small Debts Bill, (all relating to Scotland,) were read a second time and ordered to be committed.—The Recorders Courts' Bill, after some conversation, was read a second time.—A debate then ensued, on the motion of Mr. Hume, for leave to bring in a Bill for an alteration in the Management of County Rates. Leave was at length given.—Mr. Hume also obtained leave to bring in a Bill to regulate the Expenses at Elections.—The House went into Committee on the Grand Juries (Ireland) Bill. The Bill, with amendments, was ordered to be reported, and the House resumed.—Leave was given to Mr. Charles Buller to bring in a Bill to amend the Law on Controverted Elections.—Adjourned.

Feb. 13.—The early part of the sitting was chiefly occupied in receiving petitions on Church Rates, Irish Municipal Reform, and other matters of present interest.—Lord J. Russell adverted to the decision of the Court of King's Bench, and the doctrine laid down by Lord Chief Justice Denman, regarding the printed papers of that House, in the action brought against Mr. Hansard (the Commons' printer). The Noble Lord, the Speaker, and other Members, said they considered the decision of Lord Denman as erroneous, and calculated to restrict the privileges of the House. The Noble Lord said, he mentioned the case and decision in order that attention and inquiry might be directed to the subject, as it would be requisite for him hereafter to submit some proposition on it, as the matter must not be left in the unsatisfactory state in which it was now.—Captain Chetwynd having moved that a new writ should issue for the election of a Member for the borough of Stafford, in order to fill up the vacancy that has now existed for so long a time, Mr. Divett moved, as an amendment, that no writ should issue till ten days after the commencement of the next session of Parliament.—A debate took place, in the course of which Mr. Roebuck thought the isolated attachment to purity of election, professed by the amendment, savoured somewhat of hypocrisy.—A division took place, when the numbers were—For the motion, 152; against it, 151.—Majority for issuing the writ, 1.—On the motion of Lord John Russell, the House went into Committee, to consider that part of the King's Speech that had reference to the enactment of a Poor Law for Ireland. The Noble Lord then, at considerable length, explained the proposed plan, of which the following is a sketch:—The initiatory steps towards the execution of the measure, and the subsequent superintendence of its working, are placed in the hands of the English Poor Law Commissioners, to whose Board, if it should be found necessary, one additional member is to be added. These Commissioners are to form in Ireland unions of parishes, as they may see occasion; in each of which unions a workhouse is to be erected. It is anticipated that the number of these unions may be about a hundred, and that the hundred workhouses may be required to contain upon the average 800 paupers each. It thus appears that the aggregate amount of Irish pauperism is computed at 80,000; an estimate, we fear, the reverse of excessive. But it is not intended to give in the first instance an absolute right to relief; so that the task imposed on the Commissioners will be that of making the most of the resources placed, as an experiment, at their disposal. Out of door relief is wholly excluded from the plan: and there is to be no law of settlement. The estimated expense is for original outlay 700,000*l.*, and for the maintenance of the paupers 1*s.* 6*d.* per head per week. Subordinate to the Poor Law Commissioners of England there is to be a board of guardians in each union, to be elected annually by the payers of county cess, until a poor rate be imposed, and subsequently by the payers of that rate. The *ex-officio* guardians are in no instance to bear a greater proportion to the elected guardians than one-third. The guardians are to be exclusively laymen. The influence of property in the election of guardians is to be strengthened by the admission of a plurality of votes, but upon a system somewhat different from that established in England for the same purpose. Half the rate is to be paid by the tenant, the other half by the landlord. In cases where there are immediate interests between the superior landlord and the occupier, each interest is to be rated in proportion to its value. In the case of holdings under 5*l.* a year, the whole assessment is to fall upon interests superior to that of the occupier. It is proposed to adopt auxiliary measures for employing the people upon public works, and for providing an outlet for surplus population by means of emigration. For the latter purpose agents are to be employed in the principal seaports of Ireland, and the produce of the sale of public lands in the colonies is to be applied to defray the expense of the passage of pauper emigrants. The motion led to an extended discussion, and experienced a favourable, though not unqualified, reception. A resolution to the effect that a provision for the Irish poor, to be made by means of a rate, was advisable, was then agreed to.

Feb. 14.—Sir William Molesworth brought forward his motion to repeal the statutes of the 9th of Anne, c. 5, and the 33rd Geo. II. c. 20, which refer to the property qualifications of Members of Parliament. He sought to repeal those statutes more on account of their being vicious in principle, than on account of their being productive of very pernicious consequences, though undoubtedly sometimes they are the causes of great individual hardship. The Hon. Member proceeded at some length to show the inapplicability of the present law and its easy evasion, and said—"I contend that it ought not to be amended, but repealed; and in calling upon the House so to act, I do not propose innovation, but to return partially to the ancient system, when there was no property qualification, and when the electors were to a great extent entitled to choose whomsoever amongst themselves they thought fit; and the person so chosen, even against his will, could not refuse to serve."—Mr. Leader seconded the motion. A division therefore took place, and the numbers were—For the motion, 104; against it, 133—majority, 29.—Mr. Wakley obtained leave to bring in a Bill to abolish plurality of votes in vestries and unions.—Lord John Russell intimated that he would certainly oppose the second reading of the Bill.—Mr. O'Connell obtained permission to bring in a Bill to amend the law of libel.—The same Hon. Member also got leave for a Bill "to secure the title and enjoyments of lands and tenements for purposes of (Roman) Catholic worship and of education in Ireland."

Feb. 15.—The House went into Committee on the Municipal Reform Act Amendment Bill, and, after the clauses had been gone through *seriatim*, resumed, and the Bill, with amendments, was reported.—Mr. Maclean asked if any opinion had yet been given by the law officers of the Crown upon the circumstances connected with the seizure of the ship *Vixen* by the Russian naval force in the Black Sea; and, if so, whether there would be any objection to laying it before the House?—Lord Palmerston said the event alluded to might involve very important questions, or give rise to serious negotiations; and great inconvenience would be the consequence of producing the opinion of the Crown lawyers.—Mr. Baines obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Municipal Corporations Act, so far as to afford relief to those officers elected under it, who had conscientious scruples against making the declaration required by that Act.

Feb. 16.—Upon the motion of Lord John Russell, a Select Committee was appointed "to examine into precedents respecting the circulation and publication of reports and papers printed by order of that House, in order to ascertain what was the practice of Parliament prior to and since the order for the sale of such papers."—Lord J. Russell moved, pursuant to notice, for leave to bring in a Bill to restrain pluralities. The Noble Lord stated, that after having introduced last Session a Bill as nearly similar as possible to the present, it was unnecessary for him to detain the House by any general allusion to its provisions on the present occasion. Leave was given to bring in the Bill.—Mr. Charles Lushington next proceeded, according to notice, to move a resolution declaratory "That it is the opinion of the House, that the sitting of Bishops in Parliament is unfavourable in its operation to the general interests of the Christian religion in this country, and tends to alienate the affections of the people from the Established Church."—Mr. Hawes, in seconding the motion, called the Church of England "a sect."—Lord J. Russell strongly resisted the motion, as not only proposing an unwarranted change in the Constitution, but as unjust towards the body against whom the proceeding was levelled; for it was saying to them, their interests should have no representatives in either House.—Sir Robert Peel laid claim to his full share of any unpopularity that might accrue to the Noble Lord or any other Member coming forward in defence of one of the most ancient provisions of our Constitution.—The House divided, and there appeared—For the motion, 92; Against it, 197; Majority, 105.

Feb. 17.—A number of petitions were presented for and against the abolition of Church-rates.—The Irish Municipal Corporations Bill was read a second time.—In answer to a question by Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Poulett Thomson said that a charter had been granted for a Bank in the West Indies, but without exclusive privileges. No other business of importance was transacted.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

Joseph Sabine, Esq.

We with much regret record the death of this highly-talented and amiable man, which took place at his residence, No. 15, Mill Street, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, the 24th of last month. He was educated for and early called to the bar, where indeed he began to practise. In 1808 he was appointed Inspector General of Taxes, which office he held twenty-six years; and when this office was abolished in 1835, the present government granted him a compensation pension of only 350*l.* per annum, seven of his colleagues having retired eighteen years before on 400*l.* Mr. Sabine was Honorary Secretary (we may say founder) of the Horticultural Society, Treasurer and Vice-President of the Zoological Society, and one of the Council of the Royal and Linnæan Societies, and a member of many other scientific institutions.

The remains of this respected and accomplished gentleman were interred in the cemetery in the Harrow Road on the 1st instant.

The gentlemen who attended the funeral were his nephew, Captain Browne, Captain Bowles, R.N., Edward Barnard, Esq., Robert Brown, Esq., Dr. Beattie, Edward S. Hardisty, Esq., and Mr. Goode.

The public is indebted to the persevering exertions and personal influence of Mr. Sabine for the marble statue to the memory of Sir Joseph Banks, and also for the monument erected to Philip Miller in Chelsea churchyard.

Gustavus IV.

The ex-king of Sweden, Gustavus IV., known for many years past under the name of Colonel Gustavson, expired suddenly on the 7th ult., at eight in the morning, in the town of St. Gall.

Gustavus was born on the 1st of November, 1778. Though under age he succeeded to his unfortunate father, Gustavus III., under the guardianship of his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania. On becoming of age, on the 1st of November, 1796, he assumed the reins of government, and married, on the 31st of October, 1797, the late Queen Frederica Dorothéa Wilhelmina, a Princess of Baden, the daughter of Prince Charles Lewis. Later, he was crowned at Noukœping. After various calamitous events, both to him and his kingdom, he abdicated on the 29th of March, 1809, and on leaving Sweden lived, since November, 1813, under the title of Duke of Holstein Gottorp, and, subsequently, as Gustavus Adolphus Gustavson, alternately in Germany, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, the three last years at St. Gall. He has died of a disease in his chest, the fatal character of which he did not suspect.

Married.—At Hanley Castle, Samuel Wall, Esq., of Worthy Park, Hants, to Eliza Anne, second daughter of Sir Anthony Lechmere, Bart., of The Rhyd, in the County of Worcester.

At the Charter House, William Strahan, Esq., of Ashurst, in the County of Surrey, to Anne, only daughter of the late General Sir George B. Fisher, K.C.H.

At St. Mary's Church, Bryanston Square, George T. Knight, Esq., second son of Edward Knight, Esq., of Godmersham Park, Kent, and Chawton House, Hants, to the Countess Nelson, Duchess of Bronté.

At Richmond, Sir Walter Palk Carew, Bart., of Haccombe, in Devonshire, to Anne Frances, daughter of Col. Taylor, of Ogwell House, in the same county, Groom of the Bedchamber to his Majesty.

Died.—At Southgate, in his 49th year, Lieut.-Col. Goulburn.

At North Runcton, Norfolk, aged 84, Lady Harriet Gurney, wife of Daniel Gurney, Esq., and sister of the Earl of Errol.

At Exmouth, Admiral Sir Manly Dixon, K.C.B.

At Pitferrane, Fifeshire, Sir Charles Halkett, Bart.

Of influenza, Cuthbert Stephen Romilly, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, of Gray's Inn, aged 47.

At Greatford, the Most Hon. Charles, second Marquis of Drogheda, in Ireland, and Baron Moore, of Moore Place, in Kent, aged 67.

At Winchester, aged 97, John Latham, M.D. F.R.S., F.A.S., and F.L.S., who for many years practised as a physician in Winchester.

At Brussels, Lieut.-Col. William Perceval, C.B., formerly of the Rifle Brigade.

THE

METROPOLITAN.

APRIL, 1837.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

History of the Life of Edward the Black Prince, and of various Events connected therewith, which occurred during the Reign of Edward III. King of England. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

In this world of contention, fraud, and pretension, anything that approaches to honesty and a confession of self-disparagement, should be regarded with the profoundest veneration. Some small portion of that veneration we shall fearlessly challenge for ourselves for what we are going to say of criticism, as it is generally practised, and has been practised on this work in particular. We never read any reviews but our own, if we can help it; but they are sometimes obtruded upon us by friends or by circumstances, and we confidently affirm, that every such obtrusion has been to us an infliction of the severest description. What are these reviewers, upon whose dictum the unthinking many pin their faith? They are, for the most part, unsuccessful and disappointed authors, whose hearts are gangrened by the gall that flows so liberally, and often so destructively, from their pens. Believe it, O ye miserably-misled multitude! that if a person is able to write good works himself, he can much more profitably occupy his time than by attempting to prove the good works of others to be bad. Of the reviewings that are now flooding the paths of literature, and thus with the worthless drowning so many good works, whilst a certain kind of light rubbish is still buoyant upon this bitter Lethean stream, the diurnal and the weekly are the most unfair and the most pernicious. Not that the monthly and the quarterly have not their sins to answer for; although they are generally from the pens of better writers, and from those whom literary misfortunes have not yet steeped to the very lips in the double bitterness of disappointed hopes and vanity crushed into the dust. Of the quarterly reviews the vices are the vices of party feeling. In the various reviews we find all interests advocated but the one the most important. Tory, Whig, Radical, are all represented and championed. It is pure literature alone that finds no representative. But still the quarterly reviews do their business well. If Mr. Murray's satellites have to castigate a Whig's poem, or the writers of the "Edinburgh" undertake to write down the book of travels of a Tory, they go to work scientifically—there is power in their philippics, eloquence in their abuse, and wit in their sarcasms. They may be wrong—they morally are so, since they write under the influence of blinding prejudices—but still there is a grace in their wrong-doing—a dignity in their injustice; and, of literature they are continually producing elegant specimens, whilst they are destroying the literature of others. They have always a few months to reflect on what they shall say, and, consequently, they say it well. They may, and they do, wickedly annihilate a good thing, but they give the world another in lieu of it. But a daily—an hebdomadal critic. You shall send him your book one day, and on the next, or, at farthest, three or four days after, you will find the slime of the reptile has been over it, and he has done his best to make it stink in the public nostrils. Sterne never wrote better, or more serviceably, than when he so vehemently apostrophised the cant of criticism. The only thing to be lamented is, that the public will still endure it, and not only endure it, but read it—not only read it, but actually give money for it. But we give critical notices of works ourselves. We do. But we search into works, not for their faults, but their merits—our feelings are not yet embittered by disappointment; for though an author, we have *not yet* been an unsuccessful one; and, if we thought that we could, in our critical office, ever be betrayed into the mean, the arrogant, and the spiteful, that distinguish some of our cotemporaries, we would forswear the pen for ever, even at the risk of the most grinding poverty. Were we to state the number of works that we have passed over in silence, because we could not praise, we should hardly be believed. We have sometimes censured freely and strongly; but yet it would be found, upon examination, that such censure was always levelled against some vicious principle, or was meant in pure friendship to some author who had mistaken his occupation, and was sacrificing his happiness to his vanity. Now, in order to verify the above remarks, we need no better example than this excellent work, from the pen of Mr. James. It, as the heading of this notice indicates, consists of two octavo volumes, containing, altogether, many more than a thousand pages of elegantly-written and well-considered matter. It must have occupied the able author more than two years to produce this work. It is a work of pure history; for the reader will find that the biographical succumbs to the historical character throughout the production; consequently, it is a work of research, and one in which many facts, new to the generality of the world, are brought to light, and many popular errors corrected. We maintain, that to verify or disprove such a work would require almost as much time as was occupied in producing it; and yet, after having had this elaborate work for, at most, but a few days in his possession, the weekly critic passes upon it, with a presumption almost equal to his ignorance, a sweeping censure of condemnation; and thousands who may have read the malignant or the indecently-flippant stricture, exclaim, "What an indifferent and inaccurate book Mr. James has given to the world!" Now, we will ourselves speak of this work—modestly, yet warmly; and telling the reader how far we can judge of its merits, leave it to stand or fall by the concurrent opinion—not of this or of that set of men, but—by that opinion conveyed in the matured verdict of the public. Then, frankly, of the new facts that Mr. James has produced, and of the new lights in which he has placed several incidents, we cannot tell whether he be correct or not. We presume that he is—we believe that he is. We cannot suppose that he has falsified quotations, or cited from non-existing records. He is a gentleman of high reputation, and seems to us to be singularly unprejudiced by the spirit of party. He has, as far as we can discover, no inducement, we are sure he has no desire, to record himself a lying historian. But we have neither time nor the opportunity to examine the authorities from which he speaks. Have his vituperators? Time, certainly, they have not taken—we doubt much of their opportunity. We find that this work is consonant to our views of general history, we are pleased with the new facts that are brought to light, we see the style to be excellent, and an honest and an eager spirit of truth breathes through every page. Were there not a particle of truth in it, it would be a beautiful romance. We trust, for their merits, as well as for the sake of fair play, that these volumes will become extremely popular. We are sure that they would become a high station in any library, however well selected; and we hope that the day will not be far distant when no library will be thought to be well selected without them. Let not the public suppose that we have any private understanding with Mr. James. We don't know that we ever saw him; but we are certain that we never spoke to or communicated with him in our lives. We speak on public grounds; and wish to caution the world that there is a party who exist only by shooting their poisoned arrows indiscriminately around them; and, though we may affect to despise them, it is a sad truth, that though the wounds they inflict do not always slay, they invariably fester.

The Monk of Cimiés. By Mrs. Sherwood, Author of the "Nun."

We should be inclined to speak very highly of this romance, were it not so faulty in principle. There are Tartuffes in all religions. With a few alterations of the incidents, this tale would as easily expose the hypocrisy of a wily Methodist as it does here the fancied horrible atrocities of a Roman Catholic friar. It is a beautiful thing to see the artillery of a well-ordered fiction play upon vices, weaknesses, and crimes, merely as such, but it is lamentable to make all these the property of any class of men, merely because the author, in her book, has the power of doing so. There are but few religions, which, if practised in their purity, are not good in their tendencies. We speak only of those varieties of faith that are based upon Christianity. However, as doubtless Mrs. Sherwood has written conscientiously, though a little in darkness, we shall say no more on the principle of the work. As a mere tale, it is well and energetically told, and were it not for the prejudices that it attempts to fix upon a whole class of persons, its moral is assuredly good. We should like to see this lady upon a broader arena, for we think that there she would appear to more advantage.

An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians, written during the Years 1833-34-35, *partly from Notes made during a former visit to that country, in* 1825-26-27-28. By Edward William Lane. 2 vols.

Late though we be in paying our tribute of commendation to this excellent work, it will not be the less hearty. We might almost say, that it leaves us nothing which we ought to desire to know respecting this very ancient and singular country. In it, the human race are seen under a surprising modification: life is enjoyed, and it seems with no small zest, under institutions, oppressions, and tyrannies that we should almost suppose would, in a few ages, destroy the very principle of population. Mr. Lane seems to have had wonderful facilities of penetrating into the very arena of the domestic life of these modern Egyptians, not excepting the harem itself. Much as we may presume to despise the semi-barbarity of even the better class of this people, they seem to have much under their control that can enable them to pass down this short vale of life very satisfactorily. This work cannot be read without occasioning, at least to those who are in the habit of thinking, the profoundest reflections. It is not very improbable that, in those territories that the author has so vividly described, the great battle will be one day fought that is to overthrow or to perpetuate the English ascendency in the Mediterranean and the East; thus, a too familiar knowledge of all that is connected with them cannot be obtained. The wood-cuts that exemplify many parts of these volumes, are of the greatest value in giving a true idea of many things of which, otherwise, we should have but a very imperfect notion. Honestly speaking, we do not think that in any work our own metropolis—a metropolis that we are proud in considering that of the world also—has been so eminently and well-described as this Cairo, the capital of modern Egypt. We shall close our just panegyric, by adverting to a singular fact, that every writer upon eastern subjects promulgates a different manner of spelling names with which Europeans are familiar. The Moslem and the Koran, have now for their English orthography, Moos'lim and Ckoor-a'n. We suppose that the last author is always right. Mr. Lane has, in his preface, given us some good reasons to prove that he is so; which preface, by-the-bye, we strenuously advise no reader to overlook. Independently of the accurate information that these two volumes contain, they will be found deeply interesting to him or her who reads for amusement only. We think that they will be the best authority upon Egyptian matters for these ten years to come, and at the expiration of which period we think that either the whole country will be totally desolated by the scourge of war and ignorant tyranny, or the march of European improvement will have reached its shores, and so far have ameliorated the condition both political and social of the people, that the work now before us will have become obsolete. May this good thing be the work neither of Russia or of France, but that of our own liberal England.

The Gambler's Dream. 3 vols.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." We are indebted to Juliet for this quotation, that shuts up, in its brevity, a whole volume of argument; but we are not very much indebted to the thousand-and-one vapid writers who have rendered the sentence common-place by ill application. When we said the thousand-and-one, we did not mean to include ourselves under the unit. The reader, however, may if he choose. We use the quotation as referable to the title of this work, such title having no reference to it; and yet the work itself is not a whit the worse for it—though we much fear that the sale of the work is; and that should not be, for it is really, among other novels of the day, a rose among weeds. Any one rather than a crazy, nerve-shaken, sense-deserted gambler, could have dreamt these seven excellent stories, so replete with power, wit, and moral application. Yes, moral application—all that our sinful brother critics may say to the contrary notwithstanding. Of this by-and-bye. Everybody knows that our ideal of the devil is improving every day. We, or his satanic majesty, have to thank the Germans for this. He is no longer old Hornie, or old Sootie. He is now all things to all men, and to all women. His myrmidons imitate him, and we find in these volumes seven national vices personified, as seven national vices ought to be, more or less fashionably according to the advance of the country to which each belongs, from a state of barbarism. These seven influences the dreamer sees meet in Crockford's wine-cellar, and there he hears them tell their seven stories—not without many witty and pertinent interruptions. All these tales are good, though certainly not equally so; but the worst is far better than the generality of fiction that is published so profusely, and devoured so eagearly. Our space will not permit us to give an outline of each, or of any of these seven stories. They have been read eagerly, and relished extremely by our contemporaries, but, unfortunately for the author, they have not been sufficiently dull to have been praised commensurately. As some of the scenes in them put the critics in mind of themselves, they condemned them as not being orthodox in morality—unjustly condemned, we will say, for the following considerations. In the first place, the influences of the demons are *warnings*, and not *examples*. They unmask and depict vice in all her hideousness, and they make misery the invariable result of the sound sleep of conscience. These pictures are not like those of which Lord Byron speaks ironically, when he says,

> "Saint Augustine and his fine confessions,
> Which make the reader envy his transgressions."

In them will be found no sentimental seduction, no amiable adultery, no treason and sedition, under the guise of patriotism. The *transgressions* depicted in the dream are not enviable. Secondly, notwithstanding the temptation that the cast of the work offers, the devils never blaspheme, and the author has shown great tact in this, for, as spirits, they are better able than men to appreciate the power and majesty of Him with whom they yet dare to war. The party arrogating to themselves the epithet of "saints," should certainly rejoice over the influence called "Obi," as, in it, they will find a refutation of the calumnies against the negroes, for it goes to prove that they are as capable of generosity, virtue, nobility of mind, and piety, as are the whites, when placed under similar advantages. In the influence of Hans, the horrors of war are held up to execration, and the flirtation between him and Sophia, and her rescue by Nicholas, are nothing but an allegory, shadowing forth the relations of England with Turkey and Russia. Thirdly, nothing could be more moral and orthodox than the whole story (the best) of Mille Anges. The author has sent the poor fellow, like Don Quixote, to exhibit in his career the folly of rationalism. In his dying epistle to his friend, he acknowledges that an arbitrary, not a voluntary change, must, by the will of the great first cause, take place before mankind can be a family of love. This is the point from which the christian religion begins. It required the most inscrutable miracle to turn man unto salvation. Eternal happiness was never meant to be the reward of man's reason, but of his faith and of his good works. In all this, revelation is advocated. We find that we have already been led into greater length than we first intended. Henceforward, let no one eschew this work, under the idea that it is immoral; but let it rather be sought for its wit, its humour, and its deep knowledge of human nature.

Travels in Eastern Africa, Description of the Zoolus, with a Description of their Manners, Customs, &c. &c. With a Sketch of Natal.

By NATHANIEL ISAACS. 2 vols.

This work, though not written in the best of styles, is very amusing, and gives the world a considerable degree of knowledge concerning many of the races inhabiting Africa. There is a spirit of adventure about it, that lends no inconsiderable charms to the narrative. Its faults are those of inelegance of composition, trivial details, personal recriminations, and the want of a philosophical mode of treating the various phenomena that have been presented to the author's notice. Yet, with all these drawbacks, we wish to forward the interests of this work, on account of the much good that it contains, in the shape of solid information. The description of the several islands about the coast are of great value; and we see that the Americans are availing themselves of them, by establishing, in every place in which they can thrust their ships, a very advantageous commerce. The spirit of mercantile enterprise seems to have gone from us. There are so many regulations to be complied with, and so many vested interests, and so much of monopoly, that it is now almost impossible to fit out a British ship to trade, in little visited parts, on a mere voyage of adventure. The weight of our civilisation has become onerous from the weight of the chains that it has imposed upon us. We shall briefly conclude our notice, by stating our wish that this work may become more popular than we believe that it now is.

Goëthe's Novel. Translated from the German.

The world can be successfully mocked by those persons only whom the world has been accustomed to treat with deference. And yet, when a solemn humbug has been triumphantly advanced, and rapturously applauded, it sometimes happens that the author, through the effects of great self-love and the adulation of parasites, deceives himself as much as he deceives, or is willing to deceive, others. Now, here is this novel of Goëthe's, a novel, *par excellence*, that his admirers wish the world, to all generations, to look upon as the *ne plus ultra* of human perfection, that, upon examination, turns out to be nothing more than a vapid apologue, without either learning, genius, or novelty, to recommend it. It may have some euphonious charm in the original, something that the mere jingle of the words may tend to render it alluring; if this be so or not, we cannot tell, as our knowledge of the German language is yet to be acquired. But, through the medium of this translation, we can judge of the construction, aim, and sentiments of this novel; and we fearlessly say, that their mediocrity verges upon something still lower. As a mere fable, it is much too long; and a great deal of the first part might well be left out, without injuring the design, or at all impeding the due developement of the moral. As a continuous allegory, it is very bad; and as a mere tale of fiction, it is nothing. Goëthe thus modestly speaks of his own production.

> "But an ideal, nay, a lyrical conclusion was required, and must needs have followed; for after the speech of the man, which is in itself poetical prose, a climax was necessary, and I was obliged to make a transition to the lyrical poetry, yea, to the song itself.
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> "In order to have a comparison for the course of this novel, imagine a green plant shooting upwards from a root, which for a time pushes forth vigorous green leaves from the sides of a sturdy stem, and at last ends in a flower. The flower was unexpected, and caused surprise; yet it could not but come; what is more, the green foliage was only there on its account, and without it would not have been worth the trouble.
>
> "*To show how intractable and ungovernable natures are often better subdued by love and piety than by force*, was the theme of this novel; and the accomplishment of this beautiful end, which is portrayed in the child and the lion, allured me to the execution of it. This is the ideal, this the flower. And the green foliage of the narration, which is throughout *real*, is only there on this account, and is only on this account worth anything. For what is the good of the real in itself? We have pleasure in it, when represented with truth, and it may even give us a clearer knowledge of many things. But the peculiar gain for our higher nature lies in the ideal alone, which proceeded from the heart of the poet."

Now, gentle and all-enduring reader, what do you understand by all this? Could not all this have been said, and with nearly as much applicability, on any quack advertisement in any daily paper? If you choose to read this rhapsody with a cabalistic spirit, you may see not only flowers and leaves, and the accomplishment of an end, "which allured the execution of it," but also a whole treatise on cogmogony; but if you read it only by the clear light of common sense, what is it but a delusion —a mystification—a *humbug*?

The Naval History of Great Britain. A new and greatly improved Edition, brought down to the present time. By EDWARD PELHAM BRENTON, Captain, R. N. Dedicated, by permission, to His Majesty.

Captain Brenton has completed his labours, in producing this, the ninth and last number of his Naval History. The gallant and amiable officer has a right to name his publication what he will—but a Naval History of Great Britain it is not: it is no more than a well-written, impartial, and lucid chronicle of naval events that have taken place, through a comparatively short series of years, since England has become a maritime power. What the captain has done, he has well done; but he has not done enough to entitle his work to be distinguished as history. Such as the work is, it is invaluable for the present time. Hereafter, some gigantic-minded Hume, or some English Tacitus, will collate, and philosophise upon the materials collected in this work, prune its redundancies, lop away its excrescences, and amplify the most important parts, so as to build up a monument worthy the fame of England, and those brilliant naval achievements to which so much of that fame is owing. The excellencies of this publication are, the manly and good feeling that pervade it, its strict impartiality, its indefatigable research, and the almost universal correctness of its facts. These are all sterling merits. Its faults, however, are numerous, though they do not go to the core—they affect only its outer foldings, and its appearance as a literary production. Captain Brenton's style is unequal, laboured, and ambitious, and he always succeeds least when his attempts have been most strenuous. He seems too fond of the minuteness of detail, and has not given the reader a grand and picturesque *coup d'œil* of any of the magnificent actions that he has recorded. We hope that we have not touched the gallant captain upon a tender point—we sincerely hope that we have not—for who can so well afford to bear these animadversions upon him as the writer? One, who, if there be pointed out to him a long series of badly constructed sentences, can despise the charge in reverting to a long series of glorious services. If his work is wanting in the thunders of eloquence, he has had the directing of thunders more difficult to wield, and more dangerous in their effects, against the enemies of his country; and from all that we have heard of him, a better officer, a better man, a better friend, or a better father of a family, does not exist, though many a better writer. We have now spoken candidly our opinion of this publication as a whole. The details of this last volume are chiefly occupied with a description of the Burmese war, the Algerine expedition, and the glorious *untoward* victory achieved by Sir Edward Codrington. There is also attached to this volume, a very important appendix, that should not only be read, but thoroughly studied by members of parliament, men of influence in the nation, and every true lover of his country. Captain Brenton, independently of his services of the pen and sword, has much benefited his country, by calling the popular attention to the interests of the seamen, both of the royal and the mercantile navy. Indeed, he has proved himself to be, in the true sense of the word, the sailor's friend. Long may he live to enjoy that title, and may the blessings of the many whom he has relieved and benefited, fall upon him in this world, as they will assuredly be testimonied for him in the next.

The Pictorial Bible; being the Old and New Testaments, according to the Authorized Version, illustrated by many Hundred Wood-cuts, representing Historical Events, after the most celebrated Pictures, &c. &c. To which are added, Original Notes, &c.

It is our pleasing duty to notice the manner in which this truly estimable and family publication sustains the degree of excellence that has marked it throughout. The thirteenth number has now made its appearance, and brings down the sacred writings to the beginning of the book of Esther. Though the wood-cuts are not in the recent, so many as they were in the former numbers, they still retain their high character. The notes are apt, orthodox, and well-written. We should presume the demand for this work to be very great—too great it cannot be for its deserts.

Observations on Railways, with reference to Utility, Profit, and the obvious Necessity for a National System. By Richard Z. Mudge, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Lieutenant-Colonel in the Corps of the Royal Engineers.

This is an important pamphlet on an important subject. No one can doubt but that, notwithstanding the opposition of the landed interest generally, of the admirers of antiquity, and of the lovers of the picturesque, that railways will ultimately become the common means of conveyance throughout these kingdoms. It is time, therefore, ere it be too late, that, as Colonel Mudge recommends, some general system should be adopted, in order that the various lines may not interfere with each other, and the country be uselessly cut up into ill-looking sections by brick and iron. That these railroads will always, whether useful or not, be anything but ornamental, is beyond question. Therefore, in one sense of the word, they must be a grievance; we should, therefore, extract from this grievance all the good possible. The advice contained in this pamphlet should be heard and well weighed, and if not attended to by the legislature, and all its suggestions followed out, it must, however, afford useful hints for originating other and similar proceedings insisted upon by the author.

The Library of Fiction, or Family Story Teller; consisting of Original Tales, Essays, and Sketches of Character. Written expressly for this Work, by eminent Authors. No. XII.

We did not notice the eleventh number of this periodical, because we did not altogether like it; and we notice the present one, very nearly for the same reason. Whether the prevalence of these cold easterly winds has operated unfavourably upon the authors, or upon our perceptions of the beautiful, we do not know. We do not say that the present number is positively a bad, or even an indifferent one; we only presume to think that it is a great deal inferior to some that we had the pleasure of reading during the last quarter of the last year. We trust that this intimation will be taken in a friendly light, and have no other effect than that of causing the conductors to rally their energies for their ensuing number.

Notice sur les Odes et Ballades de Victor Hugo, en réponse aux opinions de Mrs. Trollope sur ce poëte. By M. DE LAGARDE, Membre de l'Institut Historique, &c. &c. 1 vol. 8vo.

This brochure is the very natural explosion of the wrath of an indignant Frenchman, at the wholesale and unconsidered manner in which our acute countrywoman has treated one of the greatest geniuses of the present age. The lady, before she passed her sweeping condemnations upon his writings, should have remembered that the most brilliant stars are liable to occasional obscurations, and that the greater the genius, the more liable it is to wander forth, and lose itself in unexplored and sometimes not very creditable places. Victor Hugo has shared this failing with many others as great, and greater even than he. In his odes he has proved with what admirable faculties nature has endowed him, but with the perversity of ill-regulated talents, he seems to have taken pleasure, in his dramatic writings, in destroying the favourable impressions that his legitimate poetry has made upon the world. As it would be absurd to admire indiscriminately and blindly, everything that emanates from a man of genius, so is it equally unjust to condemn, and revile, *en masse*, all his works, because some few among them may be revolting to a refined taste. This, our clever countrywoman must know, and will not deny; she has, therefore committed an error, that Frenchmen will never pronounce venial, when she has put on record, in her work on "Paris and the Parisians," her sentence of unqualified condemnation. Led on, no doubt, by a creditable zeal for morality, Mrs. Trollope has said in her ninth letter, that France appears to "blush for him"—to blush for her own Victor Hugo—the Victor Hugo, positively, of her own creation; for though he would have been a genius everywhere, he could not have been exactly the genius that he is, had he not been born and bred up in France; and when she has given us this rash opinion, she adds, "There is not, I truly believe, a single pure, innocent, and holy thought, throughout his writings." After this, who can then wonder that the author of the work before us, himself a Parisian, and strongly attached to *polite* literature, should have endeavoured to refute this opinion and reverse this judgment? Now, it is certain, that if in England Mrs. Trollope's opinion be confided in as sound; much, extensive, and *present* injury must be done, not only to the writings, but to the personal character also, of Victor Hugo. In vindication, therefore, of his countryman, M. Lagarde has, with as much taste as sagacity, confined himself to a review of the Odes only, and convinced the reader that not only do they abound with "thoughts *pure, innocent,* and *holy,*" but that of such thoughts are they wholly composed. To prove this, extracts are the best, and almost the only tests. One of these extracts we shall copy, and our readers may then try if their judgment is in accordance with that of Mrs. Trollope.

"Une des odes les plus remarquables du recueil est sans contredit celle qui a pour titre: Louis XVII. Quel sujet, en effet, pouvait être plus fertile en émotions, plus propre à élever l'inspiration lyrique jusqu'au sublime? Un jeune enfant, fils de roi, élevé dans les grandeurs, enlevé tout d'un coup de la demeure royale, arraché aux embrassements maternels, jeté au fond d'une obscure prison où le chagrin et les privations le font mourir à douze ans!

"C'était un bel enfant qui fuyait de la terre
Son œil bleu du malheur portait le signe austère.
Ses blonds cheveux flottaient sur ses traits pâlissants,
Et les vierges du ciel, avec des chants de fête,
Aux palmes du martyre unissaient, sur sa tête,
La couronne des innocents.

" Les anges le saluent du nom de roi :

" ' Où donc ai-je-régné ?' demandait la jeune ombre.
' Je suis un prisonnier, je ne suis point un roi.
Hier je m'endormis au fond d'une tour sombre.
Où donc ai-je régné ? Seigneur, dites-le-moi.
Hélas, mon père est mort d'une mort bien amère!
Ses bourreaux, ô mon Dieu ! m'ont abreuvé de fiel;
Je suis un orphelin, je viens chercher ma mère,
Qu'en mes rêves j'ai vue au ciel.

" ' Quoi ! de ma longue vie ai-je achevé le reste ? '
Disait-il ; ' tous mes maux, les ai-je enfin soufferts ?
Est-il vrai qu'un geôlier de ce rêve céleste
Ne viendra pas demain m'éveiller dans mes fers ?
Captif, de mes tourments cherchant la fin prochaine,
J'ai prié, Dieu veut-il enfin me secourir ?
Oh ! n'est-ce pas un songe ? A-t-il brisé ma chaîne ?
Ai-je eu le bonheur de mourir ?

" ' Car vous ne savez point quelle était ma misère !
Chaque jour dans ma vie amenait des malheurs ;
Et, lorsque je pleurais, je n'avais pas de mère
Pour chanter à mes cris, pour sourire à mes pleurs.
D'un châtiment sans fin languissante victime,
De ma tige arraché comme un tendre arbrisseau,
J'étais proscrit bien jeune, et j'ignorais quel crime
J'avais commis dans mon berceau.'

" Rien, dans notre poésie, n'est plus beau que ces trois strophes."

Let any one consider the religious and moral beauties of this extract, and, above all, the *subject*, and then revert to the sentence pronounced by the lady. We hope we have said enough to induce people to become acquainted with this defence of Victor Hugo. Among its other recommendations, it is embellished with a spirited and striking likeness of the poet, with his autograph.

The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club; containing a Faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. With Illustrations.

The public have now had a full dozen of these papers, and they are eager for a dozen more. They seem to increase in interest and ability as they proceed. Instead of flagging, they grow more uproarious in their fun, and more rich in their drollery. We like this number the best of any that have yet appeared, still it has a striking fault; and we shall take this opportunity of reading Master Boz a friendly lecture in public, that we are quite secure he would not submit to in private. When he brings his scenes home to us in their familiarity of every-day life, he should always be not only strictly possible, but even probable. Thus, if an artist choose to paint a dragon or a chimera, we give him a little latitude as to his proportions, and the free use of his colours ; but should he choose to paint a pig, it must be a pig, and nothing else but a pig that he paints, or we shall pronounce his attempt a failure. The trial scene, that makes the interest of this volume, is as familiar to his readers, as is the appearance of a denizen of the sty ; and everybody who reads it knows, badly as much of our judicature is conducted, that the verdict was not possible from the evidence produced. This is a pity, inasmuch as it has nothing to do with the humour of the proceedings. If it were necessary for the following out of the story, that the venerable and much-to-be-idolized Pickwick should be wrongfully cast in damages, the evidence against him should have been made stronger—the misconception could easily afterwards have been explained away. However, all this may not have struck the million. But we will still maintain that, however wild may be the fiction, or rampant the humour of a literary production, all the groundwork upon which it is erected, such as the face of the country, the manners of the time, and the operations of public institutions, should be strictly in accordance with truth.

The State Prisoner; a Tale of the French Regency. 2 vols.

We earnestly entreat every one into whose hands these volumes may fall, not to form their judgment of them upon the perusal of the first forty pages. True it is, that the authoress does not commence her narrative either inelegantly or ungracefully; on the contrary, the lady steps into the reader's presence with the quiet and measured demeanor of one who has been taught in the best literary schools, but still, like one not well assured of the lesson she has learned; and therefore, in the endeavour to appear unobtrusive and simple, she excites not attention, and thus runs the risk of incurring the epithet of tame. But this *retenue* gradually wears off as she proceeds, and rises with the interest of her tale into animation and beauty. The time of the action refers to the Regency under Philip of Orleans, and the scene opens at the Fort du Ha, and we are at once introduced to a very powerfully-delineated character, General Louis de Brissac, a veteran soldier, distinguished by his blind reverence for the memory of the vain and selfish Louis. He has the charge of the state prisoner, passing by the name of Dumont. The hero, William Clifford, being compelled by a storm to ask of the old governor a temporary shelter, a friendship springs up between them, which ultimately leads to an introduction of the young gentlemen to the state prisoner. This mysterious person is admirably portrayed, and an interest thrown around him that we may almost term exciting. In the mean time, Love lends his accelerating impetus to the action of the tale, and throws around it his bewitching influence. There is residing at Bordeaux, under the auspices of her aunt, a young lady, Blanch Courtenay, with whom the reader will fall in love almost as much as the hero is supposed to have done. She is a gentle personification of all womanly excellence. In the mean time, through the instrumentality of the all-pervading system of espionage, the Orleans learns that too many indulgences have been granted to the State Prisoner, and he is therefore suddenly removed to the dungeons of Vincennes, but not before a private understanding, very ingeniously contrived, has been made between him and Clifford. After the removal of the prisoner from the custody of the old general, Orleans, the regent, having intelligence that the old man is rapidly yielding to a universal decay of nature, and that the gift will almost immediately revert to the bestower, resolves to be generous. But all this is so beautifully told, that it would be an injustice not to give it in the author's own language.

"The general put a letter into Clifford's hand, which bore the sign and seal of Philip, Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, the purport of which was—though couched in that language of etiquette and ceremony, which requires a whole page to convey the meaning of a simple sentence—that the regent, in looking over some papers of his late majesty, discovered the copy of an official letter among them (bearing the date of a short time previous to the king's death,) in which his majesty signified his intention of bestowing the first vacancy of knight grand cross of the royal and military order of St. Louis on General de Brissac, commandant, &c. The regent here copied several words of encomium from the king's own letter, and then proceeded to say, that it had ever been his study to fulfil the slightest injunctions of his lamented sovereign and kinsman, and he would therefore no longer delay pressing upon General De Brissac the acceptance of a vacancy in the order, which had most opportunely occurred.

"While William read the letter, weighing in his mind how far the politic regent's discovery might be influenced by the wish of sealing the veteran's lips, and engrossing his latest thoughts, by a gift that could in fact be considered little better than a loan, in the present state of De Brissac's health, the eager-minded general was engaged in a scrutiny of the cross, star, and ribbon, that accompanied the letter.

"'What do you think of that?' he inquired, with a smile of honest pride, as Clifford returned the precious document.

"'I think,' replied the other gravely, 'that it must be a source of real gratification to find that you were remembered in the king's latest moments: and I trust that this (he pointed to the letter) will prove a more efficient remedy for your present illness than any that have been hitherto administered.'

"'Yes!' exclaimed De Brissac, eagerly, 'yes!' in his latest moments, when the affairs of France, nay, of the world itself, were pressing on his mind, that he should have remembered me or that trifling service, which any Christian would have rendered to another!'

"He paused for a few moments, and then added more seriously, 'Do you know, William, it appears to me like a message from the tomb, to remind me that I should not repine at leaving a world which can no longer boast of possessing Louis the Great. Give me your arm, William, and assist me to cross this ribbon over my right shoulder; I should scorn an humbler squire on such an occasion.'

"He rose with difficulty, in spite of Clifford's remonstrances, and, leaning on his arm, talked for some time in a half-serious, half-jesting mood; but William observed with concern many visible signs of excitement manifesting themselves in his countenance and deportment. De Brissac then, still leaning on his friend, made him advance into the centre of the apartment, while by degrees his eye again assumed that wildness which had characterised it for several days before.

"The young Englishman was now seriously alarmed; but his entreaties that the general would compose himself and sit down, were of no effect, for De Brissac displayed an obstinacy that was unnatural to him. He answered peevishly, and then quarrelled with Clifford for having placed the star on the wrong side.

"'I feel perfectly well,' he continued, 'and will no longer remain a prisoner in this dismal room. Will you order our horses, William? I have long intended to call upon the prefect, and will do so to-day. You shake your head! and, I see, suppose me weak enough to wish his Majesty's benefits known in Bordeaux!' He grasped William's arm convulsively, and then looked into his face as if he would have read his soul.

"'Did you tell me that the king appeared by night to the Duke of Orleans, with the cross in his hand?—It is the more sacred, then, for he is in heaven.—Why do you look so sorrowful, William Clifford? It was not my fault that Dumont was taken away from us.—Holy Virgin! are you a coward to stand there so still when the king's horse lies dead beneath him? Mother of Heaven! another moment, and Louis had been no more.'

"'For God's sake, general,' exclaimed Clifford, in a voice trembling with grief and anxiety, 'be calm. Let me assist you to your bed, and call Monsieur L—— into the room.'.

"'No, no,' cried De Brissac, impatiently; 'no more physicians for me. It is you who protract my recovery by talking in this manner.—I am quite well—quite strong now, and you wish to confine me to that horrid place where I have raved like a madman. No physicians for me! Call no one; but if you are tired of this dull life, leave me! I can stand without your assistance.'

"As he spoke he endeavoured to advance a few steps, but staggered back, and again submitted to Clifford's support. He grew, however, more vehement in his language, more changed in his appearance, till at last, tearing the cross from the ribbon, he pressed it eagerly to his lips. 'See!' he cried, 'that is the image of Saint Louis, but there are two saints now of that name in the kingdom of heaven, and one beckons me to him. Blessed mother of God, give me entrance there!' He crossed his arms upon his breast, and half-closed his eyes, while an expression of devotional calm reposed for a few seconds upon his pallid countenance; then opening his eyes he stared wildly around, and raising his arm, as if in the act of leading on his troops, he shouted, 'God and Saint Denis!' in a loud and almost unearthly tone, that made William shudder and avert his head. As he did so, he felt De Brissac weigh so heavily upon him, that, unprepared as he was, Clifford sank upon one knee, and received the dying form of the old soldier in his arms. The head rested on his shoulder, the lips moved, and the agitated young man stooped forward to catch the last accents of his friend, and with deep emotion heard his own name faintly murmured. One struggle, one hollow rattling sound in the throat, and the soul of De Brissac was gone to its last account!"

William, however, finds himself sole heir, and he then repairs, with the state suitable to a rich man, to Paris, where his appearance causes a great sensation, and he becomes the ornament of the court, and the idol of the ladies. History is here beautifully interwoven with fiction, and many of the scenes, without being imitations, will strongly remind the reader of the manner of Sir Walter Scott. During this time, Blanch Courtenay has been recalled to the paternal protection at Hampton Court, and makes an equal sensation in the drawing-rooms of George I. that her lover does on those of the Regent of France. The most romantic part of the story now commences, and a singularly beautiful and impressive character comes upon the stage—it is that of Mirabel—adventures, contretemps, and misunderstandings, are now multiplied upon us, and many affecting scenes ensue of a startling vividness and truth. But our object is to excite curiosity, not to satisfy it. More, therefore, of the construction of the plot of this excellent tale we shall not unfold. This work has fully justified the recommendation of Mr. James, who had previously announced its forthcoming in one of his popular works. But, with all our admiration of it—and that admiration is very great, it is not without a sprinkling of faults; the principal of which are, occasional weaknesses, and too many of the common-places of sentiment, and it will be found that memory has sometimes supplied the place of imagination, and that too, precisely where she ought not. But, these trivial blemishes will escape the eye of the reader for amusement, for they are discoverable only to those who may read to criticise. We would not have noticed them, had not we been fearful that an unbroken strain of panegyric might have weakened itself by its generality, and cast a doubt upon our sincerity. As a first work, it is something almost surprising. We have no doubt but that we shall often, hereafter, have occasion to admire and to praise works from a lady who has commenced her career so successfully.

Tales. By LORD BYRON. 2 vols.

We have received the second volume of this pretty little edition of the noble bard's works. It contains his "Siege of Corinth," "Parisina," "Prisoner of Chillon," "Beppo," "Mazeppa," and "the Island." The vignette title-page is very beautiful. With all these poems the world is well acquainted. There are few persons who read at all, that have not made up their minds as to the exact degree of merit belonging to every one of them; and as we believe that that degree is rather high, we certainly would not attempt to lower it if we could. For our own part, we feel inclined to think, that Lord Byron's poetry will increase in reputation, with the increasing years it will have been before the public; and that posterity will accuse the poet's contemporaries rather of being lukewarm than enthusiastic.

Summary of Works that we have received, of which we have no space to make a lengthened notice.

Scripture Geography, containing Illustrations of all Places mentioned in the Old and New Testament, with Accounts of their Past and Present Condition, &c. &c. &c. By JOHN R. MILLS, Librarian and Secretary to the Athenæum, Manchester.—There are, already, several works extant upon the same subject: without saying which is the best, we will say that this is a good one.

The London Magazine, and Journal of Educational Institutions.—We have received the fourth number, published in January, of this valuable publication, and find that it is continued with its accustomed spirit.

The Penny Mechanic; a Magazine of Arts and Sciences.—We have also received some numbers of this work, and find that it is extremely well conducted.

The Report of the Cambridgeshire Farmers on the State of Agriculture, Feb. 20, 1837.—As far as we can judge of this committee of agriculturists, they have made out their case completely of their undeserved distress and approximating ruin. Of this we are much more certain than of the remedy that they propose. The Report deserves, or we should rather say demands, universal attention.

Family Poetry; chiefly Devotional. By the Editor of "Family Worship," "The Sacred Harp," &c.—A good selection. We are glad to see a demand for works similar to these, as it speaks well for the religious feelings of the country.

A Layman's Account of his Faith and Practice as a Member of the Episcopal Church, to which are added, Family Devotions, from the Book of Common Prayer.—The same remarks will apply to this work as to the foregoing.

The Scientific Reader, and Practical Elocutionist, &c. &c. By R. T. LINNINGTON.—A good educational work, applicable to the wants of the day, and the march of the human intellect.

The New London Magazine, a Monthly Journal, &c. &c.—This March number shows much improvement: there is one excellent paper in it, entitled the Genius of Pantomime—a paper that would have done honour to any of the Goliaths of the press.

Relation de l'enterprise du Prince Napoleon Louis, et motifs qui l'y ont determiné; par le Conte F. de Persigny, aide-de-camp du Prince.—Bombast.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Heber's (Bishop) Parish Sermons. 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.*
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LITERARY NEWS.—WORKS IN PROGRESS.

Mr. Bulwer's new work, "Athens, its Rise and Fall, with Views of the Literature, Arts, and Social Life of the Athenian People," will certainly be published in the next fortnight.

Lady Blessington's new work, "The Victims of Society," will be published on the 10th instant.

Mrs. Thomson, the lady of Dr. Thomson, whose former productions "Constance," and other works, have been so much admired, has just committed to the press a new work, entitled "The Lady Anabetta."

A very interesting little work is now in the press, entitled, "The Language of Birds," a companion to that beautiful little volume, "The Language of Flowers," from the pen of a lady who has long made the habits and instincts of the feathered tribes the subject of her delightful study.

A new edition of that elegant present book, "The Book of Flowers," is in the press.

A great improvement in the Illustrated Edition of Captain Marryat's Novels is made this month. In order to give to the Plates the full effect of the Original Drawings, they are now issued *Coloured*. This measure gives to the Plates a very striking effect, and as the Drawings are characterised by a high degree of talent and originality, this Illustrated Edition will doubtless become extremely popular.

The author of "Makenna, or the Land of the Savage," has nearly completed the printing of his new work, entitled "The Picaroon."

Mrs. Butler's (late Miss Kemble) new drama, "The Star of Seville," will be published on the 7th.

Miss Martineau has, we understand, made considerable progress in the printing of her new work, "Society in America."

Mr. Carlyle, the great German scholar, is about to deliver a Course of Lectures on German Literature, at Willis's Rooms. The Syllabus may be obtained at our Publisher's.

The very interesting and instructive course of "Twelve Lectures on the Science of Anatomy, as applicable to the Purposes of General Information," by Mr. J. G. Smith, of the Theatre of Anatomy, Little Windmill Street, are about to be resumed during the months of April and May. These Lectures, which have elicited such high encomiums from those who have attended them on previous occasions, are designed to convey to unprofessional persons an acquaintance with the structure of the human frame, with its organs, and their functions, demonstrated in dissections, and illustrated by a reference to the living model. The method adopted by the lecturer is to lay aside all scientific minutiæ and technical detail, and by a process of analysis to convey clear notions of the parts which enter into the composition of the frame, pointing out on the living model their relative situations and appearances. Nothing can be conceived better adapted to impart instruction on such a subject than this, and the knowledge which Mr. Smith has thus been enabled to convey, has no doubt tended to increase the celebrity of those his very agreeable evening engagements.

"Factory Children." Mr. Saunders of Argyll Street, one of the gentlemen applied to upon the Factory Question now before Parliament, is employed in further investigations on rather an extensive scale, with a view to ascertain how far the Teeth may be regarded as a Test of Age. The cruelty with which Mr. Horner's criterion, viz. the height, has operated, renders it especially desirable that some more certain signs, by which the age may be determined, should be discovered; and we understand it is confidently expected that the Test proposed will present that desideratum.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Form of the Books of the Ancients, with a History of the Art of Bookbinding, from the Times of the Greeks and Romans to the present Day, interspersed with Bibliographical References to Men and Books of all Ages and Countries, is announced by J. A. Arnett.

The first publication of the Central Society of Education, consisting of Papers by T. Wyse, Esq. M.P.; C. Baker, Esq.; B. Hawes, Jun. Esq. M.P.; A. De Morgan, Esq., and others; with the Statistical Inquiries of the Society.

Lessons on Form, as given at a Pestalozzian School, Cheam, Surrey. By C. Reiner, Esq.

Mullier's Physiology of Man. Translated from the German, by W. Baly, M.D.

Greek Testament, from the Text of Griesbach; with the various Readings of Mill and others.

Piso and the Præfect; or, the Ancients off their Stilts. In this production it has been the object of the Author to exhibit the Citizens of old Rome in a new point of view, and one too, which if not particularly favourable, may be more consonant with truth and reality than the notions which we have imbibed from the writings of the commentators, or which have been scourged into us at an early period of existence by the pedagogue's rod.

Shortly will be published by subscription, in two volumes, octavo, price One Guinea, The Widow's Offering, a Selection of Tales, Essays, &c. By the late William Pitt Scargill, Author of "Truckleborough Hall," "The Usurer's Daughter," "The Puritan's Grave," "Provincial Sketches," &c. Edited by the Author's Widow.

Memoirs of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. By James Gillman, Esq.

"The Authors of England." A novel and splendid work under this title is about to appear. Report speaks highly of its merits. The illustrations are to introduce to public notice a new style of engraving, which is said to be characterised by peculiar softness and delicacy. The letter-press by which they are accompanied embody unpublished letters, personal anecdotes, &c., of some of the most distinguished authors of the day.

Mr. J. Jones, the Author of "Longinus, a Tragedy," has in the press a second and improved Edition of "Spartacus, or the Roman Gladiator," &c.

The Author of "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century," has in the press "Colloquies on Religion and Religious Education," being a Supplement to the former work.

Visit to the Great Oasis; with an Account, Ancient and Modern, of the Oasis of Amun, and the other Oases of the Libyan Desert now under the dominion of the Pasha of Egypt. With a Map and Twenty Plates. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq., Author of "Travels in Ethiopia."

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon. By T. H. Lister, Esq., Author of "Granby," &c.

FINE ARTS.

Colossal Group of African Blood Hounds. By J. B. Leylands.

Forming, as we did, great expectations of the above, from our remembrance of the statue of Kilmeny, by the same artist, we are happy to say we have not been disappointed; for if we then witnessed all that poetical feeling and great skill could do to produce the representation of a beautiful female, in the present instance we behold as much or more talent, though exerted in a different style. The present group represents three African blood-hounds alarmed by an unusual noise. The attitude of each is bold and effective, evincing no less mind in the conception than power in the execution. Mr. Leyland is still a young man, but with this specimen of his abilities, we shall be surprised if he does not eventually rank very high in the profession he has chosen.

NEW MUSIC.

La Costanza. Words by Count Pepoli. *Music by* P. J. Schepens.

We have always a pleasure in meeting with any of this composer's works, whether vocal or instrumental. The above is a smooth, flowing melody, of a somewhat melancholy character, suited to display to advantage a voice of moderate compass. The accompaniments and symphonies are graceful, without being too prominent. We can recommend it alike to the amateur or the artist—the latter will be sure to appreciate the sound and musician-like style in which it is written. The words are graceful and pleasing.

THE DRAMA.

The manager of Drury Lane complains that the Lord Chamberlain prevents the inhabitants of Westminster from enjoying theatrical amusements on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent. This assertion is as amusing a piece of gratuitous impertinence as this brazen age of impudence has lately exhibited. Drury Lane has been under the present management about four years, and yet, until this season, the lessee has never complained of his theatre being closed on certain days during Lent. Why does he now complain? Simply because he has brought out a piece which is likely to turn out a profitable speculation; and the regulations of the Lord Chamberlain prevent him from reaping his expected profits as expeditiously as he wishes. He has no desire to increase the amusements of the inhabitants of Westminster; but his treasury is in want of their money: the lessee enters a complaint on behalf of them, when it should be entered on behalf of himself. Whatever may be thought of the policy of closing the large theatres during Lent, the profit or loss of those who have the management of them ought never to be taken into consideration, if there exist any intention in the legislature to alter the practice. That which is good in itself, cannot become bad because Mr. Bunn is out of pocket by it, or because it is not generally enforced. The fact of the minor theatres being open on those evenings during Lent, when Drury Lane and Covent Garden are closed, may be a reason for closing the former, if the practice be correct, but cannot be an argument for opening the latter. Mr. Thomas Duncombe, the member for Finsbury, has taken up the cause of the distressed inhabitants of Westminster; and, on the instigation of his friend Mr. Bunn, has introduced a Bill into Parliament for their relief, by restraining the power of the Lord Chamberlain in this respect. Now surely the proper foundation on which to rest this so called remedial measure, would be the complaint of those who are distressed or injured. Does a single person complain of the practice but Mr. Bunn, either through his *employé* on the stage, or his paragraphs in the newspapers? If they do, silence is an odd mode of demonstrating their griefs. If the observances of Lent by the church be wrong, let Mr. Duncombe bring in a Bill to do away with such observance; but we protest against his aiming a blow at such observance, by a side wind, which he dare not do openly and directly. It is said that we are ridiculed by our neighbours for, what is called, this absurd practice. Why, have not our manners, our fashions, our morality, our barbarity, for ages been a subject of mirth in France? And would any reasonable person for a moment wish that Great Britain should be on the same brink of both a moral and political volcano as that nation is? All that ever has been or is great, wise, and good, has invariably been a subject of ridicule with the ignorant, vain, and pretending. Ridicule is the miserable privilege of a self-sufficient mind. Surely if Mr. Duncombe wishes to signalise himself by the adoption and propagation of a crotchet, he might, without greatly perplexing his ingenuity, take up one more useful and interesting to a metropolitan constituency.

Drury Lane.—Mr. John Barnett has increased his former reputation by the production of a new opera at this theatre, entitled *Fair Rosamond*. The story is deficient in dramatic interest for the stage, and the remote period of the story renders it unfavourable for correct adaptation and music; while Mr. Barnett has rather increased than diminished the former objection, he has finely triumphed over the latter. This opera places Mr. Barnett in his proper position, namely, at the head of English composers; and we doubt not, if he proceeds as he has commenced his career, his name will go down to posterity as the founder of the modern school of English music. Although he may not be equally scientific, he has far more taste, originality, and feeling, than Mr. Balfe. We shall take another opportunity of entering into the particular merits of this opera; and while we lament the absence of Miss Shirriff, and reprobate the insults that have caused it, we must do Mr. Bunn the justice to say, that nothing can exceed the spirit and taste with which the entire performance has been got up. It is most creditable to him, and we sincerely wish the patronage of the public may repay his outlay and exertion.

Mr. Forrest still continues to draw fair houses twice a week: were he to appear more frequently, his admirers, we think, would nightly diminish. Mr. Bunn shortly opens the Lyceum, with an English operatic company, and French plays.

Covent Garden.—The amusements during the early part of the past month at this theatre, were of a much lower order than those with which the season commenced. Mr. Hamblin rendered the representation of Shakspeare's tragedies unbearable, by his boisterous and affected acting; the sailors of Mr. T. P. Cooke failed to prove so attractive as the masterly delineations of Mr. Macready. That gentleman, as well as Mr. Vandenhoff and Mr. W. Farren, will, before this appears, have resumed their professional duties here, and we doubt not recompense the lessee by drawing crowded houses. Owing to some unpleasant difference with Mr. Osbaldiston, the stage-manager, Mr. H. Wallack, and his wife, better known as Miss Turpin, have left this theatre; although, looking only to the *ex parte* statement put forth by them as to the cause of their dismissal, they do not appear to have been delicately treated, yet it is impossible to regret that Mr. Wallack has ceased to preside over a department, for which, to use a mild expression, he was not exactly qualified. When called on by the audience for explanation, when necessary, there was a degree of incivility, at least in manner, which sometimes almost amounted to rudeness. The cessation of Miss Turpin's engagement we sincerely regret; she is a lady-like actress and an accomplished singer; we trust, however, she will be re-engaged. Great things are promised after Easter, and will doubtless be realised.

There is a subject connected with both of the large houses which we reluctantly notice. We allude to the great increase in number of those wretched beings who resort to them, as a public mart for the sale of their charms, since the reduction of the prices of admission. If the saloons of Covent Garden and Drury Lane are to remain devoted to their present purposes—if, instead of becoming an agreeable promenade for the young, the gay, and the innocent, they are still to remain the property of those who are there

"Flung to fade, to rot, and die—"

we trust the managers will introduce regulations which will prevent the wives and daughters of respectable persons from being obliged to herd with the most abandoned and disgusting prostitutes, who infest Fleet Street, and disgrace the piazzas of Covent Garden market. No man of correct feeling can take the female part of his family to the upper boxes without being in danger of having their ears disgusted by the most filthy expressions, and their eyes offended by indecent behaviour. The pit is much more free from these impurities than the upper boxes.

The Classical Chamber Concerts.—Since the appearance of our last number, a delightful series of concerts have been held at Willis's Rooms, under the title of *Classical Chamber Concerts.*

When we mention that the combined talents of Mori, Lindley, Tolbecque, Watts, Dragonetti, &c. are employed on the sublime compositions of Beethoven, Mozart, Purcell, Corelli, Sphor, &c., it will be imagined that these musical performances are of no ordinary kind. The selection of Friday last was most judicious, and we do not remember ever to have listened to a concert with more unmingled pleasure.

It is gratifying to find that music is now becoming in this country what it has long been in others, for all, and not, as heretofore, confined to the upper classes: the admission to these charming concerts is so reasonable, that none can find an excuse for not partaking of the pleasure they afford.

The beautifully-proportioned room in which they are held, is admirably calculated to give full effect to the concerted pieces.

THE COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF THE COUNTRY.

The commercial relations of the country appear, now, mainly to depend upon the state of the Money Market, and we refer our readers generally to what we have said on that subject. In one word, everything wears a gloomy appearance. The only pleasing fact to which we can advert is, that shipments of specie, from the United States to this country, are becoming more frequent, and it is expected that a large sum will come back in the course of three months, as the cotton-growers are withholding their stock from market, and the American importers of our manufactures being unable to buy cotton bills and remit them to England in payment, will be compelled to pay in gold and silver. The merchants of London and Liverpool engaged in the American trade are standing in a perilous situation. They have been sustained for some months by the accommodation system, and this resource will be cut off on the 15th of nexth month. Cotton has fallen 20 per cent. during the last four months, and pot-ashes and pearl-ashes have fallen nearly in the same proportion, and the stocks in the kingdom are nearly three times as large as they were at this time last year. The manufacturers are stopping their works, and cotton is altogether unsaleable. An attempt was made to sell 8,000 bales by auction on Friday, but only 200 bales were taken off at a reduction of a halfpenny per pound. The tobacco market is in the same tottering state. The silk trade is in a peculiarly distressed condition, there being a large stock in the hands of speculators, while the value of the article has dropped 25 per cent. in a few weeks, and pressing orders are now arriving from Italy and France to realise at any price. Wool is the only commodity that has not felt the influence of the pressure. The quantity on hand is large, but the issuers of local notes, who caused the advance in its value in 1833, are sustaining it. The last accounts from the United States give a distressing description of the state of affairs there. The rate of discount for shopkeepers' bills had again advanced to 30 per cent. per annum! The great increase of banking capital and Joint Stock Bank paper having raised the price of food, clothing, and rent, from 50 to 150 per cent. during the last three years, the artisans are in a state of desperation, and tumultuous assemblages and the plundering of provisions are the order of the day in New York. A wide difference is established between the price of goods sold for money and those sold on credit. If specie be required in exchange for Joint Stock Bank notes, one per cent. must be allowed if the payment be asked in gold instead of silver.

PRICES OF THE PUBLIC FUNDS,

On Saturday, 25th of March.

ENGLISH STOCKS.

Bank Stock shut—Three per Cent. Consols 90 one-eighth.—Three per Cent., Reduced shut.—Three and a Half per Cent., Reduced, 98 three-quarters.—Exchequer Bills, 28 p.—India Bonds, 20s. p.

FOREIGN STOCKS.

Portuguese New, Five per Cent., 47 three-quarters—Dutch, Two and a Half per Cent., 52 seven-eighths.—Spanish Bonds, Active, 21 one-quarter—Spanish, Passive, 5 five-eighths.

Money Market Report.—In the beginning of last month, March, the intervention of the Bank averted a great number of failures. The payment of the bills which fell due on the 3rd and 4th inst. and which the Bank permitted to be renewed, went off so satisfactorily, that a considerable improvement occurred in the Share Market. Consols advanced ½ per cent., money abundant, and the holders of produce demanded better prices. The Bank did not continue bills, but made loans on the deposit of them, and the late holders of them will have to relieve the Bank of them by the middle of this month, and shortly afterwards they must be paid. The pressure may, therefore, be expected to be more severe in May than it has been hitherto. By that time the Committee on the Joint Stock Banks will, no doubt, have arrived at the same conclusion as Mr. Lloyd, the Banker, Mr. Salomons, of the Westminster Bank, and Mr. Horsley Palmer—that as long as local banks have the power of issuing paper money, it is inevitable that they will abuse it, and that they must be deprived of that power.

About the middle of the month, the Money Market wore an improving and cheerful appearance. Consols for money advanced to 90⅜, but the gloom which has prevailed so long, began to appear again shortly, and the pressure for money was severely felt in all directions; but more particularly in the Share Market. There was a meeting of the proprietors of Bank Stock, when it transpired that the high rate of interest, which had been obtained during the last six months, had proved so profitable to the Bank that, after paying the whole of the dividend out of the gains, the "rest," or surplus of assets over liabilities, had been increased 150,000*l.*; while, on two or three previous occasions, the profits had been insufficient to cover the dividend, which had, therefore, been made up by subtractions from the "rest." The effect of this announcement was an advance of about three per cent. in the price of Bank Stock.

Exchequer Bills to a large amount have been thrown on the market, and the premium has declined from 29*s.* a 31*s.* to 24*s.* to 27*s.* The premium on Birmingham Rail-road Shares has declined to 23*l.* Spanish Bonds advanced two per cent. when the success of General Evans's movement was announced, but his recent defeat has since had a disastrous effect upon these securities. The above was the state of the funds on the 25th March.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEBRUARY 21, 1837, TO MARCH 17, 1837, INCLUSIVE.

Feb. 21.—T. Morgan, Great Trinity Lane, Bread Street, Cheapside, carpenter.—J. Walton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, stationer.—W. King, Vauxhall Brewery, South Lambeth, common brewer.—T. Joyce, Southampton, bookseller.—T. E. Grindon, Bristol, tiler.—W. Wilcher, Chichester, attorney-at-law.—T. Bailey, East Retford, Nottinghamshire, sadler.—H. and J. Gledhill, Halifax, Yorkshire, cotton manufacturer.—J. Clark, Liverpool, painter.—R. Dalton, Derby, varnish manufacturer.—J. P. Brandstrom, Kingston-upon-Hull, commission merchant.—T. Gere, Clayton Mill, Manchester, flax spinner.—D. W. Hall, Bristol, glazier.

Feb. 24.—G. F. Blyther, Rochester, grocer.—D. Mott, Leadenhall Market, poulterer.—T. C. Smith, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street Within, provision merchant.—T. Lawes, Lombard Street, bill broker.—J. E. Tozer, Milk Street, Cheapside, wholesale hosier.—A. Francis, J. J. and T. O'Neill, Liverpool, merchants.—W. Perry, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, grocer.—J. Banks, Preston, Lancashire, bookseller.—O. Scott, Margate, boarding-house keeper.—W. Fowler, Lymington, Southampton, wine merchant.—J. Lea, jun. Shambles, Worcestershire, butcher.—W. Hartley, Colne, Lancashire, grocer.—W. Robertson, Crutched Friars, ship broker.—C. Harber, Croydon, Surrey, innkeeper.—J. L. Buckell, St. Mary-at-Hill, licensed victualler.—W. Masters, Bath, victualler.—W. Skaafe, Halifax, Yorkshire, linen draper.

Feb. 28.—W. O'Connor, Arundel Street, Strand, tallow chandler.—J. Sayre, High Street, Shadwell, cheesemonger.—J. Viney, Cornhill, tailor.—D. Burgess, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, jeweller.—R. W. Warner, Broad Court, Drury Lane, tavern-keeper.—W. H. Fletcher, Portsea, grocer.—T. and W. Preedy, Oxford, grocers.—S. Pontifex and W. Farr, Upper St. Martin's Lane, coppersmiths.—J. Balm and J. Rothwell, Nottingham, lace manufacturers.—C. Robbins, Digbeth, Birmingham, carrier.—D. Crow, Sheffield, tanner.—T. Brown, Hulm, Lancashire, fancy-waistcoating manufacturer.—J. Zanetti, Manchester, carver and gilder.—R. Harper, Heaton Norris, Lancashire, coach proprietor.—W. Heap, Dunkinfield, Cheshire, builder.—G. Boys, Hodley, Leeds, inn keeper.—S. Hill, Leicester, worsted spinner.—W. Dakin, Manchester, glass manufacturer.—R. Cunliff, Over Darwen, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer.—T. Elliott, Nottingham, lace manufacturer.—R. Thomas, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, tailor.—J. P. Brandstrom, Kingston-upon-Hull, commission merchant.

March 3.—J. Absolon, Old Bond Street, Piccadilly, tailor.—J. Hallett, Orange Street, Bloomsbury, hatter.—C. A. Hallin, Park Road, Regent's Park, lodging-house keeper.—G. Martin, Burnham, Buckinghamshire, shopkeeper.—G. Bedford, Keppel Street, Chelsea, grocer.—T. J. Breeds and C. Burford, jun., Fenning's Wharf, Tooley Street, merchants.—F. Huitson, Newgate Street, woollen draper.—G. Pocock, Booth Street, Spitalfields, manufacturing chemist.—W. Brotherton, Liverpool, saddler.—J. Aldred, Manchester, baker.—J. Popplewell, Silkstone, Yorkshire, butcher.—J. Housman, Halton, Yorkshire, indigo extract manufacturer.—S. Richards, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, miller.—J. Evans, E. Coupe, J. Brown, A. Southward, C. Hardy, F. Donneley, J. Linney, D. Stott, R. Berry, and J. Robinson, Manchester, dyers.—W. R. and J. Woodhead, Almondbury, Yorkshire, scribbling millers.—J. Pickering, Bedford, upholsterer.—J. Mercer, Birkenhead, Chester, brewer.—E. Passey, Worcester, dealer in china.—W. Unsworth, Derby, silk lace manufacturer.—S. Morgan, Birmingham, toy merchant.

March 7.—E. B. Bradley, Nine Elms, Surrey, malster.—T. Bayliss, Strand, smith.—R. S. Mulley, Little Bartholomew-close, West Smithfield, stone mason.—S. Symonds, Basinghall Street, Blackwell Hall factor.—T. J. Breeds and C. Burfield. sen., Fenning's Wharf, Tooley Street, merchants.—A. Patterson, Greenwich, music vender.—J. Rodge, Corn Exchange, Mark Lane, merchant.—J. Jackson, Liverpool, brewer.—T. Bishop, Ashton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, builder.—J. Fox, Bromyard, Herefordshire, saddler.—T. Brooke, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, tanner.—J. Green, Exeter, civil engineer.—W. B. Parker, Downend, Mangotsfield, Gloucester, scrivener.—J. Gibson and J. M'Glasson, Liverpool, silk mercers.—G. S. Halloran, Belfast, Ireland, merchant.—T. Cole and W. Mountcastle, Manchester, silk manufacturers.—J. Haworth and S. Davis, Manchester, ironmongers.—J. Ogden, Oldham, Lancashire, hat manufacturer.—J. Wood, Manchester, merchant.

March 10.—A. H. Dry, St. Martin's Lane, pawnbroker.—J. Austin, St. Mary Magdalen, near Hastings, builder.—H. M. Rimmell, L. J. B. Vandeau, and P. J. G. A. Bessan, Regent Street, perfumers.—E. J. Hastler, King William Street, City, mercer.—J. L. Herbert, Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, inkeeper.—E. Allwright, Little Newport Street, Newport Market, cheesemonger.—F. Emery, Furnace, Staffordshire, coal master.—J. Rostron, Edenfield, Lancashire, merchant.—G. Law, Polly Green, Lancashire, woollen manufacturer.—J. Brown and H. Graham, Manchester, fustian manufacturers.—W. Wright, Liverpool, tavern keeper.—J. Stubbs, Birmingham, whip manufacturer.—J. Edwards, jun., Brighton, grocer.—J. Stead, Dawgreen, Yorkshire, blanket manufacturer.

March 14.—W. C. Wood, Dean Street, Gould's Hill, Lower Shadwell, anchorsmith.—J. Routledge, City Hotel, King Street, Cheapside, hotel keeper.—J. Rice, Woodbridge, Suffolk, saddler.—J. Woodhams, Grange Road, Bermondsey, victualler.—J. King, Liverpool Street, plumber.—R. Sears, Paternoster Row, engraver.—L. England, Shepperton Street, New North Road, builder.—W. Pilling, Little Bolton, Lancashire, common brewer.—J. Hamilton, Liverpool, merchant.—J. Bettridge, Birmingham, silversmith.—C. Merefield, Bristol, grocer.—J. Headley, Leicester, hosier.—C. Marshall, Kingston-upon-Hull, victualler.—C. Dowse, Peterborough, Northamptonshire, innkeeper.—J. Garner, Dunchurch, Warwickshire, innkeeper.—C. and W. Hicks, Christchurch, Southampton, mealmen.—J. Moore, Leeds, flax spinner.—J. Smitherd, Derby, tailor.

March 17.—R. Knowles, Trump Street, warehouseman.—W. C. Mildenhall, Suffolk, cabinet maker.—T. Preston, Cateaton Street, warehouseman.—C. and R. D. Jacob, George Yard, Lombard Street, merchants.—J. Johnson, Lyncombe and Widcome, Somersetshire, draper.—J. Crompton, Manchester, woollen draper.—A. Whitfield, Crosby Hall, Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, Manchester, warehouseman.—J. Hill, Seacombe, Cheshire, brewer.—W. Warden, Birmingham, bootmaker.—R. Newey, Birmingham, victualler.—H. Phillips, Birmingham, fruiterer.—J. Shipman, Nottingham, grocer.—J. Cropper, Nottingham, machine builder.—W. Coombe, Bath, currier.—T. Osman, Burford, Oxfordshire, mercer.—W. Hambidge, Witney, Oxfordshire, butcher.—J. Wylie, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire, wine-merchant.—W. Housman, New Sarum, Wiltshire, scrivener.—R. Crofts, Coventry, ribbon manufacturer.—E. Parr, Gloucester, mercer.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Kept at Edmonton. Latitude 51° 37′ 32″ N. Longitude 3′ 51″ West of Greenwich.

The warmth of the day is observed by means of a Thermometer exposed to the North in the shade, standing about four feet above the surface of the ground. The extreme cold of the night is ascertained by an horizontal self-registering Thermometer in a similar situation. The daily range of the Barometer is known from observations made at intervals of four hours each, from eight in the morning till the same time in the evening. The weather and the direction of the wind are the result of the most frequent observations. The rain is measured every morning at eight o'clock.

1837.	Range of Ther.	Range of Barom.	Prevailing Winds.	Rain in Inches	Prevailing Weather.
Feb.					
23	49-34	29,62-29.21	S.W.&W.b.N.	,15	Evening clear, otherwise cloudy, rain in the morn
24	45-29	29,90-29,60	N.E.	,1	Generally clear, a little snow in the evening.
25	42-27	30,10-29,98	N. b. W.		Generally clear.
26	41-25	30,10-30,07	N. b. W.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
27	41-26	29,96-29,88	S. b. W.		Generally overcast.
28	41-30	30,09-29,95	N.E.		Generally cloudy.
Mar.					
1	39.24	30,31-30,24	N.E.		Cloudy. [morning.
2	41-25	30,26-30,15	N. b. W.		Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy; a little rain in the
3	43.25	30,20-30,11	N. b. E.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
4	43.32	30,04-29,97	N.	,05	Cloudy, rain at times.
5	47-26	30,02-29,83	W.		Morn. clear, otherwise cloudy; a little rain in even.
6	44-33	29,93-29,84	N.E.		Cloudy.
7	46-29	30,06-29,96	N. b. E.		Generally cloudy.
8	48-25	30,11-30,06	W. b. N.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy.
9	50 32	30,01-29,89	S.W.		Even. clear, otherwise cloudy; a little rain in aft.
10	48-35	29,64-29,30	S.W.		Generally cloudy, rain in the afternoon.
11	46-30	29,29-29,27	S.W.		Generally cloudy.
12	42-20	29,46-29,28	N.W.		Generally cloudy, a shower of rain in the aftern.
13	43-27	30,08-29,70	N.E.	,0125	Generally cloudy, a little snow in the morning.
14	43-26	30,22-30,20	N.E.		Clear.
15	44-30	30,11-30,01	N.E.		Generally cloudy, a little rain in the evening.
16	42-31	30,05-29,90	N.E.	,0125	Cloudy, with rain.
17	41-31	30,19-30,17	N.E.		Cloudy, with rain.
18	44-31	30,17-30,02	N.E.	,0125	Cloudy.
19	41-24	29,99-29,90	N.E.		Generally clear, except the afternoon. [times.
20	37-24	29,87-29,83	N.		Alternately clear and cloudy, snow and hail at
21	37-17	29.86-29,72	N.		Morning clear, otherwise cloudy, snow at times.
22	39-22	29,72-29,70	S.E.		Cloudy, snow at times.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

NEW PATENTS.

M. Berry, of Chancery Lane, Middlesex, Patent Agent, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing metal screws, part or parts of which are also applicable to shaping metal for other purposes. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. January 28th, 9 months.

J. Hellewell, of Springfield Land, in the borough of Salford, Lancashire, Dyer; and A. Fearn, of the borough of Salford, Lancashire, Dyer, for certain improvements in the process of dyeing and scouring piece goods and other fabrics, and in the machinery or apparatus whereby the same is performed. January 28th, 6 months.

J. Springall, of Oulton, Suffolk, Iron Founder, for improved shoes for horses and other animals. January 31st, 6 months.

J. Cook, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gun Maker, for improvements in gas burners. February 2nd, 6 months.

W. Geeves, of Old Cavendish Street, Middlesex, Gentleman, for certain improvements on steam-engines. February 2nd, 6 months.

M. Linning, of Hill Street, Edinburgh, one of the Clerks to the Signet, in Scotland, for a certain improved method of operating for the purpose of converting peat moss and peat turf, or bog, into fuel, and obtaining from it tar gas, and other certain substances or matters. February 6th, 6 months.

J. Gemmell, of Stockwell Street, in the city of Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Merchant, for certain improvements in steam-boats, ships, or other vessels, which are partly applicable to other purposes. February 6th, 6 months.

W. Bearder, of Bradford, Yorkshire, Millwright, for certain improvements in steam-engines. February 16th, 6 months.

J. Walker, of Allen Street, Lambeth, Surrey, Oven Builder, for an improved method of heating coppers, stills, and boilers. February 16th, 2 months.

W. S. Gillett, of Guildford Street, Gentleman, for improvements in harness for draft and saddle horses. February 16th, 6 months.

R. Burch, of Heywood, Lancashire, Mechanist, for certain improvements in locomotive steam-engines, to be used either upon rail or other roads, which improvements are also applicable to marine and stationary steam-engines. February 16th, 6 months.

R. Smith, of Manchester, Lancashire, Engineer, for certain improvements in the means of connecting metallic plates for the construction of boilers and other purposes. February 16th, 6 months.

J. I. Hawkins, of Chase Cottage, Hampstead Road, Middlesex, Civil Engineer, for certain improvements in the application of the products of combustion in generating and in aiding of steam for giving motion to steam-engines. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 16th, 6 months.

H. Elkington, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gentleman, for improvements in covering or coating certain metals with platina, and also improvements in gilding certain metals, and in apparatus used in such processes. February 17th, 6 months.

H. Elkington, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, Gentleman, for improvements in steam-engines, and in boilers, and furnaces used therein, and for other purposes. February 17th, 6 months.

J. Chanter, of Earl Street, Blackfriars, in the City of London, and of Upper Stamford Street, Surrey, Esquire, and J. Gray, of Liverpool, Lancashire, Engineer, for their improvements in furnaces for locomotive engines and other purposes. February 17th, 6 months.

B. Baillie, of Henry Street, Cumberland Market, Regent's Park, Middlesex, Metal Frame Maker, for certain improvements in regulating the ventilation of buildings, which he intends to denominate Baillie's Patent Ventilation. February 20th, 6 months.

J. Hardham, of Bradford, Yorkshire, Millwright, for a certain improvement or certain improvements in steam-engines. February 21st, 6 months.

J. Weston, of Dover, Kent, Gentleman, for improvements in certain wheeled carriages. February 23rd, 6 months.

J. T. Betts, of Smithfield Bars, in the City of London, Rectifier, for improvements in the process of preparing spirituous liquors in the making of brandy. Communicated by a foreigner residing abroad. February 25th, 6 months.

T. Bentley, of Cleckheaton, near Leeds, Yorkshire, Dyer, for improvements in fulling woollen cloths. February 25th, 6 months.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Geological Society, March 8.—The Rev. William Whewell, President, in the chair.—The reading of the Rev. W. B. Clarke's paper on Suffolk, commenced on a previous evening, was concluded.

The formations of which that county consists are chalk, the plastic and London clays, crag, diluvium, or ancient superficial detritus, and recent lacustrine accumulations. Each of these deposits was described in considerable detail, as well as the changes now in operation in the river courses and along the sea coast. The following conclusions were then given as deducible from the statements in the body of the memoir.

1. The substratum of the whole of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Essex, is chalk, which appears to have been dislocated and worn into deep hollows by the action of water, previously to the commencement of the tertiary era.

2. On this abraded surface the plastic clays and sands were formed, but not over the whole area.

3. Partly on these beds and partly on the chalk, the London clay was then deposited, but to no very great thickness.

4. Upon the London clay as well as the chalk, the crag was next accumulated in sand banks produced by the tidal waters and around projecting masses of chalk.

5. While the crag still lay beneath the sea, a violent catastrophe broke up many of the secondary strata from the chalk to the lias inclusive, and the debris thus caused, together with numerous masses of ancient rocks, was spread by a rush of water, over the surface of the tertiary formations and the chalk in some places to a depth of four hundred feet, constituting the beds of drift, clay, &c., which occupy so great an area in Suffolk.

6. Previously to this diluvial action, and after it, the inland waters of the then dry land bore to the sea animal and vegetable remains, vestiges of which occur on the Norfolk coast and elsewhere.

7. That the climate of this part of the globe was then different from the present.

8. After this period, and probably in prolongation of the first great catastrophe, a series of shocks acting from below, shattered the surface and gradually elevated the whole district till the crag obtained the height of nearly one hundred feet above the level of the sea; and by this movement were produced the valleys or lines of fissures through which the drainage of the county is effected.

9. No great convulsions have since taken place.

10. By the action of springs and the constant battering of the sea the superficial contents of the London clay and crag have been reduced several miles, vestiges of their former extent being traceable in rocks and sands nearly always submerged.

11. By the set of the tides vast accumulations of shingle and sand have been formed at projecting points, protecting in some places the cliffs from further destruction; but at Harwich they have blocked up the ancient estuary, and compelled the Stour and the Orwell to form a new outlet.

12. The average amount of annual degradation of the coast is about two yards in breadth; and in consequence of the conformation of the ridges of crag and London clay, the cliffs will gradually diminish into a low sandy shore. The period estimated for effecting this destruction is calculated by Mr. Clarke to be another century.

The next paper read was by the Rev. David Williams, F.G.S., "On the raised beaches of Saunton Down and Baggy Point." These beaches were recently described by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison, and Mr. Williams in this paper fully agrees with the conclusions drawn by those authors, relative to the beaches having been raised.

In addition, however, to the proofs afforded by the numerous remains of existing British marine shells in these accumulations, he stated that he had found in many places from six to ten feet above the tidal level, and at the line of contact of the beaches with the old rocks of the district, countless balani attached to the surface of the latter, but entangled in the substance of the former. In support also of the land having been raised, and not the sea depressed, he referred to the submarine forests in the prolongation of the same coast, and argued that their position could not be accounted for by a subsidence in the sea level, but by an unequal movement of the land.

MISCELLANEOUS, PHILOSOPHICAL, &c.

Life in the Backwoods.—A Captain Samuel Brady appears to have once been as celebrated in the north-east part of the valley of the Ohio as Daniel Boone in the south-west; but it is the historian that gives immortality to the hero, and no Timothy Flint has arisen to record his bold daring. A highly intelligent traveller, however, who has lately visited the state of Ohio, and furnished notes of his observations to Professor Silliman, has given us one or two remarkable anecdotes of him. The captain, it appears, held a commission in the army of the U.S. during the war of the revolution, and commanded a company of rangers who traversed the forests for the protection of the frontier; his father and brother were both killed by the Indians, and he was himself "an Indian hater" as many of the early borderers were. Once (says the writer) when he and his little party were out in pursuit of the Indians, he was suddenly attacked by overpowering numbers, and their only safety was in a hasty retreat, which soon became a perfect flight. Brady now directed his men to separate, and one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone. The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula: within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having, in peaceable times, often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, "Brady directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed, by the rocky cliffs, into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass, the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while, at a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers, and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened, that, in the opposite cliff, the leap was favoured by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes, he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians, for a few moments, were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection, he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive, for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore the use of the rifle; but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him: one bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress. The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in, swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak, which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree, beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and, after they had gone, weary, lame, and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home." On another occasion, in one of his adventurous trapping excursions, to the waters of the Beaver River, or Mahoning, which in early days so abounded with the animals of this species, that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp and took him prisoner. "To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot, would have been but a small gratification compared to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire, in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was therefore taken alive to their encampment, on the west bank of the Beaver River, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed, after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying him to the stake, a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women, and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion, Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets, with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of the present hill, (now called Brady's Hill,) amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio River, which he crossed by swimming."

Temperature of the Earth.—M. Poisson has sent a learned memoir to the French Academy of Sciences, concerning his work, entitled "Mathematical Theory of Heat." Our limits will not suffer us to enter into its interesting details, and few of them could be abridged; we, however, quote one or two of his observations concerning the temperature of the earth. He says that the diurnal inequalities of atmospherical temperature do not penetrate much further than a yard in depth, and the annual inequalities go but little further than twenty yards from the surface. At a depth of from six to eight yards the temperature of the earth only offers one maximum and one minimum, which take place at intervals of six months from each other, and after the periods of the greatest or least solar heat. Beyond the depth of twenty yards the heat no longer varies with that of the atmosphere, unless indeed the variations be secular, which as yet cannot have been ascertained.—Although the variations may not be felt at a great depth, yet the solar heat penetrates even to the centre of the mass.

HISTORICAL REGISTER.

POLITICAL JOURNAL.—March, 1837.

House of Lords, Feb. 20.—Nothing of importance.

Feb. 21.—Numerous petitions were presented for and against the abolition of Church-rates.—The Bills on their Lordship's table were forwarded a stage.

Feb. 22.—After the presentation of some petitions, the Irish Grand Juries' Bill was read a third time and passed.

Feb. 23.—Lords Kenyon, Shaftesbury, &c. presented petitions against the abolition of Church-rates; and Lords Brougham, Radnor, &c. presented petitions for their abolition.—Lord Morpeth returned the Irish Grand Juries' Bill, and the Registration and Marriage Acts Suspension Bill, the Commons having agreed to the Lords' amendments thereto.

Feb. 24.—The Royal Assent was given by Commission to the Post-Office Contracts (removing the packets to the Admiralty) Bill, and to the Registration and Marriage Acts Suspension Bill.

Feb. 27.—Many petitions were presented for and against the abolition of Church-rates. Others had reference to the Poor-Law; one of them, from Northampton, thanked their Lordships for their conduct during the last Session, and exhorted them to persevere in the same course.—The Wills Bill was considered in Committee, and six of the clauses were postponed.—The Charity Commissioners Bill, and the Sedition (Scotland) Bill, were read a first time.

Feb. 28.—A great number of petitions were presented, chiefly in favour of Church-rates.—Lord Melbourne moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the progress of the so called " national " system of education in Ireland. His Lordship at the same time expressed his opinion that the system was working well for the country.

March 2.—The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Marquis of Downshire, the Bishop of Rochester, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Ashburton, presented many petitions from various parts of the country, against any measure for the abolition of Church-rates.—On motion of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the papers presented regarding the national system of education in Ireland were ordered to be referred to the Select Committee appointed to investigate the working of the system.

March 3.—A great number of petitions were presented upon the subject of Church-rates, but no business of importance took place.

March 6.—A mass of petitions was presented in favour of the continuance of Church-rates, and of the rights and interests of the Established Church. Petitions to an opposite effect were presented by two Noble Lords only.

March 7th.—An immense number of petitions were presented against the abolition of Church-rates.—Lord Ellenborough wished to know from the Noble Viscount opposite whether he had any objection to lay on the table a statement of the questions which had been put to Mr. Finlayson on the subject of Church property, and the answers which had been returned to those questions.—Lord Melbourne was not able to give an answer to the question at present, but he would inquire if they were in such a state as that they could be laid before the House.

March 9.—Nothing of importance.

March 10.—There were again many petitions presented against the abolition of Church-rates.—Lord Ashburton remarked that the petitioners on the other side were not content with attacking the rates, but showed hostility to the Church, which was the feeling by which opposition was actuated.

March 13.—Petitions against the abolition of Church-rates were presented.

March 14.—The Duke of Wellington, the Bishop of Llandaff, the Earl of Ripon, &c., presented petitions against the abolition of Church-rates.

March 15.—Their Lordships did not assemble for public business; but some private Bills in Committee above stairs were considered.

March 16.—A considerable portion of the sitting was occupied with the presentation of petitions for and against the abolition of Church-rates.

March 17.—Nothing of importance.

House of Commons.—Feb. 20.—The preliminary business was, as usual, confined to the presentation of petitions. Most of these were on the subject of Church-rates.—Lord John Russell having moved that the House resolve into Committee on the Municipal Corporations (Ireland) Bill, Lord F. Egerton, in pursuance of the notice he had given, proposed an instruction to the Committee, " that the Committee on the Bill for the regulation of the Municipal Corporations of Ireland, be empowered to make provision for the abolition of such Corporations, and for such arrangements as may be deemed necessary, on their abolition, for the securing the efficient and impartial administration of justice, and the peace and good government of the cities and towns in Ireland." His Lordship then proceeded, in an able and argumentative speech, to reply to the different topics urged by Lord John Russell.

Feb. 21.—Mr. Harcourt and Mr. N. Power took the oaths and their seats respectively for Buckinghamshire and Dungarvan.—In reply to an inquiry by Mr. O'Connell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that the renewal of the charter of the Bank of Ireland, which expires next month, would in a great degree depend on the report of the Committee on joint-stock banks.—The adjourned debate on the Bill for the Amendment of the Municipal Corporations of Ireland was then resumed.

Feb. 22.—The debate on the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill was resumed, and after many powerful speeches on the subject, the House divided, when the numbers were—for going into Committee, 322; for Lord F. Egerton's amendment, 242;—majority for Ministers, 80.—The other orders of the day were then disposed of, and the House adjourned.

Feb. 24.—Mr. Farrand, the new member for Stafford, took the oaths and his seat. Many petitions on the subject of Railways were presented, and considerable discussion on several Railway Bills ensued.—Mr. Walter then, in a speech of considerable length, moved the " appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the operation of the Poor Law Amendment Act, and to report their opinion to the House," which occasioned much debate.

Feb, 27.—The Attorney General having moved the order of the day for the third reading of the Municipal Corporations Act Amendment Bill, proposed to add to the Bill a clause to the effect, that freemen entitled to vote before the passing of the Act, but who had not claimed, be still entitled to the right of voting. The clause was carried on a division, by 218 to 14.—Mr. Harvey then proposed a clause to the effect, that no person holding a judicial appointment shall hereafter be eligible to a seat in Parliament, and also that no alderman, councillor, or police magistrate, shall be so eligible during the time of his holding any such office. The clause was negatived on a division, by 111 to 52. The Bill was then read a third time, and passed. —The adjourned debate on the Poor Law was then resumed. Many Hon. Members spoke, for the most part in favour of the principle of the Bill, though all agreed that inquiry into the mode of carrying out that principle was necessary.

Feb. 28.—A great number of petitions were presented, principally having reference to railroad speculations. There being nothing serious to occupy the attention of the House, it adjourned early.

March 1.—Mr. M. Philips thought that it would be advisable to postpone going into Committee on the Imprisonment for Debt Bill until after Easter. His reason for recommending this postponement was, that due and fitting time might be given to the trading community to perfectly understand the details of the measure.—The Attorney-General said it was quite impossible that he could agree to the request of the Hon. Member. He had already incurred some share of reproach in consequence of the delay that had already taken place.—Mr. Richards was sorry, in the discharge of his duty, to be obliged to take a very decided part in opposing this Bill. He, however, trusted that the Attorney-General was not serious in his intention of pressing this measure forward, for a more slovenly Bill was never before Parliament. He was sure the Hon. Gentleman must have paid very little attention to the Bill, for its enactments were at variance with its preamble. It was, he repeated, a slovenly drawn up Bill. The Hon. Member stated his objections to the Bill, and concluded by moving, "That the House do go into Committee on the Bill on that day six months." The House then divided, when the numbers were—For the original motion, 95; for the amendment, 0.—While strangers were excluded we understand that the proceedings had a tinge of the ludicrous in them. On the "Ayes" going out of the House, Mr. Richards, the only "No," walked out with them, whether from mistake, or what other cause, is not known. The Committee then proceeded to consider the Bill in detail.

March 2.—Nothing of importance.

March 3.—A great number of petitions for and against Church-rates were presented.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer then brought forward the Government plan regarding Church-rates, in a speech of great length and much detail. Having rejected many suggestions, the Right Hon. Gentleman at last disclosed the plan which Ministers had really resolved upon. That was, 1st, wholly to abolish Church-rates. 2. To provide for the support of the church edifices by a new arrangement in the letting of church lands, by which their productiveness would be so much increased, that the excess, without at all diminishing the incomes of the clergy, would be sufficient to stand in the place of the Church-rates, for the support and repair of the sacred edifices. In the details of this plan the present mode of leasing bishops' and chapters' lands was to cease. Instead of fines payable at the renewal of leases with nominal rents, real rents, proportioned to the value of the land, were to be required. The machinery for working this arrangement would be a commission—but a commission composed of the archbishops, bishops, and deans, to be assisted by three paid commissioners, who would have power to let the lands, but the property would remain vested in the Commissioners of Woods and Forests. The tenant in possession was to be allowed to continue at five per cent. less than any other party. That was the advantage to crown tenants. He also proposed to enable the tenant to purchase the fee, at the rate of twenty-five years' estimate founded on the improved valuation. He calculated that the amount gained by the improved value effected by such plan would do more than meet the required amount—namely, 250,000*l.*; that it would afford a surplus which might be appropriated to improve small livings. In conclusion, he maintained that the church would not lose any part of its present income; that to additional income it had no claim; but that, instead of appropriating such surplus, or improved value, to the state, it was to be applied to strictly ecclesiastical purposes. There were numerous minor details, but for those we refer to the heads of the Bill. He concluded with proposing the following resolution:—"That it is the opinion of this Committee, that, for the repair and maintenance of parochial Churches and Chapels in England and Wales, and the due celebration of

Divine worship therein, a permanent and adequate provision be made out of an increased value given to Church lands, by the introduction of a new system of management, and by the application of the proceeds of pew-rents, the collection of Church-rates ceasing altogether from a day to be determined by law; and, in order to facilitate and give early effect to this resolution, the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty's treasury be authorised to make advances on the security, and repayable out of the produce of some Church lands."

March 6.—After some private business had been disposed of, Mr. Walter moved the addition of the following Members to the Committee on the Poor Laws:—Major Beauclerk, Mr. Serjeant Goulburn, Mr. G. F. Young, Mr. Freshfield, Mr. Thomas Attwood, and Mr. Hindley. After a short discussion the House divided, when the numbers appeared—for Mr. Walter's proposition, 124; against it, 152.—The House then went into Committee on the affairs of Canada. Lord John Russell said it was his duty and that of the Government to which he belonged to bring this proposition forward, with a view of declaring their dissent from the proceedings of the Representative Assembly of Lower Canada, and of asking the House to apply to the necessary service of that colony sums of money which ought in the regular course to have been voted to such purposes by the Colonial Assembly. The Noble Lord then proceeded at great length to justify the course which he proposed. He hoped that the opinion of the House of Commons might induce the colonists to reconsider their demands, and with that wish he would propose to the House the following resolutions:—

"1. That since the 31st day of October, in the year 1832, no provision has been made by the Legislature of the province of Lower Canada for defraying the charges of the administration of justice, and for the support of the Civil Government within the said province, and that there will, on the 10th day of April now next ensuing, be required for defraying in full the charges aforesaid to that day the sum of 142,160*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

"2. That at a session of the Legislature of Lower Canada, holden at the city of Quebec, in the said province, in the months of September and October, 1836, the Governor of the said province, in compliance with his Majesty's commands, recommended to the attention of the House of Assembly thereof the estimates for the current year, and also the accounts, showing the arrears due in respect of the Civil Government, and signified to the said House his Majesty's confidence that they would accede to the application which he had been commanded to renew for payment of the arrears due on account of the public service, and for the funds necessary to carry on the Civil Government of the province.

"3. That the House of Assembly, on the 3d day of October, 1836, by an address to the Governor of the said province, declined to vote a supply for the purposes aforesaid, and by the said address, after referring to a former address of the said House to the Governor of the said province, declared that the said House persisted, amongst other things, in the demand of an Elective Legislative Council, and in demanding the repeal of a certain Act passed by the Parliament of the United Kingdom in favour of the North American Land Company; and by the said address the said House of Assembly further adverted to the demand made by the House of the free exercise of its control over all the branches of the executive government; and by the said address the said House of Assembly further declared, that it was incumbent on them in the present conjuncture to adjourn their deliberations until his Majesty's Government should by its Acts, especially by rendering the second branch of the Legislature conformable to the wishes and wants of the people, have commenced the great work of justice and reform, and created a confidence which alone could crown it with success.

"4. That in the existing state of Lower Canada it is unadvisable to make the Legislative Council of that province an elective body; but that it is expedient that measures be adopted for securing to that branch of the Legislature a greater degree of public confidence.

"5. That while it is expedient to improve the composition of the Executive Council in Lower Canada, it is unadvisable to subject it to the responsibility demanded by the House of Assembly of that province.

"6. That the legal title of the North American Land Company to the land holden by the said company, by virtue of a grant from his Majesty, under the public seal of the said province, and to the privileges conferred on the said company by an Act for that purpose, made in the fourth year of his Majesty's reign, ought to be maintained inviolate.

"7. That it is expedient that so soon as provision shall have been made by law to be passed by the Legislature of the said province of Lower Canada for the discharge of lands therein from feuderal dues and services, and for removing any doubts as to the incidents of tenure of land in free and common soccage in the said province, a certain Act made and passed in the sixth year of the reign of his late Majesty, King George the Fourth, commonly called 'The Canada Tenures Act; and so much of another Act passed in the year of his said late Majesty's reign, commonly called 'The Canada Trade Act,' as relates to the tenures of land in the said province, should be repealed, saving nevertheless to all persons all rights in them vested under or by virtue of the said recited Acts.

"8. That for defraying the arrears due on account of the established and customary charges of the administration of justice and of the Civil Government of the said province, it is expedient that, after applying for that purpose such balance as shall on the 10th April, 1837, be in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said province, arising from his Majesty's hereditary, territorial, and casual revenue, the Governor of said province be empowered to issue from and out of any other part of his Majesty's revenues in the hands of the Receiver-General of the said province such further sum as shall be necessary to effect the payment of the before-mentioned sum of 142,160*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

"9. That it is expedient that his Majesty be authorised to place at the disposal of the Legislature of the said province the net proceeds of his Majesty's hereditary, territorial, and annual revenue arising within the same, in case the said Legislature shall see fit to grant to his Majesty a Civil List for defraying the necessary charges of the administration of justice, and for the maintenance and unavoidable expenses of certain of the principal offices of the Civil Government of the said province.

"10. That great inconvenience has been sustained by his Majesty's subjects inhabiting the provinces of Lower Canada and Upper Canada from the want of some adequate means for regulating and adjusting questions respecting the trade and commerce of the said provinces, and divers other questions wherein the said provinces have a common interest; and it is expedient that the Legislature of the said provinces respectively be authorised to made provision for the joint regulation and adjustment of such their common interests."

After much discussion the House adjourned.

March 7.—Mr. Grote again brought forward his sessional motion for leave to bring in a Bill to secure the taking of votes for Members of Parliament by ballot.—The House divided—For the motion, 153; against it, 265; majority against the motion, 112.

March 8.—After much debate, and lengthy arguments, the Committee divided, as it was understood, on Mr. Leader's amendment, that the Legislative Council of Canada be an elective body. The numbers were—for it, 56; against it, 318; majority in favour of Ministers, 262.

March 9.—A great deal of railroad business was done.—Mr. T. Duncombe moved for leave to bring in a Bill "to repeal that portion of the Reform Act which requires the payment of rates and taxes in cities and boroughs as the condition of registration." After a few words, a division took place. The numbers were—For bringing in the Bill, 49; against it, 38.

March 10.—Nothing of consequence.

March 13.—There was a great deal of lengthy debate on the subject of the Abolition Church-rate Bill.—Sir R. Peel spoke eloquently and ably on the subject, and in a speech of unexampled argument, combated the arithmetical details of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

March 14.—Some railroad Bills were thrown out.—The adjourned debate on the Church-rate resolutions was then re-opened by Sir William Follett. The Hon. Gentleman, in a most luminous speech, went at length into the history and antiquity of the rates, and showed that so far back as the 13th of Edward the First they had been by Act of Parliament placed under the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Sir William proceeded in his arguments to a great length. He was replied to by the Attorney-General.—Many members spoke, and the debate was kept up till a late hour.

March 15.—The adjourned debate on the Church-rate was resumed.—Lord Stanley, in a speech of great animation and power, defended his consistency against the charges of the Attorney-General and other Hon. Members, and entered into a review of the measure before the House, which he resisted as calculated to bring ruin upon the Establishment.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied, and his speech under ordinary circumstances, would have closed the debate: a supplementary discussion, however, sprung up among the Members who had not succeeded in speaking before, in the course of which Lord D. Stuart, Mr. G. F. Young, Mr. Ingham, Mr. Hind, Mr. A. Trevor, &c., strongly protested against the measure. At length a division took place, and the numbers were—For the resolution, 273; against it, 250; majority for the resolution, 23.

Mr. Clay (in a very thin House) brought forward his promised motion regarding the Corn Laws, to consider the expediency of having fixed duties instead of the present graduated scale of duties. With respect to what ought to be the amount of fixed duty, he would leave that question to the Committee should it be granted, but he deemed it candid and right to name what was his plan. He should propose that there be fixed duties, to take effect June 30—namely 10*s*. per quarter on wheat; 8*s*. per quarter on barley; and 6*s*. per quarter on oats; and that, beginning June, 1840, there be permanently fixed duties—viz., 5*s*. per quarter on wheat; 4*s*. per quarter on barley; and 3*s*. per quarter on oats. He concluded with moving that the House resolve into a Committee of the whole House, "to consider of the propriety of permitting corn, grain, meal, and flour, the growth, produce, and manufacture of any foreign country, to be imported into the United Kingdom for consumption, on the payment of fixed duties regulated from time to time, according to the average price of British corn."—The House eventually divided on it. The numbers were—For the motion, 89; against it, 223; majority against the motion, 134.

March 17.—Many railroad Bills were brought forward.—The seizure of the *Vixen* by the Russians was strongly commented on.

MEMOIRS OF PERSONS RECENTLY DECEASED.

The Right Rev. Thomas Burgess, Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

The Right Rev. Thomas Burgess, D.D., F.R.S., F.A.S., and formerly President of the Royal Society of Literature, was born in the year 1755, at Odiham, in Hampshire, where his father carried on a respectable business as a grocer. He received his education at Winchester School, and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; of which last he became a Fellow and Tutor. He took his degree of A.M. in 1782; B.D. in 1791; and D.D. in 1803. An early display of extraordinary literary abilities procured for him the friendship and patronage of Shute Barrington, Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards Bishop of Durham, who, about the year 1790, gave him a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral; and on being translated to Durham, presented him also to a prebend in the Cathedral of that See. His next advancement took place under the administration of Mr. Addington (who had been his fellow-student at Winchester and Oxford,) and who, unsolicited, conferred on him, in 1803, the vacant See of St. David's. From the moment of his elevation to the Episcopal Bench, the learned Prelate displayed the most devoted and exemplary attention to the concerns of his diocese, and was unceasing in his efforts to benefit those placed under his jurisdiction. With this view, his Lordship planned and formed a Society for the foundation of a Provincial College within the diocese, for the instruction of Ministers for the Welsh Church, who have not the means to obtain a University education. The College at Lampeter now stands an imperishable monument to the activity and benevolence of his Lordship in the Principality. In 1825, upon the death of Bishop Fisher, Dr. Burgess, through the interest of the Bishop of Durham, exercised in his behalf with Lord Liverpool, was translated to the See of Salisbury, of which he took formal possession on the 6th of July, 1825—his predecessor having expired on the 8th of May. Throughout the twelve years during which his Lordship has presided over this diocese, he has laboured zealously to improve the means of Divine worship—to correct every approach to neglect or irregularity—and, in a word, to increase and nurture the flock committed to his charge. Nor have the temporal wants of deserving individuals who have been brought under his notice received less attention at his Lordship's hands, than their spiritual necessities: the extended range of his benevolence is attested not only in the munificence of his contributions to public works of charity, but in the unobtrusive deeds of private alms-giving. Although the studious and retiring habits of the estimable Prelate led him to take little part, *personally*, in public affairs, for some years past, it is scarcely possible for those unacquainted with him to form an adequate idea of his active business habits, and the facility of access at all times afforded by his Lordship to those who had occasion to communicate with him on matters relative to the diocese; or to invoke his aid—that aid never solicited in vain—in the prosecution of any good and useful work. The same habits which induced a life of apparent seclusion in his Lordship, while engaged in the duties of his diocese, prevented him from taking any active part in the House of Peers; but his proxy was never withheld, when any measure affecting the interests of true religion and the Church, of which he was so efficient a member, called for the exercise of his Parliamentary privilege. During the whole of his long ministerial life, the laborious and powerful pen of Bishop Burgess was constantly employed in advancing the cause of his heavenly Master, and the true interests of mankind. His first publication appeared in 1780; and within a few months only of his death, the venerable Prelate wrote and published a letter to Lord Melbourne, on the Irish Spoliation measure: the vigorous tone of which letter affords no indication of a decaying mind. Indeed, we believe it may be with truth affirmed, that almost up to the last hours of his existence, the extraordinary mental faculties of the deceased remained unshaken. Full of years and of honour, this faithful servant of the Lord is now called to inherit a fairer portion than this world could bestow; and, while we deplore his loss, not only as a local bereavement, but as a national deprivation, we may find consolation in the reflection, that the accumulated fruits of his many years' labour remain to us—a bright beacon and example to all. In the year 1796, the late Bishop (then Mr. Burgess) married Miss Bright, of Durham, half-sister of the Marchioness of Winchester, who still survives his Lordship. The marriage was not productive of any issue.

SIR HENRY TUCKER MONTRESOR.

Sir Henry Tucker Montresor, K.C.B. and G.C.H., died at his seat, Downe Hill, near Canterbury. Sir Henry was appointed lieutenant in the 23rd foot in September 1779; the other regiments with which he served were, the 104th, the 18th at Gibraltar. He served in Corsica, and on the surrender of Calvi was appointed its commandant. In September 1795, he succeeded to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 18th foot, and in May next year was removed to the Anglo-Corsican Corps. In 1801 he commanded the Royal Irish (the 18th) on the landing in Egypt, and was present at all the actions in that country. He was during that period appointed commander of Rosetta. In July, 1804, he was appointed brigadier-general, and marched the Royal Irish from Scotland, 2,000 strong, to Ramsgate, to encamp on Barham Downs. His next appointment was that of brigadier-general in the Windward and Leeward Islands. On his passage to Jamaica he was captured by the L'Orient squadron, and landed at St. Jago on parole of not serving again. He next served in Jamaica in the command of the Western district. On his return home he was appointed on the staff of the Sussex district, and was then removed to the Kent district, stationed at Canterbury. In 1809 he served in the Walcheren expedition. In 1810 he received the rank of major-general. His subsequent services were on the Western district, Ireland, at Limerick, at Messina, and Corsica. He was knighted in April, 1818, by the Prince Regent. He was appointed general in the last brevet, having got the colonelcy of the 11th foot in July, 1823.

Married.—At Lambeth Palace, William Kingsmill, of Sydmanton, Esq., in the County of Hants, to Anne Jane, daughter of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

At St. George's Church, Hanover Square, the Hon. James Hope, M.P., second son of the late Earl of Hopetoun, to Lady Mary Frances Nugent, youngest daughter of the late Earl, and sister of the present Marquis of Westmeath.

At Taunton, D. Godfrey, Esq., of Abingdon, to Helen, youngest daugher of Sir Robert Seppings, F.R.S., late Chief Surveyor of his Majesty's Navy.

At Benendon Church, Edward Barrett Curteis, Esq., M.P., second son of the late Edward J. Curteis, Esq., of Windmill Hill, Sussex, to Charlotte Lydia, youngest daughter of Thomas Law Hodges, Esq., M.P., of Hemsted, Kent.

Died.—Lady Canning, widow of the Right Hon. George Canning.

At Erskine House, Renfrewshire, Lieut.-General the Hon. William Stuart, late of the Grenadier Guards.

At Coodrich Court, Herefordshire, Llewellyn Meyrick, Esq., LL.B. and F.S.A., one of the Equerries of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in the 33d year of his age.

Colonel Robert Pringle, late of the 51st Regiment.

J. Bolton, Esq. of Liverpool,

At his house in Bryanston Square, William Miller, Esq. late of the Island of Jamaica.

At his house in Park Crescent, after a long and painful illness, Ralph Carr, Esq., in his 68th year.

At Richmond, Surrey, Sophia Maria Court, aged 71 years.

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